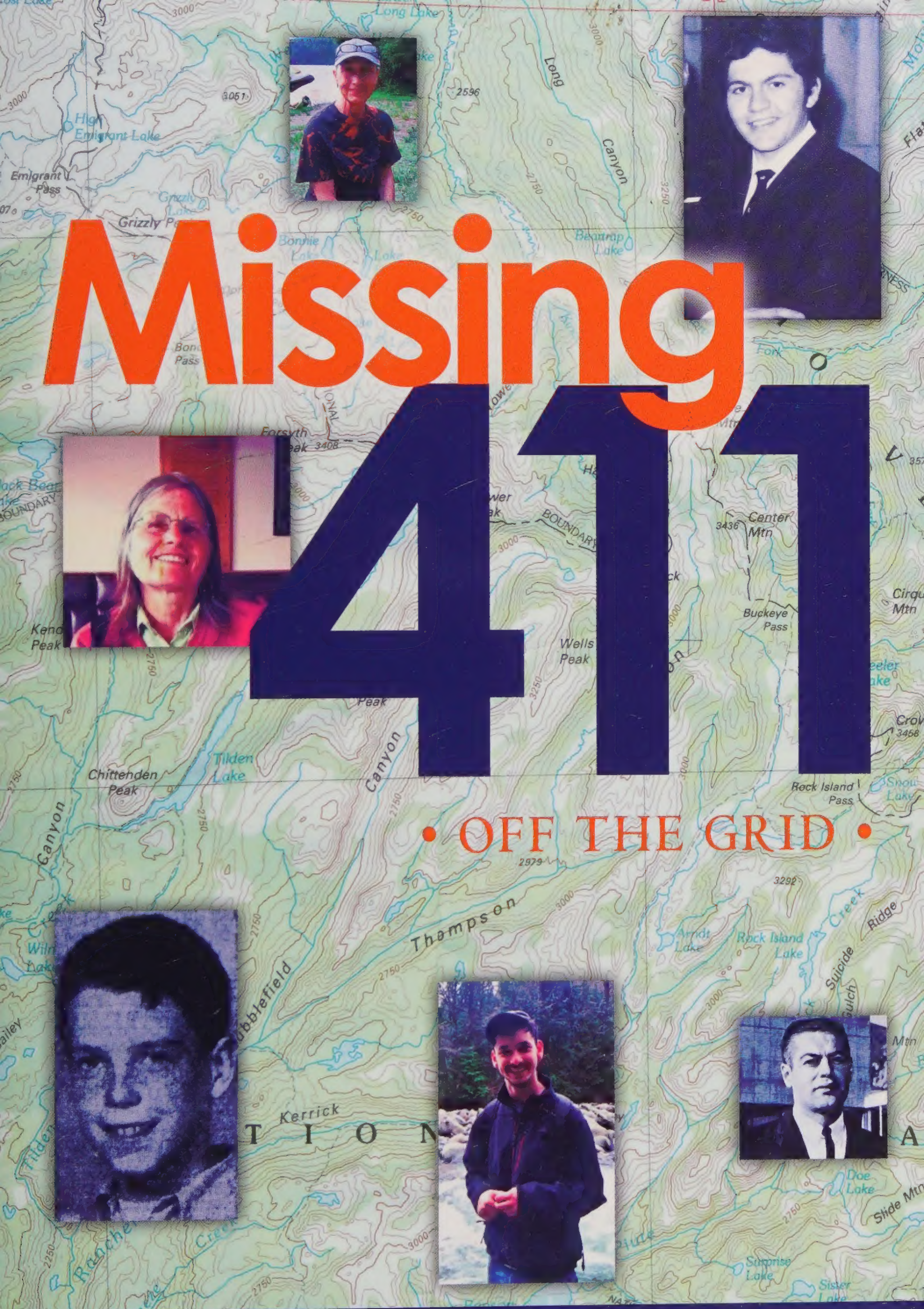
Missing 411

• OFF THE GRID •



Long Lake
High Emigrant Lake
Emigrant Pass
Grizzly Lake
Grizzly Peak
Bonnie Lake
Beartrap Lake
Long Canyon
Bond Pass
Forsyth Peak 3408
BOUNDARY
Center Mtn 3436
Buckeye Pass
Cirque Mtn
Wells Peak
Kendrick Peak
Chittenden Peak
Tilden Lake
Canyon
Rock Island Pass
Thompson
Stubblefield
Rock Island Lake
Arndt Lake
Suicide Gulch
Creek
Ridge
Kerrick
Doe Lake
Slide Mtn
Surprise Lake
Sister Lake
Rancheria Creek

DAVID PAULIDES

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Missing 411-
Off the Grid

DAVID PAULIDES

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GLOSSARY OF TERMS

ATV: All Terrain Vehicle
CCTV: Closed Circuit Television
DOI: Department of Interior
FBI : Federal Bureau of Investigation
FLIR: Forward Looking Infrared Radar
FOIA: Freedom of Information Act
NPS: National Park Service
PLB: Personal Locator Beacon
RCMP: Royal Canadian Mounted Police
SAR: Search and Rescue
USFS: United States Forest Service

INTRODUCTION

Off The Grid

The title of this book has a few meanings. Many of the disappearances I've documented over the years have occurred in areas that were very remote and would be considered off the grid. The other primary meaning deals with search and rescue. One of the primary books search and rescue leaders utilize to set grid patterns explains that the distances and areas it quotes deals with 95% of the cases. There is no mention of the other five percent. As an example cited in a book, if a four-year-old disappears in a mountain environment, they will be found 95% of the time in a radius of 2.3 miles from the point they were last seen. There is no mention of the other 5% or does it give any direction on how to accommodate a search for that 5%. This type of SAR protocol begs to ask the question, are we only searching for 95% of the victims?

It would appear that the majority of cases I've chronicled are not in any grids established and searched by SAR teams, they are off the grid.

Understanding the Complexity

The effort to understand disappearances of people needs an understanding of associated factors and specific circumstances related to the incident. This has been a very long journey. This is the seventh book in the series with 2,419 pages of information in the previous six. Please don't think that you can read one or two books and understand this situation in its entirety. We have established a series of Profile points that have emanated from the thousands of cases we have reviewed.

Profile Points

Canine Cannot Find a Scent

In almost 99% of the cases I have documented, Bloodhounds brought to the point where the victim was last seen cannot find a scent, aren't interested in tracking, or seem oblivious to the scent. As a former member of a law enforcement SWAT team that had the canines attached to our unit, I can guarantee that these dogs love their job and relish tracking people. When I first came across the anomaly of dogs not finding a scent or not willing to track, I thought it might be an isolated issue. This is one of the most prevalent profile points in the cases we have identified.

Weather

In the vast majority of the cases highlighted in the seven books, weather has a significant impact in the rescue or recovery of the victim. The weather seems to take a turn for the worst just as the person is going missing or just after they disappeared. Bad weather includes blizzards, fog, rain, snow, hail, dust storms, cold and hot temperatures. When you first start to read about this, your natural reaction is that this is bad luck. After reading multiple books and seeing the scenario replicate itself time after time, you'll be stunned.

Victims Found in an Area Previously Searched

In Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail, I present a table showing dozens of cases I've documented where the missing person was found in an area that was previously searched. Sometimes the location of the recovery had been searched dozens of times. In one instance the searchers had taken the same trail hundreds of times over the week hiking to where they believed the victim was located. On one of those days of the search, a tree had fallen across the path, and the young victim was found lying on it. Nobody could explain the perplexing scenario. Many readers have stated that it appears the victim have been placed there to be found. In the past few years, many readers have told us that they think the people were dropped into place to be found, because nobody ever observes the victims arriving into the area.

Missing Clothes or Shoes

Often the victims are found without shoes or missing pieces of clothing. It doesn't matter the type of climate, this has been documented in all types of weather. There have been some people who have never read the books that make claims that this is due to hypothermia. The issue is that there are many small children that are missing clothing and their parents state that they could not remove their clothes. In other instances, on a warm afternoon, a young person disappears. Hundreds of yards from the location he or she was last seen, searches find a pile of clothing. The victim didn't have the time to get to the hypothermia state, yet all of their clothes had been removed. You will read stories in this book where clothing and shoes were removed under highly unusual circumstances.

Time of Disappearance

The vast majority of disappearances occur in the late afternoon or early evening. In Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail, I place a series of tables in the back of the book that shows cumulative data from four books. I have updated those tables in the back of this book. The predominant time disappearances occur is just before it gets dark; that fact hasn't changed.

Disability or Illness

An abnormal number of the missing has some disability or illness. This fact only shows itself after vetting thousands of cases. Many readers have stated that it appears to them as though someone or something is closely monitoring these people and wants to understand more about their genetic markers.

Missing are Often Found Near Creeks, Rivers, Ponds, Lakes and Streams

In my book, Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence, I documented over one hundred cases where young men vanished, sometimes in a large crowd of friends. Nobody can explain where the person went and days, sometimes weeks later he is found in a body of water, deceased. Just like in previous books, there is a geographical clustering of the missing. I would refer readers to our geographical cluster map of North America for details on this portion of the research.

In my first four books on missing people, many victims were found in close proximity to creeks, ponds, rivers and ponds, and sometimes they would have needed to travel unusual distances to get to those locations.

In many instances, the victim is found amongst rocks and boulders adjacent to the body of water.

Boulders and Granite

The largest cluster of missing people anywhere in the world that matches our criteria is Yosemite National Park. Yosemite just happens to be one of those locations in the world that have a high concentration of granite. When you step outside the park, the numbers of missing start to fall, but do stay high in areas of the Sierra Nevada Mountains that have granite.

Swamps and Bogs

Some readers will find the fact that many missing people are located in the middle of swamps and bogs a highly unusual place to find people. I have lost count of the number of times this fact has proven itself to be true. Swamps are one of those places that the general public won't casually wander. It could be considered one of those locations where few people ever trek.

Point of Separation

Although this is not one of the profile points, it is something we identified several years ago and I want readers have an awareness of it. I've always claimed that a hiker traveling alone in the mountains is probably going to be more safety conscious than someone traveling with a group. I can attest that when I am alone, I am much more cognizant of my surroundings and the inherent danger of what I might be doing. I know that if I break my leg out there, I'm alone against the elements with nobody to seek assistance on my behalf.

I have done something in this book that I haven't done in prior ones. When I am telling the story, at the point the person leaves the presence of others, I am going to reinforce this moment by including the statement, point of separation. I want you to know that they have left the safety of numbers and they are now alone. Hundreds have written me about this point and that it appears as though the victim was being watched and at the time they were vulnerable and alone, the unusual happened.

Equipment Malfunction

When I was writing Missing 411- Hunters, I came across a cluster of missing sportsmen in an area within five miles from Lake Superior on the Wisconsin, Michigan border. On November 21, 1948 Frank Naslund went hunting with three other friends in this exact area. Sometime in the early morning hours, the men separated to hunt. Three of the four hunters made it back to their vehicles at lunch, Frank didn't arrive, and a search was immediately started.

Late in the afternoon on November 22, Frank found a fire cut and followed it until he came to a roadway and got assistance. The reason this story is here is what Frank told a reporter in a November 23, 1948, article in the Rhinelander Daily News: "He said his compass was not functioning properly and he built a fire alongside a creek and spent a night there."

A malfunctioning compass is a factor in disappearances that nobody has addressed. Anomalies in the environment that would cause a compass to malfunction are a fascinating topic to explore. In Frank's case, we don't know if he had a broken compass or was there something in the environment that caused Frank's instrument to malfunction.

If it was something in the environment, could this be a contributing factor in many of the disappearances in this and other areas? With the advancements made in GPS technology, people are carrying trail guides and other items based on this technology. The compass has taken a backseat to GPS in the need to determine location, direction and route.

I realize that various types of rocks can affect the materials used in the manufacture of a compass. Could rocks have had an impact on how the compass operated? Could something else have been happening in Frank's location that impacted how it operated? This is good food for thought.

Notes

Many of you will mark this book up extensively with notes and thoughts on cases; I encourage this. I've had readers tell me that they've read each book three or four times in an effort to better absorb the raw facts. In each case I have attempted to leave several notes to identify source material. Many of the case facts came directly from SAR and law enforcement reports.

The NPS has given me the designation of a "Commercial Requestor" for all FOIA requests. The classification essentially means they can charge me up to four times what they charge the average citizen for documents and materials. This is an obvious attempt to detract me from requesting and obtaining missing person reports, as they know we can't afford those outrageous prices. Many of you have stepped forward and offered to request case files on our behalf and allow our research to continue; this is sincerely appreciated. Your continued and ongoing support is needed for us to continue our research. My contact information is on the last page of this book.

UNITED STATES

Alaska

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Harry Ross	08/30/56 at 4:00 p.m. • 82 • AK
M /William Shaw	07/20/92 at 1:30 p.m. • 72 • AK
M /Richard Hills	02/24/04 • 35 • AK
F /Sandra Gelber	05/04/14 at 3:30 p.m. • 61 • AK
F /Sharon Buis	05/23/14 • 48 • AK

Harry Ross
Missing: 08/30/56 at 4:00 p.m.—Eagle, AK
Age at Disappearance: 82 years
• Hunter, Disability

The small town of Eagle, Alaska, is located eight miles west of the Canadian border and the territory of Yukon. It is almost in the middle of their north-to-south border in a very rural setting on the south side of the Yukon River. The city has a population now of approximately eighty-six; in 1956, thirty people were reportedly living in the community. The US Army built Fort Egbert in the surrounding area in 1900, and Eagle became Alaska's first incorporated city in 1901.

Harry Ross and his wife moved to Eagle in 1921, established a homestead, and built their lives there. As the years went on, Harry lost partial eyesight and became deaf. On August 30, 1956, Harry told his wife he was going out for a few hours to scout for moose around a salt lick he had placed not far from their rural cabin. At noon Harry left their residence armed with his 7-millimeter Mauser rifle and carrying his walking stick.

At 4:00 p.m. that afternoon, Harry hadn't returned from the woods, and his wife notified locals and asked for help searching for him. She actually went into the forest looking for her husband and found his walking stick just as the ground went from mud to moss. It was at this point that she lost all ability to track her husband.

In a remarkable show of support, the community of Eagle came together to locate its longtime resident. Nearly every able-bodied resident searched, in addition to a very long list of federal and state agencies, Eielson Air Force Base personnel, US Army Company F Ninth Infantry, I and R Platoon Ninth Infantry, US Geological Survey employees, Alaska Road Commission workers, Civil Air Patrol, and the Seventy-Fourth Air Rescue from Ladd Air Force Base. As if that wasn't a full show of effort, Canada sent Air Section Yukon Command planes to look for the hunter.

Harry was a professional prospector who made his income from a series of claims. He knew the area he was hunting as we know our own neighborhoods. Nobody believed he would get lost. A fourteen-day search by more than eighty people produced nothing but his walking stick.

A September 19, 1956, article in the *Fairbanks Daily News-Miner* summarized the search's scale and lack of progress as follows: "There have been more than 80 men involved in the search together with aircraft from the US Army and Geological Survey. For 14 days now and continuing on a reduced scale the search goes on. It is a mystery where he disappeared."

On September 20, an inquest was held at the request of Harry's wife so she could obtain a death certificate. Neither she nor officials released any formal findings.

Every search for a missing person is different. Here we have an elderly man who wasn't going to walk far. He was deaf and partially blind. What would cause the man to drop his walking cane but not his firearm? If a bear had attacked him, searchers would have found the firearm; however, they never even found a location where there appeared to have been a fight, animal predation, or any type of struggle. According to articles, it would have been nearly impossible for Harry to get lost, based on his immense knowledge of the area. Harry's experience, coupled with his age and inability to hike long distances, makes this case baffling. I do find one fact of the disappearance important: Harry dropped his walking stick at the exact point he would've started into moss. Any tracks in the area would have been hidden because of the type of ground cover he was entering. The timing of his dropping the stick and entering the moss can't be ignored.

Harry was never found.

William Shaw
Missing: 07/20/92 at 1:30 p.m.—Juneau, AK
Age at Disappearance: 72 years
• Age, Dementia, Elevation, Distance, Boulders, Water

I've written many stories about missing people in Alaska. I honestly believe that if I had the time and money, I could spend a lifetime chronicling unexplained disappearances in one of the largest and most gorgeous states in North America. One resource Alaska has in great amounts is water. Much of the state borders the ocean, lakes, reservoirs, creeks, and rivers. This case happened on the water, and authorities actually thought he might have fallen in. This is a real mystery.

William Shaw led one of the most successful construction companies in the United States, Turner Construction in New York. William formally retired in 1985 and moved with his wife into an ultra-high-end community called Indian Rivers Shores in Florida. It's important to note that William's wife's name was Beatrice, though she is identified in many articles as Jean.

William and his wife took a cruise on Cunard on the luxurious MS *Sagafjord*. The ship docked in southwest Juneau, where the couple enjoyed the gorgeous mountains and water surrounding the ship. At approximately 1:30 p.m. on July 20, 1992, Beatrice decided to lie down for a nap. William told her he was going to take a walk. This is where the stories take different turns: some articles claim he was going to send letters Beatrice gave him, while others state he was only going for a walk.

When you take a cruise today, you receive a cruise card with your name and photo on it. When you leave the boat, you must pass the ship's shore attendant and put the card in a computer, indicating you will be on shore. When you return to the boat, you again swipe your card, notifying the ship's staff you are back on the boat. As best as I can tell, nobody knew whether William was on or off the boat when it left the dock at 4:00 p.m. Beatrice didn't wake up until the ship was long gone from Juneau, and she couldn't locate her husband. She quickly notified ship officials, who called their associates in Juneau. They searched the docks and streets of the city but could not locate William.

Juneau police and harbor officials dragged the Gastineau Channel, thinking William might be in the water. They did not find him. A July 24, 1992, article in the *Daily Sitka* discussed the case: "It's very strange," said Mark Wilke, who handles shore operations for cruise ships at Juneau. "This is a small town, you don't just disappear here."

On April 24, 1994, Juneau Police Captain Mel Personett made the following statement to the Associated Press: "It's been very baffling. We were not able to get any positive sightings." In the entire town of Juneau, the police couldn't find one person who had seen William.

Beatrice posted a $5,000 reward with the town of Juneau for any information about her husband, hoping it would instigate searches or spark interest in the topic. The reward did nothing to find William.

In late April of 1994, a hiker in the Heintzleman Ridge area near Thunder Mountain made an interesting find—remnants of scattered clothing and a few bones—and called the Alaska State Troopers. A search of the area uncovered credit cards, money, a backpack, and a ship's stateroom key, all in William's name. An Associated Press article described the region as "a steep wooded area, it's not what I'd classify as a beginners trail." The article also explained that the body was found "near a steep and rugged trail."

This story conflicted with an April 26, 1994, article in the *Juneau Empire*, however, which said, "The body thought to be Walter Shaw, a tourist who disappeared from his cruise ship in Juneau in July 1992, was found far from any trail in the Heintzleman Ridge-Thunder Mountain area." I checked this location on a map and found that the trailhead for that ridge was nine miles from the cruise dock behind Glacier Valley Elementary in Juneau. From there, William would have faced an extremely steep and rugged hike on the side of the mountain for 2,900 feet to the ridge, which sits between the Athabasca and Mendenhall Glaciers.

When William disappeared, a few articles indicated that he had short-term memory lapses. As time went on and the articles got fewer and farther between, some started to say William had Alzheimer's disease. This was never confirmed, but I find it hard to believe Beatrice would allow her husband to leave the ship unescorted with that disease.

The scenario in which William made his way from the ship to the trailhead nine miles away and then climbed the mountain is hard to believe that he managed to do this entirely on foot. Someone should have seen the man. One article stated that officials did not find a skull and that the remains appeared to have suffered some animal predation. Other articles stated that officials were still looking for additional remains. The elevation he would have had to cover and the added distance from the dock, coupled with his old age, make this scenario mind-boggling.

Richard Hills
Missing: 02/24/04—Kenai Keys Road, Sterling, AK
Age at Disappearance: 35 years
• Weather, Canines

Richard Hills was an Alaska native. He graduated from high school and immediately started working. At times he was employed in the oil fields on the North Slope and worked on offshore platforms. When he wasn't working with oil, he worked on fishing boats as a commercial fisherman in Bristol Bay and Cook Inlet.

Richard lived with his girlfriend and their two children in a home in Soldotna, Alaska. On February 24, 2004, Richard got into his red, 1998 Dodge truck and started the three-hour and approximately 150-mile drive to Anchorage to pick up his paycheck. When Richard didn't show up for work, his employer reported him missing, and officials started a search for him. On February 26, 2004, his truck was found on Kenai Keys Road just outside Sterling, Alaska, approximately fifteen miles from his residence. His keys were in the ignition, and his wallet and cash were on the front seat. Some articles stated he had run out of gas; others did not. A March 5, 2004, article in the *Peninsula Clarion* had these details: "Troopers found footprints leading from the vehicle, through the woods for about one-half a mile up to Feuding Lane where the prints ended."

The Alaska State Troopers took control of the search effort and deployed their trooper helicopter. They also received support from a National Guard helicopter, and they brought search-and-rescue dogs in from Girdwood.

A February 15, 2005, article in the *Los Angeles Times* reported, "Search dogs repeatedly lost his scent in the same place, as if Richard had dissolved into air." A few articles suggested that perhaps Richard had been picked up by a snowmobile, but none of the articles mentioned any snowmobile tracks found in the area.

The theories proposed as to what might have happened in this incident were ridiculous. There wasn't a river within a quarter mile of where the dogs lost Richard's scent. He didn't have anything anyone would want to steal. Some articles suggested he may have died of hypothermia and been buried in the snow, but searches of this area in the summer months following his disappearance couldn't locate anything pointing to Richard.

Over the years, Richard's mother has stated publicly that her son knew how to survive in the outdoors and had been raised in this environment. She believes he met with some type of foul play. He was last seen wearing jeans, a turtleneck, and a Carhartt work jacket.

This incident is one of thousands of unusual disappearances that will probably continue forever as unexplained.

Sandra Gelber
Missing: 05/04/14 at 3:30 p.m.—Juneau, AK
Age at Disappearance: 61 years
• Drowning, Blunt Trauma, Wilderness, Medical Professional

This and the following story are two of the most coincidental cases I have ever documented. One of the consistent facts I have documented in my books is the death of medical professionals under highly strange circumstances. These two victims were both physical therapists, worked in the same city, and disappeared within two miles of each other. Sandra's case is a little different from any other I have documented, in that she was never actually reported as missing.

Sandra Gelber and her identical twin sister were born in Ashtabula, Ohio, a small city on Lake Erie northeast of Cleveland. Sandra attended the University of Dayton and graduated from Boston University's Sargent School of Physical Therapy. She married Tim Riley, and they had two children, Will and Katie, both of whom were college-age when this incident happened.

Sandra was known for her love of the outdoors and walking trails and forests—this love for the woods may have been what drove Sandra to Alaska. She first worked in Sitka, then moved to Juneau and went to work for Bartlett Community Hospital on the edge of the wilderness just two miles north of Juneau. A few articles mentioned that Sandra was known for her work with autistic kids, adults, and families and how to bring these people into mainstream society. I was surprised to read about a physical therapist taking such a strong interest in autism, but it's a strange coincidence that I write about disabled children, such as those with autism, who have disappeared.

In addition to the hospital's location next to the pure beauty of the woods, it also sits across the roadway from a saltwater channel that has direct access to the main water-entry point for this portion of Alaska's coast.

On May 4, 2014, Sandra worked her normal day shift at the hospital and got off work at 3:00 p.m. All indications show that she probably changed into some running attire, walked out of the hospital to the south, and took the Salmon Creek Trail. This runs northeast behind the hospital until it meets and parallels Salmon Creek, where it proceeds into deeper and thicker wilderness.

Nobody knows what happened to Sandra between when she left the hospital and when she was found. Two hikers saw a figure lying in the creek approximately forty feet from the trail. They pulled the body out of the water, started cardiopulmonary resuscitation, and called for emergency assistance.

The body they found was Sandra's, and she was pronounced dead at 4:30 p.m.

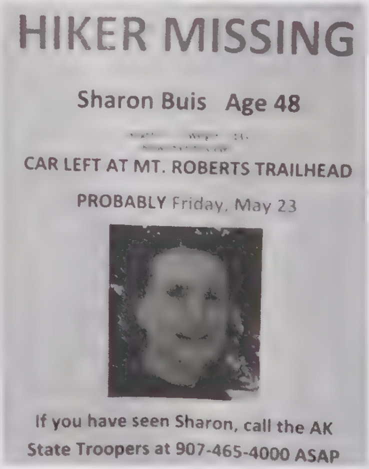
Police initially thought she'd had some type of medical issue that caused her death. Her body went on for autopsy.

The coroner stated that Sandra had died from freshwater drowning coupled with blunt-force trauma to the head. There was also a mention that Sandra had some type of preexisting medical condition that nobody elaborated on or explained. At this point, the police and coroner suggested that she might have fallen down the hillside next to the creek. The allegation of the association of the hillside playing a role in her falling wasn't mentioned until long after the coroner completed the autopsy.

Freshwater drowning coupled with blunt force is a typical finding I have documented dozens of times involving highly professional, smart, and competent people. The circumstances don't make sense, and families are left with many questions.

This case may seem mundane in comparison to many of the stories I document—be patient. History repeats itself nineteen days later, but in an even darker and more mysterious way.

Sharon Buis
Missing: 05/23/14—Mount Roberts Trailhead, Juneau, AK
Age at Disappearance: 48 years
• Medical Professional, Canines, Wilderness, Runner



HIKER MISSING

Sharon Buis Age 48

CAR LEFT AT MT. ROBERTS TRAILHEAD

PROBABLY Friday, May 23

If you have seen Sharon, call the AK State Troopers at 907-465-4000 ASAP

Sharon Buis

Sharon Buis was born and raised in Aylmer, Ontario. Readers who look up Sandra Gelber's hometown of Ashtabula, Ohio, and then look up Aylmer, Ontario, will see what separates these two cities: Lake Erie. Aylmer is almost directly north of Ashtabula. I have repeatedly said that water is a common factor in these disappearances, and the Great Lakes figure prominently in many cases. Yes, both Sandra and Sharon were physical therapists in the small town of Juneau. These women were raised in cities directly on opposite sides of Lake Erie—quite a strange coincidence.

Sharon graduated from the McMaster University School of Physical Therapy in Ontario. She specialized in orthotic casting and running and gait analysis. She left Ontario for California, then moved to Juneau. She was employed by Juneau Physical Therapy and also worked weekly at the Skagway Dahl Memorial Clinic. She was the youngest of seven children and lived with her three cats.

At forty-eight years old, Sharon wasn't slowing down. She played hockey, loved kayaking and cycling, and ran daily. When the weather permitted, she tried to get out on local trails and climb peaks. Friends talked about her athletic prowess and willingness to push herself. They said she had recently biked from Alaska to Canada and had taken a camping trip to Greenland.

Sharon pushed herself on many levels. Not only was she always doing things to stay in shape but she also had a private business that sold orthopedic chairs. She was last seen May 23, when she shipped two chairs from Alaska Marine Lines in Juneau. She had made plans to meet the Juneau Alpine Club the morning of May 24 for a hike to Hawthorne Peak and Sheep Mountain. When the group arrived, they found her car parked at the Mount Roberts Trailhead on Basin Road and believed she'd left early.

One of Sharon's best friends and hiking companions, Anne Johnson, knew of Sharon's trip with the alpine club. When she hadn't heard from her friend by 9:30 p.m. on May 24, she said she felt something was odd and went to look for her buddy. She determined Sharon wasn't home and started checking trailheads. She located Sharon's black Honda Civic covered in thick pollen at the Mount Roberts trailhead. It was obvious the car had been there for more than just the day. She called Juneau Police and reported her friend missing. By 1:00 a.m. on May 25, Alaska State Troopers were on the scene and had initiated a search.

Troopers tried to ping Sharon's cell phone and found it must've been turned off. They sent a helicopter team into the air on four occasions. A coast guard H-60 scanned the area with FLIR on multiple days and found nothing. The Alaska State Trooper helicopter spent two days searching Mount Roberts and the region around the trail.

Part of the search included canines from Alaska Seadogs and the Alaska Dog Association. Reports indicated that dogs picked up Sharon's scent near the trailhead and near the tramway. None of the scent was tracked far.

As the days went on, Alaska State Troopers and Juneau police upped the effort. They searched Sharon's house and made a heartbreaking find: her personal locator beacon, an item that could've saved her life. Her friends and family were going through gut-wrenching times. They could not believe Sharon had left for a hike without telling anyone she was going, activating her cell phone, or bringing her personal locator device. Some readers may wonder whether this event was related to a suicide, but police said suicide was never part of the investigation, and research showed Sharon was in excellent mental health. She never would have jeopardized the health of her three cats by leaving them alone in her home, and her activity on May 23 showed that she was still being conscientious about her business and had shipped product.

On May 29, the Alaska State Troopers announced they had found nothing and had exhausted all obvious search locations. The effort to locate Sharon was formally over. In June, local residents organized another three-day effort to locate her. It was well orchestrated, and they knew the areas that hadn't been covered well and headed in that direction. This group again found nothing.

The sad reality in missing-person cases is that after a few weeks, family members go home, friends move on with their lives, and law enforcement is usually confronted with another big case. The missing local physical therapist slowly moves off the front page, and people start to forget. It's possible that a hiker may stumble onto Sharon's body in a boulder field or at the bottom of a cliff, probably in an area nobody thought she'd go and in a region SAR never traveled.

I will never forget the circumstances of Sharon's disappearance and Sandra's being found in a creek. It's all too surreal.

Arizona

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
F /Katie Hatch	07/15/1905 at 1:00 p.m. • 7 • AZ
M /Bobbie Eckerman	05/21/1922 at 2:00 p.m. • 4 • AZ
M /Gary McCarthy	08/20/50—p.m. • 8 • AZ
M /Reinhard Kirchner	04/01/07 • 61 • AZ
M /Shaun Rentz	07/28/12 at 5:30 p.m. • 27 • AZ
F /Janet Castrejon	06/19/15 at 5:00 p.m. • 44 • AZ
M /Lawrence Kosden	09/14/15 • 69 • AZ

Katie Hatch
Missing: 07/15/1905 at 1:00 p.m.—Holbrook, AZ
Age at Disappearance: 7 years
• Water, Weather, Loss of Clothing

This incident had many mysterious twists and turns. John Hatch, a very well-known man in Arizona, had brought his daughter (Katie), son, and wife on a trip to the White Mountains. When I first looked at this case, many articles stated that the family lived in Holbrook and had gone camping on the White River near Holbrook. Other articles agreed that the family lived in Holbrook but said their campsite near the White River was closer to Fort Apache. Still other articles claimed the family lived in Taylor. The White River *does* flow through Fort Apache, so maybe they were camped somewhere outside that city.

An August 2, 1905, article in the *Arizona Republic* outlines what transpired just prior to Katie's disappearance:

> He said that the party had just arrived on the reservation from Taylor, where the parents of the little girl live. A camp was established and the little girl went to a stream nearby and was wading in it. Her brother told her to come out, and to frighten her he told her Indians would get her. She left the stream and started toward the camp wagon, which was not more than one hundred yards distant and in plain view of the stream. She was never seen afterward. She was soon missed and a search for her was begun without delay.

Local law enforcement was called, along with Indian Affairs police. Officials called to the public for assistance, and they came out in droves. Indian scouts, sixty-five Native American residents, and over one hundred ground searchers scoured the area inch by inch. They found nothing. A July 25, 1905, article in the *Albuquerque Morning Journal* explained what searchers were facing: "It being impossible to find the trail of the child on the account of the frequent heavy showers in the mountains the past week. Every foot of the locality for a radius of fifteen or twenty miles has been searched." Early in the same article was this statement about the feelings of seasoned searchers: "It is inexplicable that the child alive or dead could have been missed by the scores of searchers and the most probable solution of the mystery is that she has been killed and carried off by a wild beast or has been kidnapped by human beings." There was even talk that Indians had taken the child, though there was no proof.

After weeks of continuous searching, some searchers crossed the White River and started to scour the other side. On August 4, 1905, the searchers, in the company of Katie's father, started to make some unbelievable finds. What follows is the actual narrative from the August 8, 1905, *Arizona Journal*: "The body was nude and had been mutilated very badly by animals. It was apparent that the child had become demented by fright, and in this state of mind had torn off all of her clothing and thrown them away. Her father found the clothes two miles from where the body was found. The little girl had crossed the White River, a feat which those in search of her thought impossible for her to accomplish as the river was high and the current swift and dangerous." I've never read the word *demented* to account for someone stripping their clothing.

I can't fathom the grief John Hatch felt when he found Katie. He must've been in disbelief when he found her clothes on the other side of a river searchers thought it was impossible for the girl to cross.

Let's take a step back and retrace when Katie vanished. As in many cases I have documented, the victim was there one minute and gone the next. People somehow are separated, and it's never explained how. A July 21, 1905, article in the *Bisbee Daily Review* gave this explanation: “Last Saturday while playing with companions in the vicinity of the White River, she became separated from her friends, and since that time she has not been found.” In this case, again there is an unexplained event that causes separation.

I don’t think we can second-guess searchers and family members on their decision not to search the other side of the White River. If searchers and family didn’t believe Katie could cross it, I trust their assessment. If I were Katie’s father, I would have erred on the conservative side. If I thought there was one chance out of a hundred that Katie could cross the river, I would have had searchers on the other side early in the event.

If Katie Hatch had been voluntarily on the opposite bank and conscious, why wouldn’t she just yell, throw rocks, and wave her hands to attract attention? The river was larger than a creek, but it wasn’t so large that people wouldn’t see a young girl on the other side.

Let’s address the clothing. John found his daughter’s clothing two miles from her body, which was seven miles from camp. Every article distinctly stated that Katie had removed her own clothing… but how would anyone know that? The presumption here would be that the clothes must not have been torn, as an animal would’ve left them after attacking her. Every article describing her body indicated that animal predation had taken place. Indians and locals said mountain lions and bears lived in the region, and these were the logical choices as the culprits.

Most articles I reviewed implied strongly that Katie was well clear of the stream and on land en route to camp when last seen. It was also implied in articles that she might have been playing in a feeder creek and not the White River. The last idea I want readers to contemplate is the unfortunate possibility that Katie fell into the White River and was swept downstream. Every logical thought associated with this would have the seven-year-old arriving on the opposite bank, wet, tired, and scared. Wouldn’t you think she would eventually get to her feet and just start walking back upstream?

I could not locate the cause of Katie’s death.

Bobbie Eckerman
Missing: 05/21/1922 at 2:00 p.m.—Slavin Canyon, AZ
Age at Disappearance: 4 years
- Distance Traveled

This incident revolves around the phenomenal distance the victim traveled. In *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail*, I include a list of cases, victims, and ages and illustrate the great distances these individuals traveled from the points where they were last seen. The list includes more than 110 cases, ranging from a seven-year-old traveling fifty miles in two days to a two-year-old traveling four miles through the mountains in seven hours.

On May 21, 1922, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Eckerman took their four-year-old son, Bobbie, from their home in Tombstone, Arizona, to Slavin Canyon eighteen miles north into the Dragoon Mountains. They were meeting Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Mosler, also of Tombstone, for a day in the outdoors.

At approximately 2:00 p.m., the group realized they couldn't find Bobbie. Other articles claimed the group missed Bobbie at noon; however, I believe 2:00 p.m. likely is more accurate, because so many articles used that time. These same articles said the group had not seen the boy for fifteen or twenty minutes.

Once they realized Bobbie was out of the area, the families worked together to search the area, calling the boy's name and looking for anyone to assist. Early that night, a member of one of the families left the area and drove to Tombstone to get additional assistance and notify officials. As darkness came, the families started several large bonfires in the hope the boy would walk toward the light. Mr. Eckerman hiked through the mountains the entire night looking for his boy, but he never heard or saw anything.

At approximately 2:00 p.m. the next afternoon, a horseback rider north of the Lamb ranch found the boy. A May 28, 1922, article in the *Tombstone Weekly* had these details about what happened next: "Aside from being tired from his almost unbelievable long tromp through rough county, the little child seemed none the worse for his weird experience. With the exception of a slight scratch on the right forearm, he suffered no injuries. From the camp to the place where he was found today, the lad covered at least ten miles, walking in a straight line toward town. For a child of his age, the distance covered over the character of the country is nothing short of remarkable."

The SAR recommendations for the distance a four- to six-year-old child would travel in a mountainous setting hold that, 95 percent of the time, the child would be found in 2.3 miles or less. Yes, Bobbie covered an unbelievable distance…if those were the only facts that were important. Later in the same article, Bobbie was asked why he didn't walk toward any of the many bonfires in the area. He said, "I slept under a big tree because I was tired." After he came home, Bobbie's mom suggested he take a nap, and Bobbie replied, "I don't want to go to sleep, I slept all night under a big tree. I want to go out and play."

Let's think clearly about the distance Bobbie covered and the time he had to do it. When people are lost in the wild, they almost never walk a straight line; this means that if Bobbie was found ten miles from where he disappeared, he walked at least fifteen miles. He said he slept all night, and young children sleep for a long time, sometimes eight to ten hours. If Bobbie was missing for twenty-two hours and slept for ten of those hours, he had twelve hours to travel fifteen miles. That is a very long distance, even for an adult. He said he accomplished this without any water or food, yet he felt so well the following day that he wasn't dehydrated, tired, or sore.

Bobbie made one other interesting statement in the same article quoted above. When asked if he saw the searchers' fires, he said, "Yes, I saw lots of lights. Someone was out burning bushes."

The boy was taken to a Tombstone hospital and found to be in excellent condition.

Readers of my past books will remember several stories of young children who disappeared and were found extraordinary distances from where they were last seen. Search-and-rescue organizations don't want to acknowledge these cases, and researchers for search-and-rescue guidelines won't discuss them. If they acknowledge these cases exist, the guidelines for searching for missing people would have to be reevaluated. When you couple the cases in this book with the 110 cases cited in my previous books, there is a mountain of evidence suggesting something unusual is at play.

Gary McCarthy
Missing: 08/20/50—p.m. in the afternoon—Oracle, AZ
Age at Disappearance: 8 years
• Distance Traveled, Bloodhounds Can't Track, Airplane Crash, Weather

In *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail*, I placed a table showing the high number of incidents where a small child traveled a phenomenal distance. The miles the child traveled were far outside the bounds of any search-and-rescue manual. This case defies logic.

There are two different versions of how this story's victim vanished. One states that eight-year-old Gary McCarthy had traveled with his mom and dad to an area near Oracle, Arizona, for a day of shooting. Gary was armed with a BB gun, and his father, Tim McCarthy, had a small-caliber rifle. The father and son walked into the desert, where Tim shot a rabbit. Gary took the dead rabbit back to his mom at their day camp. Here is what happened next, according to an August 22, 1950, article in the *Tucson Daily Citizen*: "'Don't go away,' said Gary's mother. 'Dinner's nearly ready.' But Gary, hearing his father's voice, strolled off. He walked and walked, but no dad."

Gary's parents searched for two hours before one drove to Florence, where they contacted Pinal County Sheriff Lynn Earley.

The other version of the story is that Tim McCarthy was investigating an abandoned mine while Gary wandered off with the family dog. I tend to believe the first story, as more details are available.

The sheriff sent a group of mounted posse members to the scene and requested bloodhounds from the local state prison. He also geared up and ordered six airplanes to fly the sky looking for the boy.

The following day, temperatures were over one hundred degrees. Several articles commented that the bloodhounds had to be taken off the trail because of the extreme heat.

I have written in the past about the unusually high numbers of airplane and helicopters crashes associated with the searches I've documented. This incident involved a crash too, as is documented in the same article noted earlier: "Yesterday afternoon one of the planes hit a downdraft and crashed near Oracle Junction Inn. Both airmen in the plane, Bob Ray, 35, and Dave Kim, 26, both of Tucson walked away from the wreck with only cuts and bruises." Other articles stated the men broke their noses.

The area of this disappearance is hot and dry desert. There isn't a large amount of ground coverage from big trees.

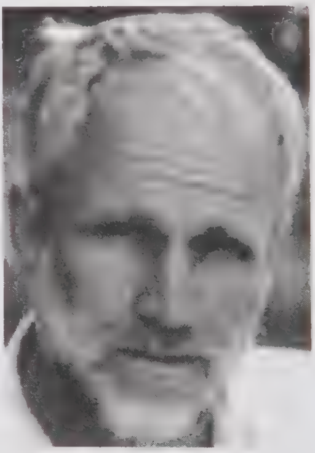
Articles vary on the number of hours Gary was missing, but they agree it was somewhere between twenty-seven and thirty hours. An August 22, 1950, article in the *Lodi News Sentinel* reported, "Young Gary wandered off yesterday morning while his father, Timothy was inspecting an abandoned mine shaft. Sheriff Lynn Earley said the boy wandered 35 miles through the cactus-studded desert in heat that reached 110 degrees. He was found this afternoon by deputy sheriff Red Kinsey, one of a posse of 100 men that combed the region for 12 hours." Gary was found sitting under a tree on Owl Head Mountain, presumably near Owl Head Butte. Several other articles validated the thirty-five-mile figure, and rescuers described the boy as hungry, shaky, and scared. He also told his rescuers he was thirsty.

How long could an adult last walking in the desert in 100- to 110-degree heat? How long could *you* last? Articles stated that Gary left with his three-month-old puppy. How long could the puppy last without water? If SAR workers had to pull trained bloodhounds off the trail, the heat must've been stifling. The real question is whether an *adult* could travel thirty to thirty-five miles across the desert in that heat and make that distance in twenty-seven to thirty hours. Gary said one other key thing: he said he slept during the night, meaning he had to have made that distance during the heat of the day.

The more research I put into this case, the more bizarre the circumstances became. Granted, I find it extremely unlikely that anyone could travel those distances without water, but there was no water in that area. An August 22, 1950, article in the *Albany Democrat* had these fascinating statements from Gary: "Gary, apparently suffering from delusions induced by thirst and the heat, said he believed he had been lost for two and one half days and he told of a man who was 'trying to give me water.'" I've read about many, many disappearances, and this is the first time I've ever read of a young boy making delusional statements, especially when he was essentially fine. Articles stated that Gary was taken to the hospital and released, his only ailment blistered feet. OK, I find this scenario impossible. How could anyone travel the scorching desert for thirty-plus daylight hours, not have an ounce of water or food, and not be dehydrated? That's hard to believe. Maybe Gary was correct—maybe he did get water from someone, somewhere.

The family puppy was never found.

Reinhard Kirchner
Missing: 04/01/07—Coconino County, AZ
Age at Disappearance: 61 years
- Physicist, German Ancestry


Reinhard Kirchner

I have written about both ends of the intellectual spectrum that seem to disappear in an abnormal number of cases. One of the subcategories I have documented is missing physicists. Based on the number of physicists in the population, they seem to disappear at a higher rate than do members of the normal population. I don't have an answer for why these highly educated professionals have vanished under unexplained circumstances, but this story contains international intrigue that will leave you imagining the possibilities. Many of the facts in this incident came directly from law-enforcement reports and are in contradiction to many public articles on the disappearance.

In 2007, Reinhard Kirchner was a brilliant sixty-one-year-old physicist working for GSI Corporation. GSI is located in Darmstadt, Germany, just fifteen miles southwest of Reinhard's residence in Mainz. He lived in a single-family residence just 1,000 feet from the Rhine River and ten miles southwest of Frankfurt.

Reinhard wasn't just marking time for retirement; he was working on the absolute cutting edge of science. Here's how GSI describes the company's work on its website: "GSI operates a large-scale worldwide unique accelerator facility for heavy ions. Researchers from all over the world use the facility for experiments to gain new insights about the building blocks of matter and the evolution of the universe. In addition they develop new applications in medicine and technology." The project they were working on is called "Fair." What exactly Reinhard did at the facility may never be known, but an online search of his name will unearth several white papers that he coauthored.

Reinhard was single, but he was engaged to a woman named Christa Wolf. She will be much more involved in this story as we move forward.

Many Europeans love to travel to the United States, and most spend six weeks to two months vacationing. They have a much different mindset than Americans: whereas we will spend only a week or two in another country, they like to feel comfortable in another land and like the immersion concept. On March 1, 2007, Reinhard left Germany. On March 2, he picked up a camper truck in Vancouver, British Columbia, and started his travels. Receipts found in the truck indicated that Reinhard was registered at the Staircase Escalante National Monument from March 16 for two nights. No one knows where he went after that. He spoke to Christa on March 20 or March 21 and indicated everything was fine and he was on schedule to meet her when she landed in Las Vegas on April 9. He indicated at the time that he was in Page, Arizona. He never made the airport meeting, and Christa grabbed a cab to a hotel. Once she arrived and couldn't contact Reinhard, she filed a missing-person report with Las Vegas Metropolitan Police.

On April 12, 2007, the Coconino County Sheriff's office in Arizona got a call from the Navajo Police, who were investigating an abandoned truck and possible missing person. They had found a camper truck rented by a German national from Vancouver. The truck was parked near the edge of the Little Colorado River Gorge on the opposite side of the gorge from State Route 64. The police did a cursory search of the area and could not find anyone associated with the vehicle. They also found the camper doors and truck doors locked. They requested additional assistance to search the area.

Once Coconino County heard a German citizen was involved and had been reported missing by his fiancée, they knew they had primary jurisdiction, because a Native American was not involved.

The sheriff's department contacted Kingman Air Rescue, National Park Service at the Grand Canyon, and local search-and-rescue organizations.

The exact location of the truck was given as twenty miles west of milepost 480 on US 89. The vehicle was a silver 2005 Dodge Dakota extended cab with a camper shell. It had Vancouver, British Columbia (BC), plates of 7924KG. The vehicle was a rental owned by West Coast Mountain Campers of Richmond, BC.

Navajo Police and Coconino County deputies determined the missing man was Reinhard Kirchner. Christa Wolf had told authorities her boyfriend had been to Arizona several times and knew the general area well. He was a very fit hiker who could travel twenty-five to thirty-five kilometers a day.

Helicopters, canines, cadaver dogs, and dozens of ground-search teams scoured the area around the truck and down the gorge, looking for evidence of Reinhard's presence. They found boot marks in the area, indicating he had taken a hike. It was believed that he had taken a daypack and a 35 mm camera. Christa also told searchers he sometimes took a rope to go into some areas and always carried a compass and maps and was very adept at using them. He did not carry a GPS.

Christa made it to the search scene from her hotel in Las Vegas. She was able to supply important information on Reinhard and his abilities. From all I read, the man was extremely fit, competent, and knowledgeable with very good judgment.

The US Fish and Wildlife (USFW) Department had three different teams of people doing research in the Gorge at various locations. Coconino deputies contacted the USFW supervisors and determined that none of their personnel had seen the physicist.

Technical climbing teams assisted ground searchers and looked through very rough and steep cliffs and found nothing that indicated Reinhard had been in those areas. Christa confirmed he wouldn't have gone into those exceptionally steep areas.

The Coconino County Sheriff's efforts were thorough. They contacted the Peregrine Fund at the Grand Canyon to see if there was any activity on the gorge, but there was not. On April 18, 2007, the deputies were planning on using a cadaver dog and another helicopter on the search. The National Weather Service told them wind gusts would be up to fifty miles per hour—too dangerous for helicopter operations—and the winds would inhibit cadaver scent tracking. On April 18, 2007, Lieutenant Christian from Coconino County contacted Christa and told her all search operations would be terminated.

There were some scattered search efforts after April 18, but nothing of the magnitude of the search that had been completed already.

I received the original missing-person report and complete investigation by Coconino County. The agency did a thorough and complete investigation. Reinhard's truck was towed and held until officers could photograph the interior and exterior. I saw the photos, and it did look like a camper that had been lived in by a man for several weeks. The refrigerator was filled with fresh fruit, vegetables, and orange juice. The only troubling thing I saw in the truck was a pair of hiking boots in the right front floorboard. It's extremely likely that he had more than one pair of boots, but it still struck me as an odd sight for someone who had gone missing while hiking.

Several local residents came forward to the sheriff when a mobile command post was located at the truck's position. Several witnesses said they had seen the truck parked in that location since at least April 1. Investigators working with Christa had reviewed Reinhard's notebook. They found the last entry of March 31, when he wrote that he planned to walk west to north of the corner of LC (Little Colorado). Wolf felt that the note referred to Kirchner's plans for April 1. Everything I read in the large case file indicates that this was Reinhard's last entry, making April 1 the last time he was at his truck. Many articles and posters indicate that he went missing on April 9, but this is not true—the ninth was the day Christa reported him missing.

When you read missing-person reports, they tend to sound monotonous after a few hundred. Every once in a while, a deputy or police officer will write something that will floor you. Lt. Mark Christian wrote a supplemental report on April 29 about his interview with a local resident who recalled seeing the truck parked in the location on April 1. The two people who saw it drove up to the truck, got out, and looked around. They said they saw a lot of footprints around it in the dirt. They took numerous photos of the vehicle and later turned those over to the sheriff. I now have those in my possession. While the lieutenant interviewed the subjects, he asked what they thought happened to Mr. Kirchner. Here is the quote directly from the supplemental report: "He told me there were many rumors floating around the reservation and the immediate area of the community. I asked him what rumors were being circulated. He told me there were rumors aliens had taken Mr. Kirchner. There was another piece of information that something shiny had been seen in the sky at about the same time of his disappearance."

In the southern California section of *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail*, I wrote about another German physicist, who was vacationing and attending a conference. He was hiking with an escorted group when he and one escort became ill. Both people stopped and rested, while the main group continued on. After several minutes, the physicist felt better and took off back down the trail. He was now the last person in line. He disappeared in those mountains and was never found.

On November 26, 2013, *Huffington Post* contributing writer Roger Marsh had read a few of my Missing 411 books and wrote an article titled "Missing Person Cases: Never Be Last in Line." He explained how the last person in a group hiking through the mountains can disappear.

I really have no idea how many German physicists vacation in the United States, but I have documented two who came to visit and vanished. I wish I knew what was happening to these great men.

Shaun Rentz
Missing: 07/28/12 at 5:30 p.m.—White Near Lake, MN, Found in AZ
Age at Disappearance: 27 years
• Boulders, Lack of Shoes/Clothing, Previously Searched, Weather

Shaun Rentz

I was first given this case a few years ago. I immediately requested a copy of the law-enforcement report from the Coconino County Sheriff and medical examiner's office. Yes, the same Coconino County in Arizona. The victim did vanish in Minnesota, but the majority of this event centers just north of Sedona, Arizona, another location I have written about in the past. The majority of the facts presented in the section come directly from the law enforcement and medical examiner's reports.

Shaun Rentz was a strapping six-foot-four-inch athletic specimen. He was health-conscious and kept himself in great shape. He lived with his parents in a home in White Bear Lake, a region on the northeast section of Minneapolis. He graduated from White Bear Lake High School, and Shaun and his parents were employed by Presbyterian Homes, a health-care facility in Roseville. He worked the swing shift, while his parents worked graveyard. He was conscientious with his money and actually had bought a fixer-upper house. He had been working on the house for months and finally got it to a place where his friend and that friend's girlfriend were ready to move in with him.

During the week of July 22, Shaun told his parents he was unhappy with work. A friend had offered him an opportunity at another company, and he was contemplating taking it. His folks told him to take a two-week leave of absence and see how the new opportunity panned out. During that following week, Shaun went to his boss and got the two-week leave.

On July 28, 2012, Shaun's parents arrived home at 7:00 a.m. from their shift and found Shaun at their backyard fire pit, burning what appeared to be electronics. They asked their son what he was doing. His response was that he was still unhappy about work. His mom asked him why he was up so early, and Shaun said he hadn't been able to sleep the night before because of fireworks. His parents thought the behavior was a little odd but went to bed.

When Shaun's mom got up in the afternoon, Shaun was asleep. She left to do things with other family members and returned at 5:30 p.m. to see that Shaun had left. He was supposed to meet friends at 5:30 p.m.; he never made it. He was supposed to move in with his friends at his house on July 30, but he never made this either.

A report filed with the Ramsey County Sheriff listed Shaun as a missing person. None of his friends or his parents had any idea where he might be. He had no history of mental illness, never drank alcohol, and didn't smoke cigarettes.

Almost 1,600 miles from White Bear Lake, Minnesota, the Coconino County Sheriff got a report of a suspicious vehicle that had been parked at the Oak Creek Canyon Scenic Overlook off of Highway 89A north of Sedona, Arizona. A deputy responded and, on July 30 at 6:00 p.m., found a black 2004 four-door Audi Quattro parked with the doors locked. They ran the Minnesota license plate of UYU923 and found it was registered to Shaun Rentz in Minnesota. The Coconino County sheriff sent the Ramsey County sheriff a teletype about the vehicle. They received a return call stating that the car was listed as belonging to missing person Shaun Rentz. This now set into motion a massive search for the young man.

As Coconino County Search and Rescue rallied assistance from the state and local counties, detectives contacted Shaun's parents, cell provider, and banks to check on various accounts. They determined that Shaun's phone had been turned off. The last call on the phone was July 28 at 7:59 a.m. in Minnesota. The last bank transaction was July 28 at a local Minnesota gas station for gas in the amount of $9.28.

Mr. and Mrs. Rentz told detectives Shaun had never told anyone they knew that he was leaving the area and that he had never taken a long road trip alone in his life. They said he had been born in Mesa, Arizona, but the last time he'd been in the state was when he was twelve years old. He also had an uncle in the state, whom detectives contacted. He told investigators he had not heard from his nephew.

As the sheriff organized a hasty search of the area around Shaun's car, an unusual event happened for an Arizona desert. This event is described in a December 2, 2012, article in the *Arizona Daily Sun*: "Dick organized what's known as a hasty search of the immediate area, a technique that nets a rescue or retrieval almost every time. But a strong afternoon storm called off operations that first day." Reports from Coconino County indicate that hasty searches find the victim 97 percent of the time—but not in this instance.

SAR teams returned to the overlook and put significant resources into finding the Minnesota resident. Upward of 140 searchers, both professional and volunteers, searched the area around, above, and below the overlook. Ten different canine teams tried to find a scent. An aerial drone flew the skies looking for something unusual, and a group of rock climbers searched crevasses and boulders.

Six days after the search started, Shaun's duffel bag was found wedged between rocks on the cliff side of the overlook. Rescuers believed he might be below that point and put climbers over the edge searching. After several days of looking, they found nothing else.

On August 10, Mr. and Mrs. Rentz arrived in Coconino County, met with detectives, and went to the overlook. They attempted to help law enforcement in any way they could, but as with everyone else involved in this case, they didn't know why Shaun had come to this location.

On August 12, 2012, Coconino County terminated the search effort to locate Shaun Rentz.

There were no significant updates on the Rentz case until November 4, 2012, when Flagstaff, Arizona, resident Greg Cox was hiking in a desolate area called Pumphouse Wash, three-quarters of a mile east of the overlook. He was walking through an old river wash filled with large boulders when he came upon what appeared to be a mummified corpse. Greg walked up close to it to determine it wasn't a deer and then left to call the sheriff. At 6:00 p.m., Coconino County Sheriff's detectives got the call. It was already dark outside, and they decided to go into the area the following day.

Coconino County detectives and medical examiner investigators made their way to the west side of the canyon. They found the head detached from the body, and the skin appeared to be mummified. The body did not have any clothing or shoes on it. Detectives specifically made note of this in their report. In the same article quoted earlier was this statement: "Rentz was found near the bottom of a cliff about one mile up Pumphouse Wash from the overlook in an area called the Keyhole. Tozer, who helped carry the body out, said it would have been physically impossible for Rentz to have jumped from top to bottom and too rugged to have hiked. 'You're basically rock-hopping. Where we found him it's difficult to say how he got there,' Tozer said. 'I don't believe that he hiked to the location he was in.' Investigators also say there's no reason to think the body was moved by animals or flash floods." OK, let's read that again. If he didn't walk there and didn't jump into the area, how did he get there?

The body was removed from the area and later identified through dental examination as Shaun Rentz. The Coconino County coroner made some interesting statements about the condition of the body. It was confirmed that no shoes or clothing were on the thirty-eight-pound skeleton. Shaun weighed over 210 pounds. He had suffered multiple fractures of his neck, lower back, and left leg, and the cause of death was listed as multiple blunt-force injuries. The manner of death was listed as "unknown." These injuries appear to be consistent with a fall from some height.

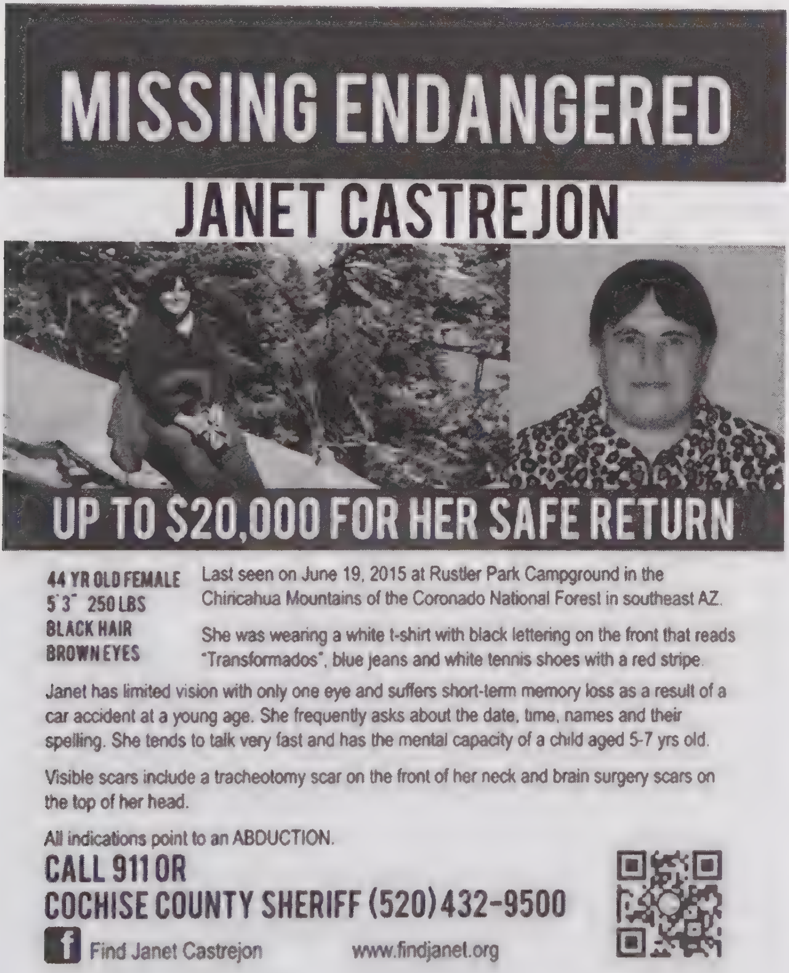
Multiple articles stated that the SAR effort had searchers and dogs walking within fifteen feet of where Shaun was found. So he was found in a previously searched area—amazing. Canines and humans didn't smell his decomposing body two weeks after he went missing. Was he even there?

Readers of my series know I've written similar stories in the past. If, based on the statements of the law-enforcement team recovering the body, Shaun didn't walk or fall into position or get washed downstream, what is left? Did someone or something drop him in? I'm not trying to be flippant about the death of a young man; I'm trying to understand what's left.

Shaun's case file includes an entire series of gruesome crime-scene photos. It's obvious he wasn't wearing clothing or shoes, something I have identified many, many times in these cases.

Shaun was last seen at 5:30 p.m. on July 28. His car was found at the overlook on July 30 at 6:00 p.m. A little more than forty-eight hours elapsed between the two events, and Shaun traveled a driving distance of 1,578 miles, or approximately twenty-four hours of driving time. Yes, it could be done, but why? What pulled Shaun to the overlook just north of Sedona? I encourage you to read up on this small and gorgeous city in Arizona. It's the only location I've ever written about where a US Forest Service Ranger vanished and was never found. (See *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail* for more details on that case.)

Janet Castrejon
Missing: 06/19/15 at 5:00 p.m.—Chiricahua National Monument, Rustlers Park Campground, AZ
Age at Disappearance: 44 years
• Disability, Canines, National Park



MISSING ENDANGERED

JANET CASTREJON

UP TO $20,000 FOR HER SAFE RETURN

44 YR OLD FEMALE
5'3" 250 LBS
BLACK HAIR
BROWN EYES

Last seen on June 19, 2015 at Rustler Park Campground in the Chiricahua Mountains of the Coronado National Forest in southeast AZ.

She was wearing a white t-shirt with black lettering on the front that reads "Transformados", blue jeans and white tennis shoes with a red stripe.

Janet has limited vision with only one eye and suffers short-term memory loss as a result of a car accident at a young age. She frequently asks about the date, time, names and their spelling. She tends to talk very fast and has the mental capacity of a child aged 5-7 yrs old.

Visible scars include a tracheotomy scar on the front of her neck and brain surgery scars on the top of her head.

All indications point to an ABDUCTION.

CALL 911 OR
COCHISE COUNTY SHERIFF (520) 432-9500

f Find Janet Castrejon www.findjanet.org

Janet Castrejon

This and the following case both happened at the same National Park Service Property, Chiricahua National Monument. This location has major notoriety to me. This is the location where the only on-duty National Park Service Ranger disappeared and was never found. I documented the ranger's disappearance in *Missing 411: Western United States*. The local sheriff's department headed a major investigation, and they couldn't positively prove what happened. This is the only case in the history of the park service where a ranger vanished on duty and was never found; the case is still open.

The property has huge boulders and is gorgeous. During the summer months, the area in and around the park is treacherous, because of the heat. It is truly unique to have two separate incidents where people disappear in a small rural property such as Chiricahua.

On June 18, 2015, physician Eduardo Castrejon; his wife, Lydia; and their daughter, Janet, left their home in Las Cruces, New Mexico, and started driving their motor home toward Chiricahua National Monument for their third visit. The family stopped to spend the night in a church parking lot in Deming. On the morning of September 19, the group headed for the local IHOP for breakfast and then started the drive for the monument.

The Castrejons arrived at the Rustlers Park Campground in Chiricahua at approximately 1:30 p.m. They found a campsite and set up their location. At approximately 4:00 p.m., Eduardo made quesadillas, beans, and rice for a late lunch.

Lydia and Eduardo were protective of Janet, because of a catastrophic injury she sustained in a 1988 car accident. She had a major brain injury that made her partially blind, and it was said she functioned as a five-year-old. She needed constant care from her parents.

At 5:00 p.m., Lydia said she was going for a short walk. Janet went with her mom. The pair walked approximately 1,000 feet on a winding road through the camping area to a pay station, where Janet deposited their envelope. Lydia said she needed to use the bathroom three hundred feet farther up the road. Janet didn't need to go and wanted to walk back to the motor home (Point of Separation). Lydia last saw her daughter walking in the correct direction to meet Eduardo.

Lydia arrived back at the motor home and found Janet wasn't there. Eduardo said Janet had never come back, and Lydia and her husband started searching and calling Janet's name, but they never got a response. They never found anything out of place or her track on any established trails. The parents talked to other campers in the area and determined that nobody had seen anything relevant to their daughter. At 8:00 p.m., Eduardo called law enforcement to report his daughter as a missing person, but it wasn't until midnight that the first deputy arrived. By 12:30 a.m., a search had started, and it continued to 6:00 a.m. On June 20, a helicopter arrived and searched the park, along with a series of SAR personnel. There was a three-day search for Janet. The June 30, 2015, edition of the *Tucson News Now* had these details: "However, after scouring a several mile radius of Rustler Park campground where she was last seen, search and rescue teams found nothing. No clothing, no signs of a struggle, not even Castrejon's scent despite the aid of multiple K9s that were brought in over three days."

Eduardo was questioned by law enforcement and stated he never heard a scream, struggle, or strange noise while his wife and daughter were gone.

The sheriff's department has stated that they don't have a concrete theory on what may have happened to Janet. The June 22, 2015, edition of the *Adventist Review* offered this detail: "'We are convinced that there was an abduction,' her father, Eduardo A. Castrejon, a family physician in Las Cruces New Mexico, told the Las Cruces Sun News. 'They don't think she's in the area anymore, dead or alive.'" The Castrejon family has been described as religious and had an affiliation with the Seventh-day Adventist Church; in fact, they were meeting other church members in the park when Janet vanished.

After the formal search efforts were terminated, the Castrejons formed their own efforts. The park service even suspended entrance fees, so people could respond and search without paying. One of Janet's brothers, Fabian, searched the park for weeks, but the park closed for the season in October, and he had to leave.

Janet's disappearance is at least the third for this location where the person was never found. We don't know the correct number, because the park service won't release details about missing people.

As a side note on this and the following case; some articles stated that a significant amount of human smuggling goes through this area. I believe this is probably true. The articles made a subtle suggestion that someone affiliated with this type of crime might have abducted Janet. I'll remind readers now that nobody associated with crime wants a focus on an area in which they are successfully working. I seriously doubt a smuggler abducted Janet, as there is zero evidence this happened. If there *was* a smuggler in this area with a vehicle, he or she was picking up people and bringing them deeper into the state, and there would've been many witnesses in the vehicle with the abductor. If one of those witnesses ever came forward, they'd instantly be given protection and temporary residency in the states in return for their testimony.

Lawrence Kosden
Missing: 09/14/15—Chiricahua National Monument, Rustlers Park Campground, AZ
Age at Disappearance: 69 years
• Weather, National Park, Canines

Having two people disappear from the same national park property and the same campground in eighty-seven days and neither ever being found seems a bit outrageous. If this happened in a city park, police would be crawling every inch of it, looking for everyone and anyone who might be associated with the incident. Because this incident occurred in a very rural area, however, there is almost nothing in the press regarding the details behind this disappearance.

Lawrence Kosden left his residence in Tucson to spend two days camping in Chiricahua. He entered the park on September 13 and bought a pass good for two days.

On September 17, someone in Tucson reported Lawrence missing. Whoever reported him missing must not have known he was going to Chiricahua, because either there wasn't an adequate search in the park, or law enforcement looked and couldn't locate his vehicle. On September 20 at 4:30 p.m., law enforcement received a call about what appeared to be an abandoned car in a campsite location in Rustlers Park. The vehicle, a 2015 Mazda, was later determined to be Lawrence Kosden's and was in the national computers as being associated with a missing person.

Cochise County Sheriff's deputies interviewed people in the Rustlers Camp. They located a woman who remembered the man associated with Lawrence's car starting to hike a trail with his cat. She said she had seen the man several days earlier but didn't remember the exact date.

The search for Lawrence started on September 21 and was terminated on September 23. The September 23, 2015, edition of the *Tucson News Now* reported, "Carol Capas, spokeswoman for the Cochise County Sheriff's office said the search for 69-year old Lawrence Kosden was called off due to weather until this weekend."

The sheriff utilized a helicopter, canines, and ground teams to look for Lawrence. They found nothing.

Lawrence was reported missing on September 17. In reality, he went missing no later than September 14, as this was the last day his pass was valid in the park.

It would be very interesting to understand how many people have vanished from this park and never been found.

California

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Grant Cox	03/02/47 at 3:30 p.m. • 21 • CA
M /Allen Visher	07/18/62 • 12 • CA
F /Barbara Magee	06/22/65 • 38 • CA
M /Dikran Knadjian	07/24/72 • 20 • CA
M /Peter Laan	11/26/82 at noon • 20 • CA
M /William Ewasko	06/25/10 • 65 • CA
F /Patricia Tolhurst	04/22/14 • 46 • CA
M /Vernon Matthews	06/06/14–5:00 p.m. • 23 • CA
M /Michael Herdman	06/13/14 • 36 • CA
F /Zillabell Friesen	07/21/15 • 81 • CA
F /Rosalynn Saxenmeier	07/28/16 at 2:00 p.m. • 71 • CA
M /Timothy Hannston	08/04/16 • 75 • CA
M /Breck Phelps	10/02/16 • 68 • CA

Grant Cox
Missing: 03/02/47 at 3:30 p.m.—Sugar Bowl Ski Resort, CA
Age at Disappearance: 21 years
- Weather

I have written about missing skiers in past books. This case has intrigue because of the man's recent leave from the military and the fact he disappeared in a snowstorm on the slopes of a ski resort.

Grant Cox was a twenty-one-year-old student at Sacramento Junior College, where he was a member of the school's ski club. A March 4, 1947, article in the *Nevada State Journal* had these details: "The youth, a former member of Merrill's Marauders in the Burma campaign was last seen when he struck out alone in a snow storm for a run from the top of Mt. Disney to the Sugar Bowl Lodge." I have done this exact run hundreds of times. This is not unusual; it's part of the groomed area for the resort. What is extremely unusual is that Grant vanished. In the same article quoted above was this additional information: "A heavy snowfall hampered search operations and a falling barometer gave warning of heavier storms to come." Grant vanished during a severe winter storm, and the area was consistently bombarded by more snow as the search went on.

The Placer County sheriff was the lead on the SAR effort. They rallied resources from Hamilton Field in Sacramento and got them to fly surveillance flights when weather in the area cleared.

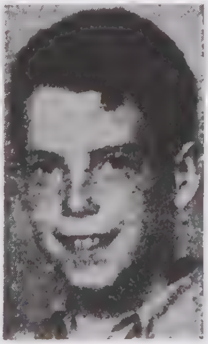
To put some geographical significance around the location where this occurred, Sugar Bowl is just three air miles west of the famous Donner Pass, where the Donner Party had their horrific winter.

Grant Cox was an extremely fit young man who knew the rigors of survival. When he served in the army, he was a member of Merrill's Marauders, a World War II jungle warfare unit that fought their way deep into Japanese lines. This unit consisted of 970 highly trained soldiers who worked under extremely difficult conditions. I would encourage readers to read more about the unit to gain an understanding of how tough Grant was.

Weather continued to hamper the search efforts for Grant. At the end of the day on March 6, the search was terminated. I made a lengthy archive search for details on Grant and follow-up searches but could not find anything to indicate there were additional searches or that Grant was ever found. This area is very rugged, and the incident occurred near the nine thousand-foot elevation.

Grant vanished on the last run of the day during a severe snowstorm. He was described as a good skier. I cannot tell you how many times I've skied under exactly the same circumstances. My family had a small cabin at Lake Tahoe, not far from Sugar Bowl. We would ski the bowl regularly, because it had good snow and great runs. Grant's disappearance makes no sense to me.

Allen Visher
Missing: 07/18/62—Kings Canyon National Park, CA
Age at Disappearance: 12 years
- National Park, Granite



Allen Visher

The location of this incident is a place I have never written about. Kings Canyon National Park sits in the southern Sierra Nevada Mountains, just south of Yosemite National Park and just north of Sequoia National Park. It also sits just southeast of a cluster of missing people in the Dinkey Creek area of the Sierras.

Allen Visher was a twelve-year-old Boy Scout from Berkeley, California. His father was a very prominent psychiatrist for the University of California San Francisco Langley Porter Medical Clinic. He also taught psychiatry at Stanford Medical School. Allen's uncle was a geography professor at Indiana University. In short, Allen was the product of brilliant minds.

On July 18, 1962, Allen was with his mom and two siblings on a hike with fifty adults and children from California's Sierra Club inside Kings Canyon National Park. Sometime during that day, Allen's mother lost track of the boy in the Dog Creek area near the middle fork of the Kings River at approximately six thousand feet in elevation. They were hiking toward Simpson Meadow. Allen's mother notified the group they were traveling with, and a search was conducted. Once they realized they needed more assistance, a few members left to get authorities.

The National Park Service notified Dr. John Visher that his son was missing, and the physician immediately left for the park.

Rangers in the park called the Western Air Rescue Center at Hamilton Air Force Base in central California. They requested bloodhounds and search helicopters. The helicopters were sent from Stead Air Force Base in Reno. Multiple bloodhound teams canvased the area and were unable to pick up a scent. During the twelve days of the search, over one hundred SAR team members combed the area of Dog Creek and Simpson Meadows but never found anything. The Sierra Club had specially trained members flown from Moffett Field in Sunnyvale, California, to assist.

The search for Allen covered twelve days and 720 square miles in the six thousand- to eight thousand-foot elevation. The center of the search was approximately eighteen miles west of Cedar Grove. A July 23, 1962, article in the *Spokane Daily Chronicle* reported, "Chief Ranger Peter Shuft of Kings Canyon and Sequoia National Forests said, 'It doesn't look good. The place where the boy was last seen is in an area where it would be difficult to get lost.' He said that this could mean that some harm had befallen the boy." The reason Shuft stated that the area was hard to get lost in is that there were solid granite walls on both sides with Dog Creek in the middle. Readers of my past books know that, as unlikely as it appears, many have vanished under those exact conditions. A handful of articles stated that Allen may have fallen in Kings River and drowned; however, his backpack, clothing, and body have never been recovered, even though searches by National Park Rangers continued off and on for weeks.

This is another case you won't see listed in any databases. It's something the National Park Service doesn't want to acknowledge or remember, as they claim they don't keep lists of people missing in their parks. The last notation I could find about Allen was a 2009 article about the death of eighty-eight-year-old Dr. John Visher. The obituary stated that he'd lost his son Allen on a hike in Kings Canyon and never found him.

Barbara Magee
Missing: 06/22/65—Sequoia National Park, CA
Age at Disappearance: 38 years
• National Park

Sequoia National Park sits just south of Yosemite in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. One of the park's big draws is the giant sequoia trees, which are thousands of years old and considered the largest living things in the world.

Barbara Magee was a thirty-eight-year-old employee of Argus Employment Agency in Orange County. She lived alone at 217 Thirty-Fifth Street in Santa Monica. On June 21, she took a bus into Sequoia National Park and rented a cabin in the Giant Forest area of the park. She brought groceries for her planned six-day stay. People staying in adjoining cabins saw her moving in and out of the cabin that first day.

On June 22, Barbara was seen hiking a trail toward Alta Peak. This was later verified by the park service, which showed her photo to many of the three thousand people in the park at the time. She was seen in the area north of Crescent Meadows.

On June 26, Barbara had a reservation to take the bus from the park to Visalia. She wasn't on her bus. The driver of the bus notified the park service, and they went into her room. Almost all her groceries were still intact, and the room appeared to have been lived in for just one night. The park service went into the field and started to interview people on the trails and her neighbors. One neighbor confirmed they had seen her the morning of June 22 and had not seen her since.

The formal SAR for Barbara started when the park service realized where she'd last been seen. They put upward of forty rangers into the area near Panther Gap and the trail region just north of Crescent Meadows. They also contracted for a helicopter to fly the region for several days.

Barbara's brother, Richard, heard about the incident and immediately drove to the park to assist in the search. The effort to find the woman lasted, according to reports, eleven to twelve days. They found absolutely nothing.

On July 7, Chief Ranger Pete Schuft was interviewed by *The Register Newspaper* about the event and asked what they were now looking for; he replied, "We're looking for a body."

Barbara was a very fit young woman who enjoyed the outdoors. The search area for her focused at the beginning on four square miles from where she was last seen. Two days before the search was terminated, the park service made one last big push. They decided to focus on two square miles around her cabin and turned over every rock and bush possible. They found nothing.

This is another one of those cases the park service doesn't want you to know about. Barbara's name isn't on any memorial and isn't on any list we know about maintained by the park service. She is not in any missing-person database that I could find.

I'm personally disappointed that the Department of the Interior doesn't have enough respect for the families of the missing to maintain a database of people who have vanished on their property.

To the best of my knowledge, Barbara has never been found.

Dikran Knadjian
Missing: 07/24/72—Yosemite National Park, CA
Age at Disappearance: 20 years
• National Park, Intellect

Dikran Knadjian

Readers of my past books know that the largest geographical cluster in the world that matches our profile for missing people is Yosemite National Park. No other location on Earth comes close. First-time readers may believe these disappearances occur only with those who travel deep into the backcountry of parks—no. Many disappearances occur on the valley floor of the park where the majority of tourists travel.

One of the most concerning aspects of Yosemite is the cases involving young, brilliant, college-aged men who vanished and were never found. Yosemite has three of these cases, incidents that haunt me.

In *Missing 411: Western United States*, I documented the disappearance of two men, both enrolled at the same university, who vanished within months of each other. They didn't know each other, they weren't studying the same topics, and park-service personnel didn't inform the families of the cases' similarities. The families eventually found each other with the help from the press that told them about the other incident involving another student from Berkeley. They wrote letters to the president of the United States, asking for mountain-trained soldiers to enter and search the park, as it was completely outside the realm of feasibility that their boys had walked away or were lost. The president never responded to the families, and the young men were never found. Now comes another case that seems to mimic the others.

One of the issues with conducting research on missing people is that if there is not significant press on a case, it's very difficult to locate relevant articles. One of the profile points I have consistently explained when I lecture is the academically brilliant men who have disappeared under extremely unusual circumstances. All three of the Yosemite cases involve young men who never planned on going into the backcountry; instead, they were going for quick hikes and probably staying on the valley floor.

Dikran Knadjian was one of those brilliant young men who visited Yosemite National park. He was a twenty-year-old medical student from Ethiopia who was studying at Cambridge University in England. He had come to the United States for a vacation. After he was done touring Yosemite, he planned to head for Florida.

The student checked in July 24, 1972, at Curry Village in Yosemite Valley and was given cabin 486. This location is right in the middle of the mass of people who routinely visit Yosemite. The majority of these cabins do not have hard walls. They are heavy-duty tents with permanent sides and neighbors close by. After he dropped his luggage and supplies in the tent, Dikran went back to the front desk and asked the clerk for directions to Half Dome, one of the largest pieces of granite in the world and one of the major attractions at Yosemite. The clerk supplied directions, and Dikran walked out. This was the last reported time the young man was ever seen.

On July 31, Dikran was scheduled to check out of Curry Village. Housemaids went to check on his tent and found all his belongings still stowed in the luggage, as though they'd just been dropped off. The bed had not been slept in. National Park Service Police were notified and took custody of his possessions. They placed posters of the missing man in the park and did nothing else, claiming they had no idea where to search.

Vartkess Knadjian, Dikran's father, is the owner and CEO of Backes and Strauss, the oldest diamond company in the world. They are known for making high-end timepieces and jewelry. Once Vartkess heard of Dikran's disappearance, he went to the US embassy in Addis Ababa in Ethiopia and asked them to relay a message to penal institutions in California to see if his son might be incarcerated. The wire was sent May 9 at 2:45 p.m. I gained access to the message through a bulk release of US State Department messages by WikiLeaks. Dikran was not found in any jails or prisons in California.

Dikran was born in Ethiopia but raised in Bath in the United Kingdom, where his family still holds its primary residence.

In June 2016, Queens College in Cambridge established the Dikran Knadjian Scholarship in honor of the missing man.

The similarity of Dikran's disappearance to those of other young men across the United States—and specifically Yosemite—is astonishing. The lack of effort by park service police is also surprising. I can only imagine the pain and grief his family has experienced, not knowing what happened to this brilliant young man. Knowing the park service fails to supply lists of missing people and also refuses to provide case details on certain missing-person incidents, I can only imagine the frustration that Mr. Knadjian experienced.

I was able to contact Dikran's family in Europe. I was interested to know if the family had any additional information about the disappearance. Dikran's younger brother, Vartkess Knadjian, responded to my inquiry. When Dikran vanished, Vartkess was seventeen years old. Vartkess explained that his parents died not knowing what happened to their son. They had hired a private investigator in California who essentially found nothing. The family is well known in the world as they operate Backes and Strauss, a world famous diamond and watch manufacturer. Vartkess is now the Chief Executive Officer for the company.

The Knadjians sought additional information and contacted President Nixon through the intervention of Emperor Haile Selassie. They also contacted Governor Ronald Reagan in California. These efforts got very little information for the family.

I recommended to Vartkess that he file a request for the official police report from the National Park Service; he did so in November 2016, but his request was denied. He appealed the decision in December 2016. I last contacted Vartkess in March 2017, and he informed me that nobody had responded to his family's appeal. How can a government agency keep information from a victim's family?

Pater Laan

Peter Laan
Missing: 11/26/82 at noon—Sespe Wilderness, CA
Age at Disappearance: 20 years
• Canine, Weather, No Evidence

While conducting research into the disappearance of Michael Herd (later in this chapter), I came across Peter Laan. The stories behind Peter's and Mike's disappearances started within miles of each other. Both of these fine young men vanished in the Sespe Wilderness of southern California. This rugged and remote area is located just sixteen miles northeast of Ventura and thirty-six air miles from Los Angeles. It's probably hard for people who have never been to California to believe something so remote can be so close to a metropolis.

The Sespe Wilderness was enacted by Congress in 1992 (after Peter vanished) and now encompasses 219,209 acres. Various descriptions in periodicals and sites call the location a place that has huge boulders and rocky cliffs with a wild and scenic environment. This is also the location of the Sespe Condor Sanctuary, a location dedicated to the rehabilitation of the condor species. The region also maintains an ample variety of wildlife, including bobcats, coyotes, golden eagles, mountain lions, rattlesnakes, black bears, deer, and hawks.

One of the more famous locations inside the Sespe Wilderness is the hot springs. It takes an effort to get there, but it's worth the journey. It is found sixteen miles from Lion Camp.

A wilderness area in the United States signifies that nothing with a motor could travel its trails. You can ride a horse into the backcountry, you can hike, but you can't land a helicopter. The rules are strict.

November 26, 1982, was a gorgeous day in Southern California. Twenty-year-old Peter Laan asked his dad for a ride to Toland Road north of Fillmore so he and his German shepherd could take an eight-mile hike. Mr. Laan gave Peter and the dog a ride from their home in Santa Paula with the understanding Peter would get picked up when they finished. Peter never called and didn't show up at the house.

The Laans called the Ventura County sheriff and reported their son missing. It was dark and dangerous on the trails and too late to start a search. On November 27, searchers were gathering their teams when something unusual happened in this area of the state—as the December 3, 1982, edition of the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* explains, "It wasn't raining when Laan and his dog started but the area was saturated by a rainstorm the next day." It not only got inundated with rain the next day but the following days brought cold weather and high winds. According to weatherdb.com, the average rainfall for Fillmore is just slightly over sixteen and a half inches of rain per year, making it quite a coincidence that a huge storm hit the day after Peter vanished.

Searchers put a lot of effort into locating Peter, but they never found any indications of where he was. They utilized up to forty volunteers per day to search, and Peter's dad, Nick, was involved in the SAR effort from day one. When the sheriff's office notified the family that, after eight days, they were going to have to terminate the effort, the community was distraught.

In the months and years after a person goes missing, it is generally believed that someone somewhere will find something to point to the puzzle's solution. In Peter's case, there was nothing found and no new evidence. This is not to say Peter's dad ever gave up; years after Peter vanished, Nick was still placing ads in the *Los Angeles Times* asking for information leading to Peter's location. This is one of the few times I have ever seen that the family kept the effort up for years. The torment that must've ripped through the Laans is mind-boggling.

Decades later, history would repeat itself. Another young man, Mike Herd, and his dog would vanish in the same general area, and this time the ending was different—but no more enlightening and very confusing. Mike Herd and his dog vanished in the Sespe Wilderness.

William Michael Ewasko
Missing: 06/25/10—Joshua Tree National Park, CA
Age at Disappearance: 65 years
- National Park, Weather

I first visited Joshua Tree National Park in 2016 while speaking at a conference nearby. The location has very little ground coverage and lots of boulders and is very foreboding. The number of large boulders is sometimes overwhelming.

William Ewasko was a very fit older man from Marietta, Georgia. He had been to the park several times in the past and enjoyed hiking the trails and seeing landscape and topography quite different from what he was used to in Georgia.

On June 23, 2010, William flew from Georgia to Los Angeles, where he rented a 2007 white Chrysler Sebring with California license plates 6CVF834. He drove the car to a friend's condominium in Rancho Mirage, which was going to be his base. He told his fiancée, Mary, that he was driving out to the park the following day to hike. She was concerned, because it was going to be a hot day, but he calmed her concerns, saying he'd be out by 5:00 p.m.

The Georgia resident left the morning of June 24 and drove his car to the Juniper Flats Trailhead on Keys View Road. At 6:00 p.m., William still had not contacted Mary. She was getting concerned but waited until the following morning to call authorities and report William as a missing person.

The search got seriously rolling on June 26. A California Highway Patrol helicopter searching the park found William's vehicle at the Juniper Flats Trailhead. Temperatures were hovering near ninety degrees—not as hot as it *can* get in this area, but still warm. Search-and-rescue teams were on-site, and almost a hundred people were on the ground looking for the lost man. Search commanders brought in multiple canine teams and equestrians. Searchers were told that William had served in Vietnam, had experience hiking in the parks for several years, and was safety conscious. He had already done something right: he'd told Mary when he was going in and coming out.

There was one report that authorities had a cell phone ping far on the other side of Quail Mountain. If this was true, it was far from where searchers were focusing. A July 3, 2010, article in the *Desert Sun* stated that more than twenty agencies participated in the search effort. It also reported that authorities did not believe foul play was involved. The article said, "Investigators on Friday had called off their week long search for a Georgia man who was reported missing in Joshua Tree National park."

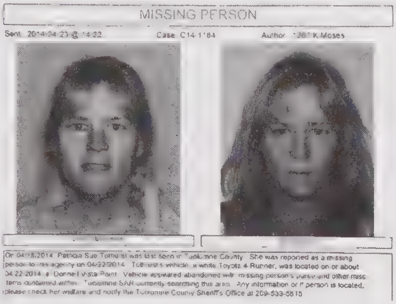
Various online reports from alleged search-and-rescue personnel stated that they'd had a "difficult relationship with JTNP as we've gone about our searching. I think the park would rather us go away." I won't identify the source, because I can't identify the writer. I *will* state that I have heard these exact comments from families of victims, and I have seen identical behavior from park service personnel regarding the disappearances I have investigated and filmed personally. Missing people in national parks aren't good for business. The faster the parks get search personnel out of the park, the faster they get back to the business of allowing visitors full access and collecting their fees.

In a very hot environment, the body emits strong odors quickly after death. The fact that not one dog team hit on William's body causes me great concern. It has been many years since he vanished, and still nobody has found anything belonging to William—another concern.

In my Missing 411 books with sections covering desert environments, the distances that some of the victims allegedly covered are beyond belief. I've always wanted search-and-rescue workers to read about some of these distances and maybe adjust their grids accordingly, but SAR personnel don't want to rock their grid guidelines, as it may get too complicated. The fact is many people are found far outside SAR guidelines—so far they are beyond belief.

William has never been found.

Patricia Tolhurst
Missing: 04/22/14—Donnell's Vista, Tuolumne County, CA
Age at Disappearance: 46 years
• Cluster Zone, No Tracks



MISSING PERSON

Sent 2014-04-23 @ 14:22 Case C14-1184 Author 1281 K Moses

On 04/18/2014 Patricia Sue Tolhurst was last seen in Tuolumne County. She was reported as a missing person to this agency on 04/22/2014. Tolhurst's vehicle, a white Toyota 4-Runner, was located on or about 04/22/2014 @ Donnell Vista Point. Vehicle appeared abandoned with missing person's purse and other misc items contained within. Tuolumne SAR currently searching this area. Any information or if person is located, please check her welfare and notify the Tuolumne County Sheriff's Office at 209-533-5815

Patricia Tolhurst

One thing I have learned in my years of researching missing people is that some places have extreme negative energy. In *Missing 411: Western United States* on page 142, I wrote my first story about the disappearance of someone at Donnell's Vista in Tuolumne County, California. The vista looks out over the gorgeous Middle Fork of the Stanislaus River and the Dardanelles. It is located on Highway 108, approximately fifteen miles east of the small city of Strawberry and twelve miles west of the famous hiking spot of Kennedy Meadows. It is also just ten miles north of the northern boundary of Yosemite National Park, the largest geographical cluster of missing people in the world that matches our profile.

Patricia Tolhurst was raised in the San Francisco Bay area but loved the outdoors. Her enjoyment of natural beauty pulled her to Sonora, a small city in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. She made a successful life for herself by opening a restaurant she named Patty's Shack. Her boyfriend, Kevin Carter, was also her head cook.

Patty appreciated life and liked to document it. She made it a point to explain her own life on tape in detail, something her relatives now have.

On April 18, 2014, Patty went to her restaurant, and friends thought she left to get groceries. The mother of two was not seen again, though friends did get a note from her, saying she was headed for hiking in Kennedy Meadows. She was reported missing on April 22, and a search was initiated.

The road to Kennedy Meadows from Patty's home would take her directly by the overlook. Law enforcement located her white Toyota Forerunner at Donnell's Vista overlook, unlocked with her purse inside. The keys were not located. The sunroof to the vehicle was open, and because it had rained, the inside of the car was wet.

The Tuolumne County Sheriff took over the SAR and official missing-person investigation. There was still snow on the ground in the area, and it was just starting to melt.

A parking lot for the overlook sits adjacent to Highway 108, next to a quarter-mile hike that winds down toward the lookout among giant granite boulders. The lookout ends 1,300 feet above the river. The sheriff's office searched the area under the lookout, around the vehicle, and for miles in every direction. They found no evidence and no clue of what might have happened to Patty.

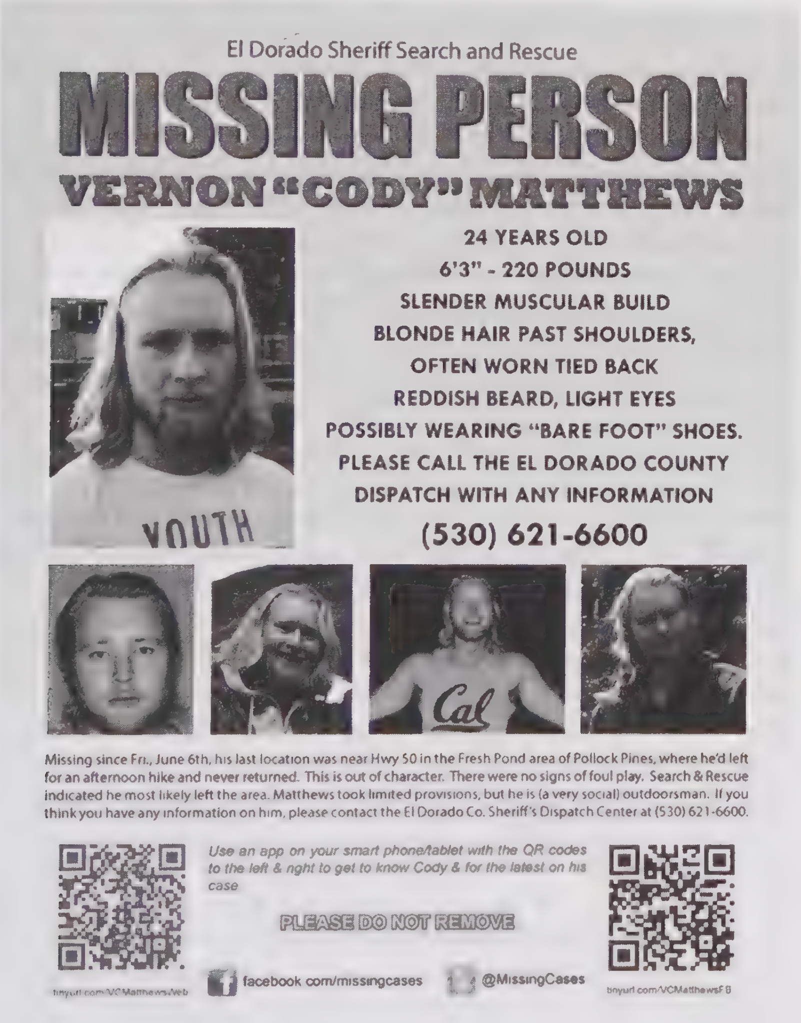
The search included the California Highway Patrol helicopters with FLIR, military helicopters, and multiple counties' search-and-rescue teams, and volunteers went into the area after formal searches stopped.

Here are some comparisons between the two cases of missing people from Donnell's Vista. Both victims were females.

	Case #1	**Tolhurst**
Date:	08/08/05	04/22/14
Age:	64	46
Job:	Nurse	Business Owner
Car:	Mercury Sable	Toyota Forerunner
Facts:	Car Unlocked	Car Unlocked
	Keys in Car	Keys Not Found
	Purse in Car	Purse in Car
Status:	Never Found	Never Found

I would suggest readers not make any judgments on this until they read about another case at this same location. The next disappearance—that of a man named Breck Phelps—occurred in 2016. His story is located later in this chapter.

Vernon "Cody" Matthews
Missing: 06/06/14 at 5:00 p.m.—Pollock Pines, CA
Age at Disappearance: 23 years
- Scholar Student, Canines,



El Dorado Sheriff Search and Rescue

MISSING PERSON

VERNON "CODY" MATTHEWS

24 YEARS OLD
6'3" - 220 POUNDS
SLENDER MUSCULAR BUILD
BLONDE HAIR PAST SHOULDERS,
OFTEN WORN TIED BACK
REDDISH BEARD, LIGHT EYES
POSSIBLY WEARING "BARE FOOT" SHOES.
PLEASE CALL THE EL DORADO COUNTY
DISPATCH WITH ANY INFORMATION
(530) 621-6600

Missing since Fri., June 6th, his last location was near Hwy 50 in the Fresh Pond area of Pollock Pines, where he'd left for an afternoon hike and never returned. This is out of character. There were no signs of foul play. Search & Rescue indicated he most likely left the area. Matthews took limited provisions, but he is (a very social) outdoorsman. If you think you have any information on him, please contact the El Dorado Co. Sheriff's Dispatch Center at (530) 621-6600.

Use an app on your smart phone/tablet with the QR codes to the left & right to get to know Cody & for the latest on his case

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE

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Vernon "Cody" Matthews

I've written a few stories in my career that have involved extremely sad scenarios that only got worse the more I conducted research. The story surrounding Cody's disappearance and the facts associated with it will make you appreciate your life.

Cody Matthews was a senior anthropology student at the University of California at Berkeley. He was also the president of his school's undergraduate anthropology association. He was a graduate of Etiwanda High School in southern California.

In early June 2014, Cody had finished his junior year in school, and a friend helped him clear out his personal belongings from his room and drive them to his parents' cabin on Spring Valley Road in Pollock Pines, California. On June 6, 2014, when Cody arrived at the cabin, he found that someone had burglarized the house and stolen in excess of $18,000 worth of items, including clothing, jewelry, and tools belonging to his parents. The side door of the house had been forced open, and a security camera set up near the front of the house was missing, its line cut. Cody notified his parents of what he'd found; they were shocked. He called the El Dorado County police and filed a burglary report. That afternoon, Cody left for a hike. The young man never came back. When his parents couldn't contact their son, they called the sheriff.

Once Cody vanished, his parents, Vern and Cyndi, moved up to their cabin and made it their home while they looked for their son. They explained to SAR officials that he was a very reliable and level-headed individual who wouldn't disappear voluntarily.

Vern Matthews was no stranger to search and rescues. According to a September 1, 2014, article in the *Mountain Democrat*, he had a lot of experience: "Cody's father, Vern, spent about a dozen years in the Civil Air Patrol Search and Rescue and was a team leader trainee when he stepped down. He spent twenty years in fire service in Southern California, and was a fire captain when he left due to injury." Vern was someone who could definitely relate to what was about to happen in the search for Cody.

El Dorado County Sheriffs took charge of the search. One of the first things the sheriff did was ping Cody's cell phone and see where it responded. They found that he was last near the banks of the South Fork of the American River. The last pings showed he was heading back toward the cabin. Then they stopped. Vern and Cyndi said Cody was a former lifeguard, outstanding swimmer, canoeist, and kayaker. There would be no issue with Cody being near the water, as he was also in very good physical condition.

The California Highway Patrol searched for days with their FLIR-equipped helicopter. Multiple canine tracking teams searched the region. Over 488 ground searchers from fifteen counties scoured the hills and riverbanks, and specialized trackers tried to find some sign of where Cody had gone. KCRA aired a broadcast about the search and interviewed one of the officials, who said searchers had found human-toed tracks down near the river. He said they believed Cody had been wearing footwear that made the same impression as what they'd found near the water. Law-enforcement dive teams searched three miles of the American river and found nothing.

In one of the KCRA interviews I watched with Vern, he explained that he and Cody had a very close relationship, and he had almost a psychic connection that was constant with his son. He said he was no longer getting these feelings.

On September 13, 2014, a small two-acre fire broke out on King Road in Pollock Pines. It didn't stay small for long. It quickly grew and forced the evacuation of residents in the area, including the Matthews. In the days after the fire broke out, the fire became huge, eventually growing to ninety-seven thousand acres and destroying twelve homes. One of the homes burned to the ground was Vern and Cyndi's cabin. How much negativity and stress can one family take? I still can't believe it.

A local store told the Matthews they could set up a tent and live on the property. The couple wanted to be close to their cabin and stay on top of the search for their son.

As time went on, law enforcement ended up arresting and prosecuting a man for the King fire. The suspect had no connection to Cody or to Vern and Cyndi.

In past books, I have written extensively about inclement weather washing away evidence of where victims may have gone. This is the first time I have ever documented a fire that destroyed the area where a victim vanished, coupled with that same fire destroying the last home the person lived in.

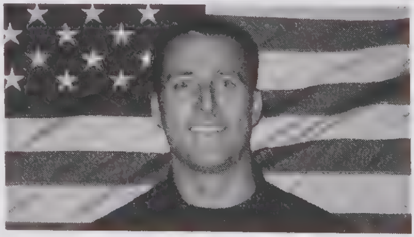
Highway 80 and Highway 50 are the primary roads to travel from Sacramento to Lake Tahoe. The Desolation Valley Wilderness Area sits between each of these roadways. I have documented several people who have disappeared in the region between these two roads.

This story contains too many similarities to my own life for me to be comfortable: My dad was a thirty-year retired San Francisco firefighter. I spent two years attending the University of California at Berkeley. My parents had a cabin on the west shore of Lake Tahoe in El Dorado County. I've spent many, many days trout fishing the American River. In my younger years, my name could've been in the place of Cody's as missing.

I have no idea what happened to Cody. At six feet three inches tall, he would not have been easy prey for anything or anyone. He left carrying a compass and a large knife. I don't believe he was taken down by a mountain lion or a bear, as I believe search-and-rescue canines would've found an attack and seen and recovered Cody's compass, knife, and cell phone. I suppose it's possible he stumbled upon a criminal while in the woods, but then it comes down to what the criminal did with Cody's body. If the remains were buried in the area, cadaver dogs would've hit on the odor. I also don't believe Cody got lost. He knew the area; he wanted to camp out in the wild for part of the summer, and he was comfortable in the outdoors.

I pray Vern and Cyndi can get closure on their son's disappearance. Cody has never been found.

Michael Herdman
Missing: 06/13/14—Sespe Wilderness, Ventura County, CA
Age at Disappearance: 36 years
• Medical Professional, Canine, Wilderness, Loss of Time



Michael Herdman

The location of this incident is the Sespe Wilderness in Ventura County, California.

The wilderness is located northwest of Los Angeles and is a good example of how vast wilderness areas can be found near large population centers. This is also the location from which Peter Laan vanished.

In *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail*, I explained and gave examples of how people disappeared in areas where *Devil* was in the name. The Ventura County Sheriff's Office took charge of this incident, and I could never determine where exactly in the wilderness area the disappearance and recovery occurred. Several blog posts state that the victim was found in the area of Devil's Gate.

Michael Herdman would be considered your all-around athlete, good person, and perfect firefighter and paramedic. He attended Cal Poly at San Luis Obispo and graduated with a degree in animal science. The biggest takeaway from his college experience was that he met his future wife, Bridget.

In 2007, the Arcadia Fire Department hired Mike as a firefighter-paramedic. He enjoyed surfing, bicycling, and backpacking.

On June 11, 2014, Mike was married to Bridget, and they had one daughter. Mike took a trip with his fellow firefighter and friend Taylor Byars for a four-day hike into the Sespe Wilderness. Mike's dog, Duke, joined the pair on the trail.

Mike and Taylor were in outstanding physical condition. They hiked for two days into the wilderness zone and camped next to the Sespe River. Sometime in the late afternoon, Duke took off running from the campsite. Mike yelled for the dog, but Duke ignored him. Mike was not wearing shoes—just board shorts and a T-shirt—and he took off running for the dog. Taylor watched this event unfold and also chased the dog, but he got separated from Mike somehow.

As darkness fell in the area, Taylor yelled for Mike and Duke and searched the area. The following day, Mike and Duke had not returned, and Taylor again searched a wider area and couldn't find his friend. At this point, Taylor started a two-day hike out of the area to get assistance. Taylor was able to get out of the wilderness and contact authorities on June 15 at 8:40 p.m.

The Ventura County Sheriff immediately deployed an aircrew and twenty ground searchers. Arcadia Fire Department also sent a captain and a crew to search for their comrade.

Searchers knew they were at least three days behind the disappearance when they resumed searching the following day. They again put up a helicopter with FLIR and ground teams.

On day five of the search, reports said someone had found footprints one kilometer south of Mike's camp. There was a very odd report in the June 18, 2014, *Pasadena Star News*, when a reporter spoke with Ventura County Sheriff's Sergeant Eric Buschow: "Buschow confirmed reports that hikers reported noise coming from a cave, but upon inspection by rescue workers, there was no sign of Herdman." There was never a statement of what was heard.

Searchers were concentrating their efforts from the Dough Flat Area toward the Tar Creek Trailhead.

On June 19, eleven members of the US Immigration and Border Enforcement Homeland Security Investigations Rapid Response Team joined the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department search-and-rescue team looking for Mike. The border-patrol specialists are experts in looking for people under identical topography. One searcher was bitten by a rattlesnake and had to be airlifted to the hospital. The firefighter who was bitten took fifty-two vials of antivenin and lived. An official statement put fifty to sixty searchers on-site.

The sheriff's department received a special certificate from the FAA to utilize an unmanned drone in their search. Specialists at the University of Alaska at Fairbanks monitored the drone, which was named Puma. Search teams reported two sightings of Duke but couldn't catch him.

On Sunday, June 22, searchers were able to capture Duke. He was dehydrated but OK. He was found at 1:00 p.m., near Dough Flat. Friends and family went into the wilderness and assisted in the canine's capture. Law enforcement stated that Duke had to have traveled at least twelve miles. Up to this point, there had been 375 searchers and fifty-two hundred man-hours looking for Mike.

On Monday, June 23, officials scaled back the search effort. There were no ground teams, just aerial reconnaissance.

A petition to force the Ventura County Sheriff to continue the effort to look for the firefighter gathered up to a thousand signatures and was getting positive press coverage.

On June 27, a search helicopter flew a route into the wilderness they had flown many, many times before. At 4:00 p.m. on June 27, Ventura County Sheriff Geoff Dean held a press conference and made the following statements: "After flying over the same location multiple times during the search over the past seven days, what they obtained was a body." The helicopter pilot, Ken Mitchell, said he had spotted something that looked out of place for the surroundings. He flew in a circle around the area and had spotters send ground teams in. Ground searchers found the body of a man on the ground. The sheriff described the location as "incredibly rugged area." A June 27 article on *KTLA* offered the following details:

> There was no indication of foul play and it was not known if Herdman had fallen, Sheriff Geoff Dean said. Herdman was found partially covered by brush below a cliff in a location 1200 feet above and three-quarters of a mile away from the spot on Sespe Creek where he was last seen. It was obviously a long hike up very, very difficult terrain, Dean said. Searchers had ruled out looking in that area on foot because it seemed unlikely Herdman would have ventured that far up in elevation, Dean said. What are the chances that someone at night in bare feet and shorts would scale a twelve hundred foot mountain, Dean said?

The sheriff's final statement would prove to be completely wrong. He was assuming Mike had died the first night he went missing.

Mike's body was flown to the Ventura County Medical Examiner office for examination. The *Los Angeles Times* had a story on July 1, 2014, that not one person in the media commented about: "Though the listed date of death was when the body was discovered, it appeared Herdman had been dead for at least a few days and his injuries were consistent with a fall, said Chief Deputy Medical Examiner Armando Chavez." Medical examiners can determine when someone dies based upon weather, temperature outdoors, and body temperature and state of decomposition. Chavez wasn't guessing; he knew the approximate date of death. The body was found

June 27, meaning Mike had died on June 24 or 25. Ten days after Taylor reported Mike missing, he was still alive. Why hadn't drones, canines, ground searchers, equestrian teams, and others found him? Where had he been? How had he survived in such an environment for that many days? Why hadn't he approached SAR personnel?

In *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*, similar results were found in bodies located. The amount of time these people were missing didn't correspond to their bodies' condition, which showed they had been deceased a much shorter time. During the secondary autopsies on these bodies, medical examiners were finding a specific drug in their system, something they'd never take that would put them in almost a comatose state. It was a drug that is not normally screened for during autopsies.

The coroner on Mike's case stated that they'd found alcohol and ecstasy in low doses in his system. Coroner Chavez refused to comment on the toxicology test results. His failure to comment seems very odd. Ventura detectives searched the campsite and found some type of drugs but failed to say what. The report indicated that Mike had a blood-alcohol level of 0.056 percent, approximately three twelve-ounce beers.

Where was Mike getting the alcohol and drugs if he was lost in the middle of nowhere? Alcohol dissipates rapidly from the body. Three twelve-ounce beers would have been out of his system in three hours.

One of the key points to this case was what the sheriff said at his press conference the day Mike was found: he didn't know if Mike had died from a fall. There are several photos of the area where Mike was recovered. It is a fairly steep slope, but it appears one wouldn't fall far, if at all. There were some claims that there was a cliff up above, which would mean Mike would've had to climb an extra 1,200 feet higher than where he was found. If the sheriff didn't believe Mike would hike as high as 1,200 feet above the campsite—hence the lack of ground searchers in the area of the body—then the likelihood he climbed to 2,400 feet seems ludicrous. If he had made this climb two to three days before he was found, why wasn't he seen by drones and helicopters?

In many articles I have written about hikers who have vanished with their canines, owners and dog handlers remind me that the loyalty of a canine to his or her owner is special. If an owner dies in a location, the canine typically will stick with him or her, sometimes for extraordinary time spans. Days after searchers hit the field, however, they saw Duke running through the wilderness; it appears he was never with Mike.

In the morning hours on June 27, I had a long-standing interview scheduled with radio host Bryan Alvarez. We were talking about my latest book, *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail.* I was explaining that I had received an e-mail on our website that had specifically addressed the Sespe Wilderness and the "Devil" names used inside that region. I discussed Mike's disappearance and the distinct similarities his case had with many others I had written about. His disappearance with his dog is something I have described dozens of times in other cases. He vanished in a region using "Devil" to describe various locations. Drones and helicopters using FLIR had not found him, and canines hadn't picked up his scent. All these factors were identical to specific points I had identified in previous books. There has been only one time I have ever stated where I thought someone would be found. I said I hoped Mike would be found alive, but taking into account all the facts associated with this case, he would probably be found deceased in a very rugged area below a cliff. This is almost verbatim what the sheriff described.

I live in this world of facts. If we are to believe the coroner and his statement about when Mike died, where had he been living for the previous days? What was in his stomach, and what had he been eating? If he had alcohol in his system, where did he get it?

The photos of Mike's funeral ripped at my heart. His wife and small daughter are left without a great dad and husband, who left their lives too early. Mike is another in a long line of medical professionals who lost their lives under unusual conditions. The Arcadia Fire Department lost a great firefighter and paramedic, and readers are left only guessing at what really happened in the Sespe Wilderness.

Zillabell Jane Friesen
Missing: 07/21/15—Fresno, California
Age at Disappearance: 81 years
• Missing Clothing, Shoes, Elderly

The disappearance of an elderly woman from a rural dirt road isn't new to the Missing 411 books. I have documented several women who seemed to completely vanish from their cars in rural areas.

According to California state records, Zillabell owned a farm on the outskirts of Fresno. On July 21, 2015, she told friends she was going for a drive and would be back in time to make dinner. She never came back.

Family members said Zillabell was a very vigorous and engaged older adult who liked to explore new areas. When she didn't come home, she was reported as a missing person to the Fresno Police Department. The police knew she was driving her green Ford Escape, but they couldn't find it.

On August 23, 2015, a CAL Fire crew assigned to the "Rough Fire" was driving a very rural road near Pine Flat Lake and came across Zillabell's vehicle. They called in the license plate, which returned as a vehicle belonging to a missing person.

An August 31, 2015, article in *KMJNOW* indicates the following: "Friesens [sic] wallet and shoes were found nearby Maxon and Watts Valley Roads in Tollhouse." Earlier in the same article was this: "Fresno County Coroner's Office has confirmed that the body found by firefighters near Pine Flat Lake was that of Zillabell Jane Friesen – who had been missing since July 21." OK, readers, something is very, very wrong with this scenario. Her car is found half a mile from her remains, which are near Pine Flat Lake. Her shoes and wallet are sixty-plus miles south. Numerous articles stated that officials never found any of her clothing. Where are her clothes? How did she travel sixty-plus miles across the mountains?

The largest geographical cluster in the world encompasses the area where Zillabell was found, Yosemite National Park. Yosemite sits just east of Pine Mountain Lake.

The chief of local police said it was obvious there had been some animal predation at the location where the body was found. Melaney Shaum, Zillabell's daughter, made a statement in the same

KMJNOW article quoted above: "We had been praying for answers and we got a few answers but it opened up a whole world of questions and it's pretty certain that not all of the questions will be answered."

This part of the Sierra Nevada range is wrought with disappearances of an unexplained manner. I've written about dozens of these cases in past books.

Rosalynn Saxenmeier
Missing: 07/28/16 at 2:00 p.m.—Alpine Lake, CA
Age at Disappearance: 71 years
- Canines, FLIR, Cluster Zone

Rosalynn Saxenmeier

Alpine County, California, is just south of Lake Tahoe and has been a location over the years where I have documented many missing persons. This incident happened at Alpine Lake, just northeast of Bear Valley. It is approximately twenty miles north of Yosemite National Park. It is also just six miles north of the disappearance of Breck Phelps, which this chapter addresses.

On July 28, 2016, Bill and Rosalynn Saxenmeier were camping on the eastside of Alpine Lake in the Silver Valley Campground. It is an easy walk of approximately six hundred feet from the campsites to the lake either on a paved road or a very well-worn established trail. The lake is completely surrounded by massive walls of granite and is a gorgeous location to visit. At 12:30 p.m., Rosalynn told Bill she was going to take a walk down to the lake and wouldn't be long. At 2:00 p.m., Bill got worried; searched for his wife for a while; and notified the campsite host, who called the Alpine County Sheriff.

Sheriff's deputies were on the scene quickly and started evaluating what may have happened. There are some thick forests in the area, but there are also large areas of pure granite sheets, very similar to Yosemite. On July 29, the Alpine Sheriff's Department called for mutual aid on the search and received a massive response.

In what was described as the largest SAR mission in California in 2016, the following sheriffs sent personnel: Marin, Contra Costa, El Dorado, Orange, Placer, Tuolumne, and Calaveras. The Bay Area Mountain Rescue team sent their staff, and the California National Guard sent one helicopter every day for nine days. There were three other helicopters utilized, including the California Highway Patrol FLIR-equipped unit.

In total, over 250 searchers were on the ground, and dive teams searched the water. This information appeared in the *Mother Lode* August 4, 2016: "There have also been about ten trained dogs that have been searching the area. Some are trained for water and others for trails." The Alpine sheriff stated that their ten-day search covered one hundred square miles and found nothing.

Bill Saxenmeier was interviewed by the sheriff and told officials about an incident last year when they were vacationing in Lassen National Park and Rosalynn went hiking and got lost. He said she eventually found her way back. Some articles speculated that the woman had early dementia or memory issues, but Bill was adamant that Rosalyn was mentally healthy. This is another great example of the media trying to downplay the disappearance by implying the victim disappeared because of her mental issues.

After two weeks of waiting for news about Rosalynn, Bill eventually left the campsite and returned to the couple's home in El Granada, California, just north of Half Moon Bay. It must've been a long and lonely ride back to a house that would have only one occupant. I can't imagine unloading gear and your wife's personal items, knowing she's never coming back.

This area of the Sierra Nevada has something sinister going on.

Timothy Hannston
Missing: 08/04/16—Washington, CA
Age at Disappearance: 75 years
• Canines, FLIR, Water

I've read thousands of SAR reports, missing-person cases, and law-enforcement reports from the wilds of North America, but I have never read anything like what happened in this search.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hannston were camping at the River Rest Resort on Washington Road in Washington, California. They were taking a break from their home in Tulare County. In the morning hours, Timothy told his wife he was going to drive down near the Yuba River, go to the trailhead, and take a short hike. When Timothy didn't return, his wife contacted authorities.

The Nevada County Sheriff took the lead in the search for Mr. Hannston. River flows in August were low, because of the late summer date and because of lack of snowfall the previous winter. The California Highway Patrol sent one of their helicopters with FLIR into the valley to search. The August 9 edition of the *Union* had these details: "Royal said the search and rescue teams have brought in cadaver dogs, who are specially trained to sense if someone is underwater or perhaps lodged in another hard to see place." The canines and the searchers were in the middle of their effort when something bizarre happened.

Almost immediately after the report that Timothy was missing, the sheriff's office in Nevada County put out a request for additional SAR support. The Placer County Sheriff sent their county's SAR team. Three members of this team were three miles downstream from Washington, searching in the river valley at 6:30 p.m. on August 9. The searchers heard two gunshots, and the most senior member of that SAR team, sixty-nine-year-old Steven Wolf, was shot in the hip and went down. The team retreated to cover and called for assistance. Wolf was a ten-year SAR member and recently had been offered the commander's position for the team, which he declined. The highway patrol chopper was nearby and directed resources to cover the team. The helicopter crew worked their way into the canyon, risking their lives, and hoisted out all three members. They took Wolf to a trauma center, where he was initially listed in stable condition. He recovered.

The shooting of a SAR member put the search for Timothy on hold. This area of the river was flooded with tactical teams from multiple counties for several days. The only thing the team found was a very small pot-growing operation a half mile from the shooting. Nobody in law enforcement thought the shooting was related to the pot. You'd have to be insane to shoot a SAR member if you were a grower. The shooting brought in hundreds of members of law enforcement, who combed the river area. The last thing a grower wants is the area swarming with cops. They never found who shot Steven or why he was targeted.

Timothy was never found. The helicopter found nothing, and the canine teams never found a scent or odor related to the disappearance.

This is another in a long line of disappearances from the Sierra Nevada.

Breck Phelps
Missing: 10/02/16—Donnell's Vista, Tuolumne County, CA
Age at Disappearance: 68 years
• Cluster Zone, Canines, Weather, Granite

By now you've read about the sordid history of Donnell's Vista, and you are about to hear about another case from the same area.

Breck Phelps

Breck Phelps was a Washington native and college-educated man who came to the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains to establish residency. He arrived and started attending church in Twain Hart. Not long after arriving, he applied for a job as a prison guard in Jamestown. He got the job, was sent to the correctional officer academy, and passed. This was the start of Breck's lengthy career.

Anyone living in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada range knows the abundance of wildlife that exists there. Breck turned to fishing for relaxation and routinely went to the outdoors.

Reports vary on what exact date Breck left his residence for his last trip. He was reported missing on October 2, 2016, at 12:27 p.m. He either left for fishing on the previous Saturday or that Sunday. When his friend hadn't heard from him on Sunday, they went looking for him. They knew the most common fishing spots Breck liked to frequent.

Breck's red 2007 Nissan Versa was found parked a quarter mile east of Donnell's Vista Lookout. Friends tried to call his cell phone and found it was turned off.

The Tuolumne County Sheriff took on this investigation. They called in search teams from Calaveras, Stanislaus, and Contra Costa counties. They also had drones, six dog teams, and a Blackhawk helicopter with FLIR search the area. The search was hindered by snow and rain that inundated the area.

Breck was known to enjoy fishing on this area of the river, and it was believed he had parked in this general region in the past.

A massive four-day search produced no evidence of what may have happened to Breck. It was believed he may have gone fishing and vanished. The river at this time of the year would have been at its lowest point, so the idea he fell in wasn't entertained by law enforcement. The sheriff said he did not think foul play was involved.

Breck was never found. This is disappearance number three from this spot on the roadway.

Colorado

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Rudi Moder	02/19/83 • 27 • CO
M /James McGrogan	03/14/14 at 10:00 a.m. • 39 • CO

Rudi Moder
Missing: 02/19/83—Rocky Mountain National Park, CO
Age at Disappearance: 27 years
• National Park, Canines, Weather, German, Machine Failure, Cluster Zone

If you conduct independent research on this incident, you will notice that the victim's name is spelled many different ways. I will spell it as it appears in the National Park report.

I first heard about this case from the Larimer County Undersheriff while interviewing him on another disappearance in his county. The interview was in regards to our movie, *Missing 411*. One of the last questions I ask many witnesses is whether there are other disappearances in their area about which I haven't questioned them, and this time, I learned of a missing German skier.

I obtained the name of the skier from the Larimer Undersheriff and then filed a Freedom of Information request with the Rocky Mountain National Park public relations officer. She said they did have the case, and she would have to get it. Seven months later, after countless calls, I finally received the National Park Service's missing-person report on Rudi Moder.

Rudi was a twenty-seven-year-old veteran of the German National Army Mountain Corps who did two years of specialized training in high altitudes, inclement weather, and difficult conditions. He was also a veteran of two Himalayan expeditions. Rudi told friends he planned to return to Germany after his vacation and use his degree in mathematics to become a schoolteacher.

Rudi was staying at the home of his friend Hans Moosmuller in Fort Collins. He had spoken to friends and locals about taking a winter trip into Rocky Mountain National Park on cross-country skis and camping out for five days. Two of the friends he met were Victor Johnson and Jim Bowles, with whom Rudi discussed the topography and general area. He said he wouldn't need an ice axe or crampons, because he wasn't going to be climbing any mountains. People knew Rudi was competent and in outstanding physical condition, and he'd had the best training in the world for surviving in this environment.

On February 13, 1983, Victor drove Rudi to the Zimmerman Lake Trailhead, and Jim rode along. Rudi's plans were coordinated with his friends, and Victor and Jim knew their German buddy was going to go up over Thunder Pass into the national park and camp in the area of Ditch Camp 3 for five days. Victor and Jim last saw Rudi as he worked his way toward Thunder Pass, paralleling Highway 14.

On February 19, Rudi hadn't returned, and Hans reported his friend as a missing person to the Larimer County sheriff's office. Larimer County called Rocky Mountain National Park, as he'd gone missing inside their jurisdiction.

Right from the beginning of the search effort, bad weather hit the area of the search. Twelve to thirteen inches of snow fell in the area of Poudre Pass.

On February 20, NPS put thirty-two people into the region where Rudi was supposedly going to camp. At 1:20 p.m., Larimer County searchers found Rudi's food cache hung in a tree near a box canyon just west of Thunder Pass. There were no fresh ski tracks or footprints in the area.

On February 21, 1983, the National Park Service put twenty-seven searchers into the field. At 3:30 p.m., Larimer County search-and-rescue personnel found a snow cave fifty yards north of the food cache. Inside the cave, searchers found a pack frame, pack, sleeping bag, and bivouac gear. No fresh tracks were found in the area of the cave. This was the first day searchers reported problems with their machines. Snowmobiles were not working normally and hindered search efforts.

On February 22, 1983, the NPS planned to put thirty-five hikers into the area Rudi's gear was last seen. Mechanical problems with the helicopter forced them to use only fifteen searchers with canines. The following day, the NPS put twenty-one searchers into the same area and searched the cave again. It was believed Rudi had used the cave for one to two nights, based on the amount of food and water he'd used. Old ski tracks could be seen in the timber south and east of the cave. Twelve square miles had been searched at this point in the effort to locate Rudi.

Searchers believed Rudi had last been in the cave on February 15 or 16, and they found no litter or fecal matter in the area. At the end of the day on February 23, incident commander Larry Reid terminated the search.

I encountered one fascinating statement in the NPS narrative of the Rudi Moder search. On page 3, the report says, "At the Fort Collins briefing it was noted that when returning to Ditch Camp 3, one team heard a series of sounds described as '1942 German sonar sounds.' Originally, they described it as being between Ditch Camp and Lulu Mountain, this was later changed to Lead Mountain and the sounds were not given much credibility. They were described at the Tuesday morning briefing." Who didn't give the sounds credence wasn't noted. I find it interesting that there was enough credibility in the report by SAR members to include it in the official search report. Searchers were looking for a lost German mountaineer and heard something similar to a German sonar device—fascinating.

Here is what searchers found in the food bag on the tree:

- Bag containing two short lengths of rope
- Small blue stuff sack containing grape nuts and raisins or a similar food product
- Plastic bag with powdered milk
- Plastic bag with rice
- Plastic bag containing tea bags and two packages of unknown food, possibly instant pudding
- One package of "Ramen Pride" oriental noodles
- Beach Cliff fish steaks in green chiles
- Brunswick sardines

Here is what searchers found in the snow cave:

- "Early Winters" yellow and white bivy sack
- Green insulite pad
- "Salewa" Everbaun medium blue down parka

- "Stubal" shovel
- Two metal cups
- One piece of lightweight metal for cooking
- Red down bootie (only one)
- One can opener
- "Everbaun" stuff sack
- Stove "MSR," metal reflex screen
- Sigg gas bottle for MSR stove, with a third of its fuel remaining
- Paper bag with cooking pot with lid
- Medium blue down sleeping bag
- Two oranges

There are a couple of things one can decipher from what Rudi left behind. I think it is fair to assume the weather was not horrific when Rudi left his cave, as he left his down coat behind.

Rudi told friends he wouldn't be climbing mountains and thus would not need crampons or an ice axe. If we believe what he said, the search needed to focus on the valley floor, in the timber, and around creeks. The NPS brought in avalanche dogs and various canines in an effort to locate Rudi under the snow. The dogs did not hit on anything.

Rudi had blue alpine skis with mountain bindings with blue poles. He was probably wearing a green or blue daypack.

If, as I suspect, the weather was good when he left the cave, Rudi would've generated a thirst. It can be very dangerous to approach running creeks with deep snow in the area. Rudi was extremely well trained on these issues, and it seems unlikely that he would make a fatal mistake along these lines, fall into the creek, and die.

NPS went back into the area where Rudi disappeared the following summer. They searched the area thoroughly and found nothing. It's been more than thirty-four years since Rudi vanished, and nothing related to his disappearance has ever been located. He vanished in an area that is very popular with summer hikers. While Rudi's body may decompose and go back to the earth, his skis were composite and bindings were metal, so they would last essentially forever. Two skis—each nearly six feet long—would be hard to miss. His metal ski poles would be somewhere in the park as well.

One of the last statements from the National Park Service regarding Rudi was made by Charlie Logan. Logan's statement was that Rudi was missing and presumed dead.

I want every reader to remember a few key facts on this case: Rudi was probably better trained for survival in a high mountain environment than the searchers who were looking for him. He was in outstanding athletic shape. He was German. He disappeared in a national park near the headwaters of the Poudre River. Three other people have disappeared within a two-mile radius of the river, and three of the four have never been found. This region of Colorado has a very high rate of disappearances, considering the terrain and the radius of the disappearances. You can read about the other disappearances in *Missing 411: Western United States* and *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail.*

Dr. James McGrogan
Missing: 03/14/14 at 5:39 p.m.—Vail, CO
Age at Disappearance: 39 years
- Weather, Canines, Loss of Shoes, Medical Professional, Runner

A handful of cases occupy my mind daily, and this is one of them. This man had many personal traits to which I could relate. I followed this case from the first day he disappeared and knew almost from the first reports that something wasn't right.

Jim McGrogan was born in Valparaiso, Indiana, in 1974. In July 1999, he was married in Chesterton to his wife, Sharon. He graduated from the Indiana University School of Medicine in 2003. After he completed his residency and internship, the doctor took a job in emergency medicine for the Southern Wisconsin Emergency Associates in Janesville. In 2013, Jim; his wife; and their two kids, David and Alaina, returned to their hometown of Chesterton to be closer to friends and family. He went to work for the Saint Joseph Regional Medical Center in Mishawaka, Indiana, and was a partner with the Valley Emergency Physicians.

Dr. McGrogan was an absolute family man who loved his wife and kids immensely. He often volunteered as a Tiger Cub Scout

Leader; ran triathlons; and loved hiking, camping, canoeing, snowboarding, and almost anything related to the outdoors.

In early March 2014, Jim started planning a trip to Colorado with friends to hike and ski a trail just opposite from the Vail Ski Resort.

On March 13, 2014, Jim went to Confluence Ski and Kayaks in Denver and rented a long list of equipment for his journey. He was going to be well outfitted. One piece of equipment he rented was a split snowboard. This device initially looks like a snowboard that can unclip and become skis. It is easily carried on your back while hiking in snowshoes. The group left the store and headed to Vail.

On March 14, 2014, Dr. McGrogan and his friends started a hike for Eiseman Hut high above the valley floor in Vail. The trailhead is on the north side of Highway 70. Initially, the group stayed together, but it wasn't long before some in the group started to tire. At 10:00 a.m., people needed a break and stopped. Jim told them he was going to keep going and would meet them at their next stop. Jim's wife had told him not to separate from his friends, and one of his companions would later tell law enforcement the group was upset when he left them.

The group eventually regained its energy and made it to its next stop, expecting to see their friend. Jim wasn't there. The group plowed on, making the next several stops, but never saw Jim. It eventually got to be after 5:00 p.m., and one member of the group, Jim Culp, left the group to tell authorities Jim was missing. At 5:39 p.m., Vail Public Safety received a call notifying them that Dr. James McGrogan was officially a missing person. Vail notified the supervising jurisdiction for the area and contacted the Eagle County Sheriff.

The Eagle County Sheriff's Department did everything imaginable in their five-day effort to locate Jim. They covered eighteen square miles, using three helicopters and dozens of ground and dog teams. They didn't find any tracks off the main snow trail that led to the missing person. From the point where Jim vanished to the point where he was eventually found, the ground is desolate and covered with thirty-foot snow drifts. If anyone had been trying to bushwhack across the mountains in those fields, it would appear from a helicopter like a snowplow in a virgin field and would be easily detected. Nothing was seen in these snowfield-covered mountains.

Searchers were stumped as to where Jim may have been. They talked about the possibility of his trying to cross mountains in this crazy manner, but they knew he had a GPS, a cell phone that would've worked in these areas, and a backup battery. Nothing was making sense. An article on *The Denver Channel* of March 18, 2014, had these details on the search: "The sheriff's office says the search for 39-year-old Dr. James McGrogan was suspended at noon Tuesday. It's unclear when the search will resume. Heavy snow was falling Tuesday in the area." Multiple articles reported the official search was terminated because of weather conditions.

There was nothing new to report on Dr. McGrogan until April 3, 2014, at 1:53 p.m., when Vail Public Safety received a phone call from Carl Cocciarella, who told dispatch he and two friends were 1.6 miles up from the Booth Creek Trailhead at Booth Creek Falls and had found a body. Vail notified Eagle County, who in turn contacted the Eagle County Coroner. They were given the authority to have Vail Mountain Rescue recover the body, which they did. At 7:30 p.m., the body reached the trailhead, where Eagle County Coroner's Investigator Ben Linscott met it. In the official report, Linscott said, "The decedent was wearing black leggings and a dark blue Brooks shirt and black under layer shirt, he had no boots on and black/gray socks." Searchers scoured the area around the doctor's body and did not find his boots. He was found on an ice chute in the region of Booth Creek Falls. The investigator also noted that the body was wearing a damaged helmet. When it was removed, the investigator found massive head trauma. It also appeared the body had a broken right femur and injuries to the right side of his chest, and the body had suffered animal predation. It hadn't been confirmed officially at this point, but they had found Dr. McGrogan.

They found Dr. McGrogan's backpack, and the investigator found the cell phone and backup battery. He checked the phone and found it was working. They also found the trail GPS, which was operational. Dr. McGrogan had been carrying a backpack full of supplies.

Dr. McGrogan was found in the Eagle Nest Wilderness at an elevation of 9,950 feet. I pulled multiple topographic maps to understand the journey some searchers alleged he must've made. From the point Dr. McGrogan left his friends, he would have had to eventually travel east off the trail and climb 1,296 feet to a small summit at an elevation of 11,010 feet. He then would have had to go downhill 1,000 feet, cross Middle Creek in the middle of winter, and travel uphill 1,130 feet to an elevation of 11,348 feet. He then would go uphill near Bald Mountain with an elevation of 12,000 feet. It was somewhere in this area that it is alleged he must've fallen to his death.

SAR teams and the sheriff reported thirty-foot-deep snow drifts in this area. Examining the area where Dr. McGrogan was found, I found no cliffs that drop straight into the ice chute of Booth Creek from the top of the mountain. The entire trip comes across as illogical and seemingly impossible in the middle of winter.

I found multiple articles indicating that the Eagle County search included a search of the Booth Creek and Booth Falls areas multiple times during the five-day effort. Dr. McGrogan was not there when the area was searched.

I traveled to Confluence Kayak in Denver, the location from which Jim rented his supplies. I met with Brian Defouw, the manager who rented him the equipment. Brian was still shaken by what had happened to Dr. McGrogan and said the alleged path Dr. McGrogan had taken would not be something someone would do. He said the path was mind-numbing and nearly impossible, even for a professional climber. He believed there would be no reason for the doctor to leave the path to the hut and then not use his GPS or cell phone. He said that, in his years of renting equipment and working in the field, he had never heard of anyone being found without boots on their feet. Brian also said that, when he was contacted by the coroner's office, he was not told of this fact.

From where Dr. McGrogan left his friends to where he was found is 4.5 air miles. If you were to hike that distance, it would be more in the area of a twelve- to sixteen-mile hike. Not one helicopter reported anything in the area Jim would've had to cross. Again, this would've looked like a snowplow moving through virgin snow, in spots as deep as thirty feet. Is it possible?

Jim was found wearing very light clothing, the same clothing he was probably wearing when he was hiking uphill with the team. He didn't have on ski pants or his ski coat, which were in his backpack.

Dr. James McGrogan dealt with life-and-death stress on a daily basis as an emergency medical doctor. He went to a rental shop and obtained all the emergency supplies he would need for his trip, including a shovel and an avalanche beacon. He had food and a tent in his backpack. If the weather got severe, all he needed to do was set up the tent, settle in, and allow it to pass. He would have had the time to pull out his phone and call friends and family from just about any location during that trip. By all indications, the phone was never turned on.

I obtained a copy of the official report from the Eagle County Sheriff's Office. At one point, the deputy wrote of speaking with Sharon McGrogan. Here is a direct quote from the report: "Sharon said that she specifically told James not to separate from his friends. James told Sharon that he would never separate from his friends. Sharon told me that James mentioned to her that he would build a snow cave if he ever got into trouble. Sharon said that James took an avalanche class and that he is survival oriented. She feels that James would not separate from his friends for any long period of time. Sharon described James as having lots of patience and he is very meticulous." The last text she got from James was the morning of March 14, stating, "The adventure begins." That was the last she heard from her husband.

Nothing about this event makes sense to me. The victim is much too smart, prepared, and educated to fall prey to the facts as described. I also don't believe anyone could've made the trek across these mountains without being seen by helicopters. I don't know what happened to Dr. McGrogan, but it was outside the bounds of what he could control.

Idaho

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
F /Jacquelyn Grider	06/01/15 at 10:30 a.m. • 69 • ID
M /Dylan Parker	01/12/16—p.m. • 18 • ID
M /Jack Thomas	06/17/16 • 66 • ID

Jacquelyn "Jackie" Grider
Missing: 06/01/15 at 10:30 a.m.—Heyburn State Park, ID
Age at Disappearance: 69 years
• Early Dementia, Disability, Elderly, Canines, FLIR

I have written extensively about older people who have vanished and never been found. It's an odd paradigm, because older people aren't going to climb extraordinary heights or travel lengthy distances. Many of these people disappear in areas they're familiar with, such as their own neighborhoods. The fact that bloodhounds can't find a scent for these victims seems highly unusual.

Jackie and J.T. Grider had a good life in their hometown of Bakersfield, California. The couple had a cabin in Heyburn State Park along Chatcolet Lake in Idaho. The lake is located on the south side of Coeur d'Alene and extends approximately ten miles south. It is one solid body of water that has several names. The couple's home was on the far southern end.

Jackie and her husband, J.T., realized she had started to process her thoughts a bit slower. Some may call it early dementia, but she was able to take care of herself and followed a daily routine. She started her morning by leaving their cabin in the one hundred block of Chatcolet Center Road and taking a walk around the lake on Chatcolet Center Road. She would leave at approximately 9:30 a.m. and return at 10:30 a.m. Jackie had other physical ailments, however; she was deaf and walked with a distinct limp.

On June 1, 2015, Jackie left for her walk as usual at 9:30 a.m. At 11:00 a.m., she had still not returned, and J.T. was getting nervous. By early in the afternoon, she still hadn't returned, and he called law enforcement.

The Benewah County Sheriff was the lead agency on the search. They brought in multiple canine teams, helicopters with FLIR, ground searchers, ATVs, and equestrian groups. The sheriff hit an absolute roadblock in the search. Rumors circulated that locals may have seen Jackie late in the afternoon the day she vanished, but this was not confirmed.

A June 24, 2015, article in *CDA Press* explained that eighty-two-year-old psychic Carmen Murray offered to assist. The article stated, "'I saw her,' Murray said Tuesday. 'She's scared, she's terribly, terribly afraid.'" The psychic didn't know her location and couldn't provide any evidence to her theory, which was discussed later in the article: "Murray believes that Grider, 69, got disoriented and was abducted, despite the fact there is no evidence to support the theory."

The sheriff's office terminated the search for Jackie after three days, claiming they didn't have any leads or information to follow up on. J.T. said many times that he wouldn't leave Idaho until he had his wife.

Buzz Grider, Jackie's son, related his feelings on what happened in an interview for the April 11, 2016, edition of KTVB.com: "'It's agonizing to just try and think what's happened,' Grider said. 'I mean, you could go over and over and over a million scenarios. Hell, she could have been abducted by aliens, but I mean, that's just as plausible as anything else right now.'" I have lost track of how many times I've documented similar responses from family and SAR members over the improbable disappearance of a friend or family member. When a body starts to decompose, the odor is stifling and travels for great distances. How can it happen that Jackie has never been found and cadaver dogs never picked up a scent?

This case sat as unsolved until March 19, 2016. A man was walking his dog on the outskirts of Heyburn State Park and in the area of the 1700 block of Conkling Park Road when he saw something unusual and contacted the sheriff. The Kootenai County Sheriff found articles near the body indicating it was probably Jacqueline. The remains were sent for forensic identification, and it was confirmed that it was Ms. Grider. Numerous news articles stated this area had been searched numerous times during the initial 7-10 days looking for her and they had found nothing. There was not a public news release on the cause of death or details about the specifics of the crime scene.

Dylan Parker
Missing: 01/12/16—p.m.—Osborn, ID
Age at Disappearance: 18 years
• Missing Pants and Shoes, No Tracks, Alcohol, Hypothermia

Thirty miles east of Coeur d'Alene is the small town of Osborn, the centerpiece of this case. This location is on the fringe of a geographical cluster zone centered on Coeur d'Alene and Spokane.

In the evening hours of January 12, 2016, Kellogg resident Dylan Parker had been attending a party in Osborn. He left the party and made his way to a gas station, where he called his mom and asked her to pick him up. As his mom drove toward him, he called back and asked, "Where are you, Mom?" Dylan's mom said he sounded panicked. When she arrived at the gas station, Dylan was nowhere to be found. She drove through the area but couldn't locate him.

On January 13, 2016, Dylan still had not arrived at the house, and a missing-person report was in the works with the Shoshone County Sheriff. Officials conducted a search of the area around the house having the party and found nothing. Dylan's mom had already driven all the roads in the area the night he went missing. It was snowing, and the streets were tough to drive. The party was approximately one mile from the gas station, up a street called Two Mile Road. This area was supposedly extensively checked.

On January 21, 2016, KHQ.com ran a story about how Dylan's body was found: "The grandmother said two people on ATVs were looking for Dylan on Monday night when one of the ATVs wrecked. On Tuesday, those searchers went back to the scene of the crash to retrieve the ATV and found Dylan's body there." To me, this is an interesting scenario. The searchers had been there once already and never saw anything. They return to the scene and find the body. While that portion of the story is interesting, it doesn't reveal the unusual scene of what was really found. The majority of articles about this case refused to print the truth, which is sometimes the case in small communities.

On February 9, 2016, an article appeared on KHQ.com with the heading "Where is the Truth: Investigating Silver Valley Teens." The article chronicled three deaths of area kids. To me, the most unusual and compelling case was Dylan's. Here is what the article stated about the young man:

> "I don't deny my son died of hypothermia," Rupp said. "What I don't understand is how he got up there? There were no footprints that day. No tire tracks. There was nothing. How did he get up there?" Dylan was also found without pants or boots. Experts say it's common for someone experiencing hypothermia to remove their clothes. Dylan's body was covered with injuries consistent with stumbling through the woods. But what has troubled Roose [a former coroner's office investigator] about Dylan's autopsy report is what is not there. "There were no injuries to his feet, and this was a boy walking in the woods," Roose said. "I know it's been argued away that a lot of the scratches on his body were because he was staggering around in the brush and trees, yet the bottom of his socks were clean and no injuries to his feet. Yes, he froze to death. Yes, he was inebriated, under the influence; I won't dispute any of that. But I don't believe the boy wandered up all on his own and laid down and died."

Dylan's body was found on a hillside opposite where the party was located and in a desolate location. Roose's statements are almost identical to things I wrote in *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence.* I'm glad an authority in government admitted that something unusual is happening.

I would refer readers to page 319 of *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*, where I write about a twenty-four-year-old male student who vanished. The area around the party he was attending was searched, and he wasn't found. Days later, his body was found without shoes in a pond. A very keen detective made an observation as the body was removed that the student's socks were perfectly clean, yet the area around the pond was muddy from recent rain. Nobody could understand how the student had entered the pond without getting his socks dirty.

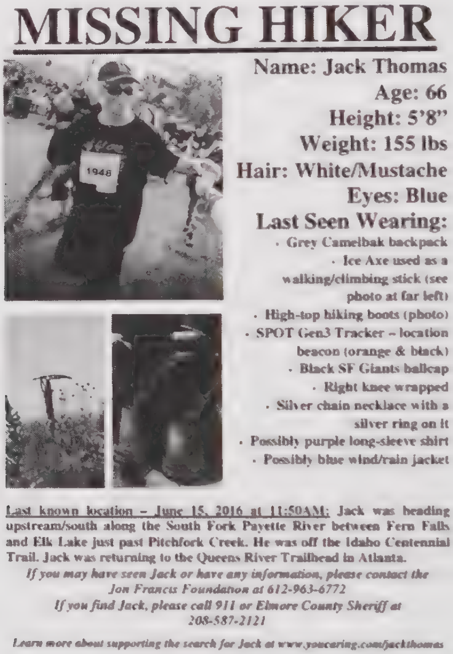
Well, in the rural area of west central Idaho, another competent investigator was putting the pieces together in Dylan's case. David Roose, the deputy coroner for Shoshone County, Idaho, was charged with researching dead bodies. He knew Dylan had grown up in the area where he disappeared, so the idea that Dylan had gotten lost and wandered off didn't make sense. On February 9, 2016, KHQ aired a report on Dylan's disappearance and death, noting that his body had been found nine days after he vanished in a lonely gully with scratch-type injuries. There were no injuries or marks to his feet, his socks were clean. There were no footprints in the snow or tire tracks on the roadway. Roose stated in the interview, "I don't believe the boy wandered up that ravine and died. I'll go to my grave believing that." David Roose no longer works for Shoshone County, and I have no idea why. I believe his comments are enlightening and intriguing.

I'm not an idiot, and I won't shy away from the obvious: If Dylan did not have injuries to his feet, his socks were clean, and there were no tracks in the area, there can be only one conclusion. Dylan Parker would've had to have been dropped into his location, and the scratch injuries may have been sustained by his falling through the branches of the trees.

There have been many rumors about this incident. I've heard everything from suicide to homicide, but facts are really the only thing that matter in a court of law. If David Roose doesn't believe the young man wandered up that ravine, I believe him.

In past books and lectures, I have copied a statement that I first read from detective Kevin Gannon: "local reports for local consumption." To me, this means to keep the report simple and keep a lid on anything suspicious to avoid alarming the community. I believe David Roose understood that something very unusual had happened to Dylan, and local officials didn't like it.

Jack Thomas
Missing: 06/17/16—Atlanta, ID
Age at Disappearance: 66 years
• Canines, Water, Transponder



MISSING HIKER

Name: Jack Thomas
Age: 66
Height: 5'8"
Weight: 155 lbs
Hair: White/Mustache
Eyes: Blue
Last Seen Wearing:

- Grey Camelbak backpack
- Ice Axe used as a walking/climbing stick (see photo at far left)
- High-top hiking boots (photo)
- SPOT Gen3 Tracker – location beacon (orange & black)
- Black SF Giants ballcap
- Right knee wrapped
- Silver chain necklace with a silver ring on it
- Possibly purple long-sleeve shirt
- Possibly blue wind/rain jacket

Last known location – June 15, 2016 at 11:50AM: Jack was heading upstream/south along the South Fork Payette River between Fern Falls and Elk Lake just past Pitchfork Creek. He was off the Idaho Centennial Trail. Jack was returning to the Queens River Trailhead in Atlanta.

If you may have seen Jack or have any information, please contact the Jon Francis Foundation at 612-963-6772

If you find Jack, please call 911 or Elmore County Sheriff at 208-587-2121

Learn more about supporting the search for Jack at www.youcaring.com/jackthomas

Jack Thomas

Since the start of my research on missing people I have been an advocate for everyone going into the wilderness to carry personal locator beacons (PLB). These devices are the size of the old flip cell phones and cost between $150 and $300. There are a few different types, but in general, when activated, they send a signal from the device to a satellite, which relays the signal to the National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA). NOAA contacts the local law-enforcement jurisdiction for that area and advises them they have an emergency activation. That jurisdiction then dispatches a SAR team to the GPS coordinates they were sent by satellite. There are PLBs that are built into satellite phones; I carry one. There are also stand-alone PLBs that just send a signal. Others allow users to send a satellite message to a friend telling them your status—this is the type of transponder Jack Thomas was carrying.

I couldn't get many details on Mr. Thomas's past other than that he lived in the area of Meridian, Idaho. He was married and a father, and very little else about him was released to the public. It appeared that the family wanted to stay out of the public eye during his search.

On June 13, 2016, Jack drove to the Queens River Trailhead seven miles outside of Atlanta, Idaho. He told friends and family he was doing the three-day Queens River Loop Trail. He left on June 13 with the intention of being out of the woods on June 16. On June 15, he notified his family through a satellite message via the transponder that he was OK. This was the last contact anyone had with him. When he didn't contact family members on June 16, they reported him as a missing person to the Elgin County sheriff.

SAR officials determined that Jack was off the trail he started on and was heading upstream along the south fork of the Payette River between Fern Falls and Elk Lake, just past Pitchfork Creek. He was off the Idaho Centennial Trail and was supposedly returning to the Queens River Trailhead. There was quite a bit of controversy about the GPS location Jack last broadcasted, as some thought he was on the south side of the Payette River, even though the trail was on the opposite bank. This area is very steep, rugged, and boulder filled.

Elmore County took charge of the SAR effort and immediately called for additional assistance from outside agencies. They received additional support from Elmore County SAR, Twin Falls Sheriff and SAR, Idaho Mountain SAR, Life Flight, Idaho Air National Guard Helicopters (two UH-60s), Two Bear Air Montana, Atlanta Fire Department, Ada Ariel Sheriffs Fixed Wing Plane, Blaine County SAR, US Forest Service, and more. The search went for ten days and was terminated on June 27 with nothing being found, an unbelievable fact considering the circumstances.

When Elmore County pulled out, the family went to social media to raise money and hire the Jon Francis Foundation. Ten years earlier, the Francises had lost a son in the exact Sawtooth Mountains where Jack vanished. They orchestrated another comprehensive search that placed tracking canines with GPS collars, ground teams, and other searchers into the field. A multiday effort by the foundation failed to locate Jack.

Every article describing the hiker stated that he was an extremely fit and thoroughly competent backpacker with years of experience. I would add also that he was smart; he was using the proper technology, which should've found him. This is the first time I have ever written about anyone using a PLB that transmitted his or her location who wasn't found.

I can attest from personal experience that the unexpected can happen in the wilderness. In 2016, I was in a remote area of Australia filming a segment on a missing person and carrying a camera rig over my shoulder. It had rained the night before, and I slipped going over a boulder. I saved the camera but broke my left leg. I was very fortunate to have been with someone in whom I have great trust, and she helped me get out. In my younger days, I traveled into highly remote regions without a satellite phone or transponder—stupid. My guess is that 95 percent of everyone I write about could be alive today if they'd been carrying some type of satellite transponder.

I don't have a good answer on what might have happened to Jack. Here is one interesting data point, however: I do not know of anyone who has disappeared while carrying a firearm *and* a PLB (though I did write an entire book about people who disappeared while carrying a firearm, *Missing 411: Hunters*).

Illinois

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Michael Dixon	04/28/87 at 2:45 a.m. • 11 • IL
M /Ambrose Monye	04/21/16 • 28 • IL

Michael Lamont Dixon
Missing: 04/28/87 at 2:45 a.m.—Danville, IL
Age at Disappearance: 11 years

- Distance Traveled, Barefoot, Loss of Memory

Danville, Illinois, sits on the Indiana border with the Wabash River going through the center of the community. Danville also has Lake Vermillion on its northwest border and the Kickapoo State Recreation area to its west. The victim in this case lived at 529 East Madison Street in Danville, a residence that sits close to two notable landmarks: Stoney Creek is behind the residence and empties into the Wabash River, and the city railroad yard sits on the opposite side of the creek.

Many issues with this story will challenge readers' belief systems, including their belief in news reports, their understanding of how far a small boy can travel, and their knowledge of how many obstacles that same small boy might overcome during the journey.

On April 27, 1987, at 10:00 p.m., Dorothea Dixon and her seven children were living at the above listed address on East Madison Street. She put eleven-year-old Michael to bed, and he went to sleep. Not long after putting Michael down for the night, Mrs. Dixon went to sleep. At 2:45 a.m., Mrs. Dixon received a phone call that would rock her world.

An April 29, 1987, an Associated Press article in the *Morning News* of Wilmington, Delaware, sets the stage for what happened in this story: "A barefoot 11-year old whose mother says he sleepwalks was discovered walking along railroad tracks near Peru (IN) early Tuesday- nearly one hundred miles from his Illinois home. Michael Lamont Dixon remembers nothing of his trip, said police in Peru, a city of fifteen thousand people north of Indianapolis. 'Supposedly he hopped a freight train and wound up here in Peru,' said Police Chief Bill Page. 'He woke up and got off and thought he was still in

Danville.'" You might want to read the previous excerpt again. The police say the boy remembers nothing, yet the police imply they know what happened.

Michael was found walking along the tracks barefoot and wearing only pants and a T-shirt. He was not wearing a coat, socks, or shoes. Nighttime temperatures in Peru averaged forty-five degrees during this time of the year—very chilly.

I'd like readers to search for Michael's home address online and look at a satellite photo from Google Maps. It would be seemingly impossible for someone living at his address to make his way from his residence to the railroad tracks without traveling through the creek. If he went through the creek asleep, you'd think he would be caked with mud, but he was never identified as muddy. He was described as dirty and barefoot. The county health nurse described Michael as a very quiet young man.

Police in Peru contacted Dorothea and asked if she knew where her son was. She said he was in bed. They asked her to look, and to her shock, he wasn't. The family made the trip to a Peru, Indiana, hospital, where he was being treated for small cuts on his feet.

I have always said water and boulders play a major role in the disappearances we cover. It is a major-league coincidence that the Wabash River ran through each of the two cities. The title of the article that I quote in this story was, "Sleepwalking Boy Found 100 Miles From Bed."

There is no doubt that Michael went to sleep in Danville, Illinois, at 10:00 p.m. Nobody in the house heard him open a door and leave. He was found one hundred miles away four hours and forty-five minutes later. He had to forge a creek, find an empty rail car, and ride that car while asleep for one hundred miles. He then had to wake up enough to carefully get off the car and walk down the street. One article stated that railroad officials called police, but no other articles I found included that tidbit. An April 28 article in the *Logansport Pharos Tribune* had these details: "Norfolk Southern Officials spotted the boy walking east of Peru on US 24 near Country Club Road." Just for clarity, nobody saw him walking the tracks, as other articles implied. Michael was found adjacent to

Schrock Creek, a tributary to the Wabash, as was the creek near his house.

I doubt we will ever know how Michael traveled one hundred miles in just a few hours.

Ambrose Monye
Missing 04/21/16—Chicago, IL
Age at Disappearance: 28 years
• Water, Medical Professional, Unknown Cause of Death

When you read the Indiana chapter of this book, you will immediately see similarities between this case and the disappearance of Teleka Patrick, who was out of medical school and doing her residency when she disappeared from her car on the freeway.

If you were a parent and wanted to raise a highly intellectual son with great habits, personal integrity, and athletic abilities, you'd use Ambrose Monye as your guide and mentor.

Ambrose, like Teleka Patrick, was black. She was raised in New York, while he was raised in Baltimore. He was an exceptional athlete in high school and excelled in academics. He had a brother who was three years younger. Both of the Monye boys showed brilliance in school and directed themselves to being physicians.

Ambrose was the first to apply and get accepted to the University of Guadalajara Medical School. He applied for a series of hospitals affiliated with the school to do his hospital rotations, during which he would start to learn to perform different types of surgery under the guidance of full-time physicians, and began his rotations at the University of Chicago Jackson Park Hospital. He was near the top of his class and wanted to be a cardiologist.

In late April 2016, students in Ambrose's class were getting graduation photos taken. The class would become doctors in less than a month. He was in a great mood; he was constantly studying, but that was his mind-set.

Joseph Monye, Ambrose's twenty-five-year-old brother, was also a medical student in the same program as his brother. They were constant companions, shared stresses and stories, and were tightly bound with their mother. Joseph would say later that he and Ambrose came from a long line of physicians.

Some of the dates reported in this incident don't correlate with other dates. The missing-person poster for Ambrose states he was missing on April 21, 2016. There were reports he was last seen on that day walking near the hospital, while other reports stated he was last seen near the library. On May 4, police clarified that Ambrose was last seen on April 22 in the area of Fifty-Fifth Street and Lake Park Avenue. Joseph said he tried to text his brother on April 23, didn't get an answer, and went to locate him. A May 4, 2016, article on Foxnews.com had these details: "Joseph Monye stated he entered his brother's locked studio apartment at around 5:00 p.m. on Sunday, April 24, after he didn't respond to a text message sent the previous night. There, Ambrose's brother said he found a reading lamp, air conditioning unit and standing fan turned on. Fresh groceries were stocked in the refrigerator and Monye's laptop was sitting in its usual spot, according to his brother. The only items missing were his cell phone and wallet." The family shrugged off the idea that the high stress of school and upcoming finals might have bothered the student; they said he was used to the high pressure.

Chicago police said they were trying to track down the young man. They never mentioned whether they pinged his cell phone, but they must've, though they didn't release the results. Nothing happened on the missing-person case for sixteen days.

On May 8, 2016, a hiker saw what they believed was a body in Lake Michigan near Promontory Point Park in the 5400 block of South Lake Shore Drive. The body was recovered and later confirmed to be Ambrose's. It's worth noting that Ambrose lived in the 5500 block of South Everett Avenue, probably less than a quarter mile from the lake and where he was found.

The Cook County coroner came out with the following statement in the May 12, 2016, edition of the *Chicago Tribune*: "An autopsy Monday was inconclusive about the cause and manner of his death, and more studies were being conducted, according to the medical examiner's office." In one chapter of my book *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*, I wrote about a series of disappearances of young men in the greater Chicago area, who vanished in the city and were found in the river or the lake. Many of the cases I documented have the same conclusion on the cause of death; coroners are stumped.

Dr. Teleka Patrick went missing on December 5, 2013, and her car was found on the side of a roadway. She was found deceased in Lake Charles approximately five months later. This lake had been searched many times. It was approximately one mile from Lake Michigan and less than one hundred feet away from the Little Calumet River, where the body of a missing student from downtown Chicago was found. (Refer to *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence* for details.) Teleka was a physician; Ambrose was three weeks from becoming a physician. Both were found in bodies of water days after they vanished. There were no witnesses to the events, and the circumstances were baffling.

Ambrose was a model young man. He never got into trouble, and he studied religiously. He was close to his family, and he had direction and purpose in his life.

When you look at the amount of crime and number of problems Chicago has, the number of stellar people found in the city's waterways seems disproportionate. I have never read about a vagrant, drug user, or alcoholic found under these circumstances; it's always society's cream of the crop. I can't imagine the grief the Monye family experienced at Ambrose's loss.

Indiana

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
F /Esther Beck	02/01/23 at 4:30 p.m. • 26 • IN
F /Teleka Patrick	12/05/13 at 9:00 p.m. • 30 • IN

Esther Beck
Missing: 02/01/23 at 4:30 p.m.—Bloomington, IN
Age at Disappearance: 26 years
- Weather, Distance Traveled, Missing Shoes, German

In December 1922, Esther Beck was a nursing student at Indiana School of Nursing in Bloomington, Indiana. Various news reports stated that, in 1923, Esther suffered a nervous breakdown at school and returned home. (You really don't hear about people having nervous breakdowns in the twenty-first century.) It is unclear what happened to the young woman at the time and why specifically she left school.

On February 1, 1923, Esther was living with her parents in Bloomington. At 4:30 p.m., she told her dad she was going to take a walk and have dinner with her sister, Mrs. W. N. Culmer. She was last seen walking out the door.

On February 2, Esther hadn't returned home, and her dad thought she might have spent the night at her sister's. When he realized she had never made it to her sister's home, he called authorities, and a search was started. The community's willingness to look for Esther was mind-boggling.

Indiana University President William Bryan ordered all cadets at the university to assist in the search, along with asking all students to assist. Twenty-five hundred men covered the country to the west and northwest of the Beck residence. They went as far into the country as officials believed the young woman could travel on foot in blisteringly cold, rainy weather. There were reports that two men saw Esther on the western edge of Bloomington the night she disappeared (thus the focus on that part of town).

Various articles reported that Esther's dad was the former head of Bloomington schools, a former banker, and then a professor at the university. He was intimately involved in the search on a daily basis.

The five-day search for the young woman was nonstop and thorough. Just two days into the effort to locate Esther, Mr. Beck hired two of the famous Pinkerton Agents to assist in the investigation. Authorities released very little about their involvement or what they uncovered.

Five days after Esther vanished, this revelation appeared in a February 5, 1923, article in the *Courier-Journal*: "Then at 9:30 o'clock this morning came the word that Miss Beck was dead. Reeves, a farmer, said he was hurrying to open Sunday school at Garrison Chapel at 9 o'clock. It was six degrees above zero at the time. After hearing the moans he found Miss Beck fifteen feet from the road." The article went on to say it appeared Esther may have fallen over a fence and had been on the ground, frozen. One shoe was found near her, while the other was quite a distance away. She was also not wearing her hat. Reeves ran to a neighboring farmer's house to get assistance. When the group reached Miss Beck, she had died. She was found eight miles from her home.

If you believe this situation can be reasonably and rationally answered, you disagree with local police. The February 5 edition of the *Fort Wayne Sentinel* had these details: "Investigators sought to piece the veil of mystery shrouding the circumstances surrounding the death of Miss Esther Beck, daughter of Dr. James K. Beck, a former professor at Indiana University." Later in the same article was this: "Police admitted they are mystified. They said it was possible she wandered away from her home in a dazed condition and died of hunger and exposure."

Esther's body went to a coroner, who said she'd died of exposure and exhaustion.

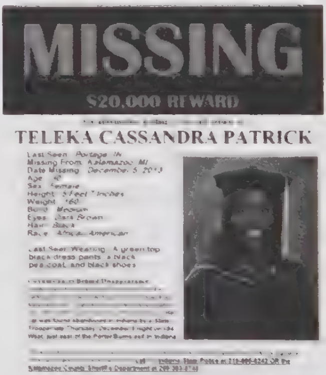
Esther was found frozen in place, yet she was still alive. Why would people claim she had tried to climb a fence to get to a farm field? Her tracks were found near her, allegedly. Officials said she was in a cornfield, a location where I have documented that several people have been found in the past. Other articles said she was found on top of bushes, an interesting note. One article stated she was found in a fence corner of John Hamross's farm. Then there was this description in the February 5, 1923, edition of the *Owosso Argus Press*: "When found she was without her hat and shoes and her clothing was badly torn." Her clothing being badly torn doesn't match the circumstances of her position or location, yet many of the bodies and clothing found in my books are described as badly ripped or torn.

This is another instance where searchers didn't believe the victim could travel the distance to where she was found.

Many articles described Esther as an extremely religious girl. Her funeral was documented as being one of the largest in Bloomington's history. She was a member of the church choir and attended services regularly. It's interesting that when Melvin Reeves found Esther, he was rushing to open his local church.

There are many unanswered questions on this case.

Dr. Teleka Patrick
Missing: 12/05/13 at 9:00 p.m.—Porter, IN
Age at Disappearance: 30 years
• Medical Professional, Previously Searched, Canines



MISSING

$20,000 REWARD

TELEKA CASSANDRA PATRICK

Dr. Teleka Patrick

Teleka Patrick was raised in New York and showed her brilliance early in life. She was always a great student and was accepted into the doctoral program at Loma Linda University in California. She received her doctorate in biochemistry and was accepted to the Western Michigan University School of Medicine. In December 2013, she was in her first year of residency at Borgess Medical Center in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

While Dr. Patrick showed her brilliance in school, there were issues in her private life. An April 6, 2014, article in the *Daily Mail* had these details: "Dr. Teleka Patrick, 30, had a personal protection order filed against her by pastor and gospel singer Marvin Sapp, 46, who said Dr. Patrick had visited his home and contacted his young children to get close to him." Whether this was mere infatuation that went too far or something more sinister was never made clear.

From all indications, Teleka's work was going well. After her shift on December 5, 2013, Teleka had a coworker drive her to the local Radisson Hotel. The friend dropped her off and left. Teleka attempted to get a room with cash, but she didn't have enough money with her and didn't have her purse. She took the hotel's shuttle back to the hospital, where she got her purse and went to her car.

At approximately 9:00 p.m., the Indiana State Police received a call about a disabled vehicle on the shoulder of I-94 near mile marker twenty-three. The patrol arrived and found Teleka's 1997 Lexus. Her keys were gone, but her wallet was still in the car. Teleka didn't report for her 7:00 a.m. shift the following day at the hospital and was reported missing by associates.

The Indiana State Police brought a canine to her vehicle, and the dog tracked her scent away from Lake Michigan and off the roadway for thirty feet. Police were stumped about what happened to the doctor.

Teleka's car was parked just two miles from Lake Michigan and one mile from Lake Charles, a small fishing lake in the community. To get to the lake, Teleka would have had to scale a fence. Police had few leads and decided to eliminate some local concerns. NBC Chicago ran a story on December 20, 2013, related to the search: "Indiana State Police, the FBI and Michigan State Police searched the lake on January 23 for Dr. Teleka Patrick of Kalamazoo, Michigan, but didn't find any evidence related to her disappearance." Don't think this was a casual search; they drilled fifty-five holes into the ice in a precise grid pattern and used sonar devices to place them. They used a computer to track and monitor the progress and ensure they weren't missing any spots. They'd brought the equipment in from a nearby sheriff's department that had the most advanced sonar equipment available. This was the best equipment available to find a body under the ice.

The police continued to search Teleka's background for something about where she may have gone, and they entertained the possibility of foul play. Nothing happened on the case until April 6, 2014. Two fishermen on the banks of Lake Charles saw something of concern on the surface. The authorities were called and confirmed it was the body of Dr. Patrick. She was wearing her coat, had cash in her pocket, and had her keys.

Her body went through two different autopsies. Both procedures came to the same conclusion: death by drowning, asphyxiation. They confirmed she had been alive when she went in the water.

Teleka's family hired private investigator Jim Carlin to research the facts surrounding her death. He attended her second autopsy and validated the findings. He made statements in the April 13, 2014, edition of *MLIVE*: "Carlin also questioned why dogs tracked Patrick's scent from her vehicle to the shoulder of the road instead of toward the lake where she was eventually found and why authorities were unable to locate Patrick's body in Lake Charles during their multiple searches of the area, among other things."

The FBI also searched the area around Dr. Patrick's car and the lake multiple times. The real question is how she got from her car, across multiple lanes of traffic, over a barbed-wire fence, and over a berm surrounding the lake to enter the water. Some reports indicated the barbed-wire fence around the lake had holes in it to get through, but why?

It is fascinating to me that the FBI committed significant resources to going back to this area to search for a body—why? I have stated that the agency is deeply interested in these cases and has been for decades. They know something very unusual is happening and are probably trying to understand it, just as we are.

I have documented many other cases in the past of cars pulled to roadsides and from which people have essentially vanished. In each instance, the body was either found in an area previously searched or was never found.

The coroner ruled the death accidental with no wounds or serious injuries to the body. It's a bit surprising that they found her keys in her coat pocket. I would not think someone would slowly and calmly enter the water; I'd think if they went in, they stumbled or fell, which would have changed their angle, perhaps causing things to fall from their pockets.

There is no doubt that something in Teleka's private life was troubling to her. She had posted some unusual YouTube videos talking about a fiancé, but he didn't exist. Coupled with her restraining order, there was something unusual about her lifestyle. As an investigator, one needs to separate what is relevant and what is not.

This is another case that is closely tied to the Great Lakes, as her body was found within one mile of the lake.

Iowa

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Nana Baffour-Awuah	01/01/11 at 1:45 a.m. • 24 • IA
M /Bjorn Norderhaug	09/17/16 at 1:50 a.m. • 21 • IA

Nana Kwasi Baffour-Awuah
Missing: 01/01/11 at 1:45 a.m.—Luther College, Decorah, IA
Age at Disappearance: 24 years
• Intellect, Previously Searched, Weather

To understand why this case appears in this book, readers need context; I would refer them to *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence* for this purpose. In that book, I documented the cases of young people who disappeared from areas in and around college campuses and rural areas, were sometimes never found, and other times were found in bodies of water. I wrote about several cases that dealt with the victim being on the phone with a friend or relative at the time he or she vanished. When the contents of those phone calls were revealed, it was sometimes chilling. This incident is very similar to the cases in that book.

This incident occurred at Luther College in Decorah, Iowa. The school sits on the banks of the Iowa River and is approximately twenty miles west of the Mississippi River, another location in the middle of many of the disappearances in *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*. The school is associated with the Evangelical Lutheran Church Association and has approximately twenty-five hundred students, 150 of whom come from foreign countries.

Nana Kwasi Baffour-Awuah was a Luther student from Ghana. He was the son of a physician, and his mother was a high school English teacher. In January 2011, Nana, called Nabby by his college friends, was a senior. He had a double major in accounting and economics, worked at the college box office, and was an admissions tour guide. As the dad of two young adults who just finished their undergraduate college work, I can tell you colleges pick the brightest and best communicators to be tour guides—these students provide parents' and potential students' first impressions of the institution. Nabby also enjoyed playing intramural soccer and basketball and was a member of the school's rugby team. One of the highlights of Nabby's summers was when he worked as an intern at KPMG LLP in Minneapolis; he was very, very proud of getting a summer internship at such a well-known company.

This young man was a stellar, well-liked student; an athlete and future businessman, he was the type of person any school would want representing it to potential students.

During late December 2010 through early January 2011, Luther College was on break. Nabby was one of the dozens of international students who stayed on-site during this time.

On December 31, 2010, at approximately 8:30 p.m., Nabby was just leaving his dorm room at Dieseth Hall, where he was a resident assistant in charge of forty-six students. It was a cold night, and he walked off campus several blocks, arriving at a party at 9:00 p.m. He stayed at the event till 1:00 a.m. on January 1, when he walked to the Decorah Mart gas station and market. He was able to call a cab and left the market at 1:35 a.m. headed back to campus. It was a very short ride back to the front of campus, where he was dropped off and headed for his dormitory. He arrived and realized he had forgotten his keys. At this point, the story takes a sinister turn.

At 1:45 a.m., Nabby called 911 on his cell phone. The transcript for this call was withheld from the public for six months while police investigated the case. It was eventually released in July 2011. The county attorney, Andy Van Der Matten, made a statement about the incident on July 20, 2011, to the Associated Press: "Van Der Maaten acknowledges that Baffour-Awuah pleads for help and appears to warn 'He's going to kill me' or 'that's going to kill me' on a 911 call placed at 1:45 a.m. on January 1 and that investigators found evidence Baffour-Awuah was running at the time. He said Baffour-Awuah's cell phone was found broken near a campus building where he unsuccessfully tried to tell 911 dispatcher where he could be found."

The 911 call went silent, and police sent a local paramedic unit, campus security, and one police officer to the campus to look for Nabby. They searched for over two hours and found nothing. The next major event in this incident is a February 16, 2011, article by the Associated Press: "A passerby saw Baffour-Awuah's body at about 8:00 a.m. near the baseball field and called police. He was found wearing only long pants and two T-shirts." Nabby was dead.

Late on the night of December 31, the temperatures in the Decorah area were in the high twenties; by early in the morning, they had dropped to single digits. The idea that Nabby was found without shoes, a coat, or socks is extremely hard to understand. The location where his body was found is very important. Dieseth Hall, where Nabby lived, is at the front of campus near College Drive. He was found on the opposite end of campus, within four hundred feet of the Iowa River. He was just about as close to the river as he could get and still be on college property.

As police started to investigate the incident surrounding Nabby's death, many in the community were concerned about why the police were not releasing the 911 call. The August 3, 2011, edition of *The Gazette* says, "Family members said they want to know why Baffour Awuah appears to be running before the 911 call abruptly disconnects, why his cell phone was found broken near a building where he made the call and why his jacket was seen hanging from a flagpole across campus. They also say that a 14-minute gap between when he got in the taxi for a ride home and when he made the 911 call makes it implausible he was already suffering from hypothermia." Kudos to this family! Finally—someone is taking a stand and telling the truth.

The taxi driver said that when he dropped Nabby off, the young man paid the bill but ran out of the cab. He wasn't out of the cab long before he called 911. How did his coat get off his body and on top of a flagpole? The police looked long and hard for witnesses to any of the events that happened on campus but were unable to find any. Nabby's parents' point about hypothermia is important.

Nabby's body was sent to the state coroner, who determined he had died of hypothermia/exposure. The coroner said Nabby had a blood alcohol level of 0.17 percent. An off-duty campus security officer saw Nabby at the Gas Mart and never stated that Nabby looked intoxicated. Police made allegations that Nabby had been suffering from hypothermia just minutes after leaving the cab and that this had led to his strange mind-set. I don't believe this theory applies, and neither did his parents. Nobody would develop hypothermia symptoms immediately after leaving a vehicle. Additionally, Nabby was wearing a coat and weather-appropriate clothing when he was last seen. How was he stripped of his clothing? How did his coat get to the top of a flagpole?

I think it is critical to understand what Nabby said to 911. He either said, "That's going to kill me," or "He's going to kill me"; the dispatcher couldn't understand exactly. Nabby was not a small man and wouldn't be an easy target for anyone. Many of the people I have documented in the past under similar circumstances have had broken or missing phones, but it is not easy to break a cell phone these days. I've dropped mine on the ground many times and never had it break, but Nabby's did. What type of force was used to break the cell phone? If Nabby meant to say to 911 "*That's* going to kill me," what was he referring to? These are the same questions I've asked in many other cases. Nabby repeatedly tried to tell the 911 dispatcher where he was located, but she could not understand him. Was there some type of electrical interference?

An August 4, 2011, article in the *Des Moines Register* expressed the belief of Nabby's family: "We believe that in drafting the comments as it did, the police created the impression that this was likely a situation in which a drunk college student locked himself out of his room and froze to death." This exact impression was used in the cases of dozens of missing college kids who ended up in water, as I described in *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*. I actually wrote about a high school assembly where a police chief came in and attempted to pass this belief on to parents and relatives. That message wasn't received well by the audience.

I can tell by the police statements and their refusal to release the 911 tape for six months that local and Iowa State Police were investigating the incident. As in every one of these types of incidents, the police didn't find anything and eventually were forced to talk and release what they had. They did say Nabby had scratches over his body, scratches they claimed happened when he was running through the forest. They claimed they found tracks—Nabby's tracks—leaving the woods and leading to his body.

I've made dozens of presentations about these incidents involving young, healthy, college-age males who are the up-and-coming leaders of our society. Why aren't there cases involving vagrants, drug-addicted people, and town alcoholics who are being victimized in this way? It appears there is a specific profile of people who fall victim to these incidents: the smartest, fittest, and healthiest are the ones who fall prey and are found dead. Remember, Nabby predicted he was going to die. I have sat in quiet contemplation thinking about Nabby's case. I don't think it's a fluke that his body was found as close to the Iowa River as possible while still on the Luther Campus. He came very, very close to ending up in the river. How did this happen?

The Luther College campus would be shaken again in 2016 from another unexplained death, which I'll discuss next.

Bjorn Norderhaug
Missing: 09/17/16 at 1:50 a.m.—Decorah, IA
Age at Disappearance: 21 years
- Water, Intellect, Unknown Cause of Death

This case mimics dozens of others I wrote about in *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*: a highly educated young man, out drinking in town, vanishes and is found deceased in a nearby river—this is exactly the scenario that continues to replicate itself around the world.

Bjorn Norderhaug was a twenty-one-year-old senior at Luther College in Decorah, Iowa. He was born in Brookfield, Wisconsin, and graduated from the Brookfield Academy in 2013. After Bjorn's graduation, the family moved to Chanhasssen, Minnesota, a suburb of Minneapolis; this is where Bjorn called home in 2016.

While the young Luther College student was in high school, he played for his school's tennis team, where he placed sixth in the state championships. When he went to Luther, he played for the college team during his freshman year.

The young Norwegian chose a major in information technology and excelled in his studies. He received a summer internship with the Minnesota Twins, a job he loved.

In researching this case, I found many conflicting data points. Some articles stated that Bjorn was reported missing at 6:30 p.m. on September 16. The majority of articles stated that his friends last saw him at 1:50 a.m., when he was at the Corner Bar at 121 East Water Street in Decorah, approximately a mile and a half from Luther's campus. Nobody explains how he disappeared, where he went, or what happened during the six hours after he was last seen.

On September 18 at 9:30 a.m., a passerby saw a body in the Iowa River near Clay Hill Road. Local police, fire, and ambulances were dispatched, and the Winneshiek Medical Center ambulance crew recovered Bjorn Norderhaug's body. There was nothing stated about the condition of the body or what he was or wasn't wearing. This location is approximately three river miles south of downtown Decorah.

There are some interesting similarities between Bjorn's death and Nabby's case:

- Disappeared at almost identical times
- Both college seniors at Luther
- Both drinking alcohol before disappearance
- Both found the day following the last time they were seen
- No witnesses to either incident
- Both stellar athletes and students

I could not locate a cause of death in Bjorn's incident.

Kansas

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
F /Joy Reigle	03/18/35 • 2 • KS
M /Jack Foster	02/20/65 at 6:00 p.m. • 24 • KS

Joy Reigle
Missing: 03/18/35—Garden City, KS
Age at Disappearance: 2 years
• Weather, Distance Traveled, Canine, German

I have written about an incident very similar to this disappearance that happened in Colorado. In *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail*, I describe how a three-year-old boy disappeared in a strange type of blizzard. He was later found a phenomenal distance from his home. Joy Reigle's case happened in far southwest Kansas, is very reminiscent of the Colorado case, and occurred almost exactly a year earlier.

Two-year-old Joy Reigle lived on a rural farm with her parents outside of Garden City, Kansas. This March 19, 1935, article in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* had details of what happened: "Joy Reigle, 2 years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.J. Reigle was found by a searching party after a four hour hunt in a dust storm yesterday. The girl and her small dog wandered away from the Reigle farm home. They were found five miles away."

In *Missing 411: Eastern United States*, I explain dozens of disappearances where small children vanished while with their dogs. In this incident, the article specifically explained that Joy's was a "small dog." It is extremely doubtful that a two-year-old would be able to stay upright while carrying a small dog for five miles in inclement weather and wind. Since there was a dust storm in the area, how did Joy and her dog stay together? It's a strange coincidence that the only other case I have ever found of something similar to this happened in close proximity just a year earlier. The article states that Joy was missing for four hours and covered five miles—is this believable? Could your child, at *two years old*, have covered five miles in the middle of a dust storm in four hours?

There were very few facts associated with this case besides what I have presented. I could locate only two articles about this event, and both contained very similar facts.

Jack Foster
Missing: 02/20/65 at 6:00 p.m.—Lyndon, KS
Age at Disappearance: 24 years
• Hunter, Missing Shoes, Found in Area Previously Searched, Water, Weather

This is one of the few times I have ever written about an adult missing in Kansas. The exact location of this incident was a mile and a half west of US Highway 75 and three miles north of US Highway 50, approximately ten miles south of Lyndon. This is very close to Eisenhower State Park and Melvern Lake.

On February 20, 1965, twenty-four-year-old Jack Foster, his two cousins, and three other friends went to a tavern in the area and had a few drinks. The friends then went to an area they knew for coon hunting. Jack was from Bonner Springs, Kansas, and had spent time in this area in the past.

The group arrived at their hunting spot, and Jack went off alone with his dog, who was already on the scent of a coon. His cousins and friends went in different directions away from Jack.

At approximately 6:00 p.m., Jack hadn't returned to the meeting area near the car, and his friends started to search for the young man. A February 22, 1965, article in the *Emporia Gazette* offered these details: "Searchers first believed Jack Foster had gone ahead of the other hunters and followed a dog that had chased a raccoon. Sunday searchers were unable to find any tracks made by a man but did find tracks left by a coon and the dog." This is an important fact that can't be ignored. If Jack left following the dog, what happened to him? Where did he go?

On February 23, 1965, searchers were faced with a new obstacle, as stated in the February 23, 1965, edition of the *Ottawa Herald*: "Freezing rain and snow today halted the search 10 miles south of here for Jack Foster, who was reported missing Saturday night on a raccoon hunt." This is another key point: weather stood in the way of searchers looking for Jack. Later in the same article is this: "'If we don't find him in the water,' Vanderslice said, 'we don't expect to find him around here.' The section of land around Frog Creek where he was last seen has been scoured and tromped several times, including an effort by 26 airmen from Forbes Air Force Base at Topeka who walked the area in a line formation." You might want to read that last segment again: soldiers formed a line and walked the entire area without finding a body.

During the eight days Jack was missing, almost fifty volunteer searchers covered the area around the point he was last seen numerous times. They brought in airplanes and helicopters and found nothing.

On February 28, the search ended with an unusual and sad finding, which was described in a March 1 article in the *Ottawa Herald*:

> He was found at approximately 2:00 p.m. Sunday by Joe Wischropp, 52, and his son, David, 16, of Lyndon. His body was ¾ of a mile west of the spot he was last seen hunting with five companions the night of February 20. He wore lightweight slacks, his shirttail was out and jacket was open. His loafer-type shoes were on top of the dam. Witnesses said his arms were spread out, with his head near the base of the dam and his feet extended into tall, brown grass that covered him from the waist down. The dam had been walked across the day he was reported missing by his hunting companions, and the area had been covered repeatedly by helicopters.

Later in the same article was this very important point: "No trail was found indicating what route Foster may have taken."

An autopsy completed on Jack's body determined that the man had died at 4:00 a.m. on February 21, in the early morning hours just after he vanished. The medical examiner claimed that Jack died of exposure, and it was his belief that Jack was under the influence of alcohol. Not one friend in Jack's group stated that Jack was staggering or under the influence at the time they separated. His blood alcohol level was never released.

In my years of researching missing persons related to Missing 411, this is a key case. Someone in the newspaper was paying close attention and realized the facts weren't adding up.

Jack went missing very early after he left his friends. The fact that searchers found the dog's track following a raccoon but no tracks from Jack indicated he was already someplace else. A storm inundated the area with snow and rain, halting the effort to locate the young man.

Articles stated that helicopters covered the area where the body was found multiple times, and searchers had walked the area many times. He was found just three-quarters of a mile from where his friends last saw him.

It's important to note that searchers couldn't find the way Jack walked into the area where he was found. *Did* he walk into the area? Why would Jack remove his shoes and put them on top of the dam? How could searchers miss a pair of shoes sitting on the top of a dam that had been walked numerous times? Airmen walked the area arm in arm and found nothing. How was this possible? Was Jack dropped into his position, thus not leaving a trail to the body?

It makes no sense that Jack's body was in its location during the time of the search. I don't believe his shoes could've been missed on top of the dam. The dam pond was no more than six feet tall. If he went down that hill face-first, this would not have pulled his shirt out. The description given by the article reminds me of someone who was dressed by someone else at some point and was dropped down the side of the pond with his shoes placed on top. There was never an indication that searchers found Jack's rifle.

There are several key points readers should take away from this case:

- Shoes removed
- Body found in area previously searched
- Lack of tracks
- Weather inhibited search effort
- Armed hunter
- Separated from friends

I don't know what happened to Jack Foster, but I do know this matches hundreds of cases I've documented in previous books

Kentucky

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Eddie Nichols	12/03/74 at 3:00 p.m. • 21 • KY
M /Anthony Erisman	05/06/16 • 57 • KY

Eddie Nichols
Missing: 12/03/74 at 3:00 p.m.—Union, KY
Age at Disappearance: 21 years
• Hunter, Bloodhounds

This case is a first for the *Missing 411* series: I have never documented a missing person from the state of Kentucky. I think the fact that I haven't documented a case from here is unusual, considering that states surrounding Kentucky have many missing people fitting our profile. If you look at our geographical cluster map of missing cases, you will see that there are many missing in Tennessee, Ohio, Virginia, and Illinois. Why the absence of cases from Kentucky?

There is no doubt that the disappearance of Eddie Nichols belongs in this book. Eddie was a twenty-one-year-old house painter from Florence, Kentucky. He enjoyed horseback riding, owned a horse, and knew the area around his hometown very well.

In the early morning hours of December 3, 1974, Eddie drove his Pontiac Grand Prix to a rural area of Gallatin County near Union to meet his good friend David Stites. Eddie and David had obtained permission from a friend who owned the land to hunt deer on it. There was one big issue: it wasn't deer-hunting season. The pair got their rifles. Eddie was carrying a Marlin and brought along his beagle. The guys went into the woods, and sometime around noon, they were not together. It was never explained or understood how the two got separated.

At approximately 3:00 p.m., Eddie went back to their cars and was under the belief that David would be there. He wasn't. As David waited at the car, a State of Kentucky game warden who had heard a rumor that some people were poaching deer in the South Fork area drove up on Stites. David threw his rifle in the weeds and lied to the officer, telling him he wasn't hunting. There was a brief conversation, and the officer left. Well, good cops know when something is amiss. The officer returned a short while later, as David waited for Eddie. By this time, David had retrieved his rifle and put it on the seat in his car, and the officer walked up and saw it. The officer questioned David again about being a poacher.

David told the officer he wasn't waiting to poach; he was waiting for his friend, who was overdue. The officer called for backup, and a second officer arrived. At about this time, something unusual happened, as is explained in the December 5 article in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*: "A beagle that was with Nichols returned to the car sometime Tuesday, it was learned, but there has been no trace of the man despite intensive searches on the ground and in the air." They also called for the Boone County Sheriff to come to the scene and assist in the search for Eddie. Once deputies arrived, the four people went into the woods until it got dark and found nothing. Officers completed a missing-person report on Eddie Nichols.

The day following the disappearance, David came back to the scene with deputies, game wardens, and bloodhounds and looked for Eddie. A few of the law-enforcement folks believed Eddie had seen David speaking with game wardens and had run into the woods. You see, Eddie was on probation for disorderly conduct, just about the lowest-end misdemeanor in criminal statutes. Attempting to poach wasn't considered a major crime at that time, and a few people didn't believe Eddie would've run.

There were almost forty volunteers and members of law enforcement who searched for Eddie for two days. They did make an unusual find: they found two spots that appeared to be fresh kill sites with blood. State agents took samples and submitted those to the lab. They later were found to be dead animals, not human.

The search for Eddie lasted forty-eight hours. Bloodhounds, airplanes, and helicopters were used. Law enforcement stated that the area wasn't that rough, a bit hilly and thick with trees, but not out of the ordinary for Kentucky. The exact location being searched was ten thousand acres bordered by the Ohio River, Indiana border, US 42, and two creeks. Many articles stated that there were large numbers of wild boars on this property and that they were very dangerous. A few of these articles stated that some believed Eddie had been killed by hogs and eaten. A December 27, 1974, article in the

Corbin Times had this response on the pig issue: "Arnold Mitchell, state commissioner of Fish and Wildlife Resources, indicated he is fed up with what he calls exaggerated reports of ferocious boars that charge humans on sight. 'I think the whole thing has been blown out of proportion,' he said." Several public statements made by law enforcement stated they didn't believe Eddie had been killed by boars—heck, he had a rifle!

There was still an air of suspicion surrounding the honesty of David's statements about Eddie's and his hunting. He was reinterviewed by the Boone County Sheriff on December 7 and told the exact story he had told to fish and game wardens. He took a polygraph test on December 11 and passed it completely. The sheriff stated he wasn't a suspect in the disappearance and had no idea what happened to Eddie.

The search for Eddie lasted for only forty-eight hours and was terminated. The sheriff believed that all possible areas had been searched, and they had found nothing. Articles continued to be printed about Eddie for years. In mid-December of that year, he failed to show up for a standard probation hearing, and a warrant was issued for his arrest (standard procedure for failing to meet with his probation officer).

In the year after the disappearance, many articles claimed people had seen Eddie in the state. Not one of those claims was ever substantiated. The headline in the January 27, 1977, *Williamson Daily News* asked, "Where is Eddie Nichols?" Later in the article were these details: "No trace of him, why wasn't he ever found and the questions still are unanswered and theories still remain unproven." There were many articles that claimed this case was a pure mystery.

I have documented many cases where a person goes into the woods, gets separated from his or her partner, and vanishes. There are never adequate explanations for how the separation occurred. There are an equal number of cases where people enter the woods with their dogs and vanish. In most instances, the dog makes his or her way back to the house or car. Many expert canine handlers have stated publicly that most dogs would stay with their owners, unless the owner was no longer there. Since Eddie never moved his car, how would he have gotten out of the area? This was before cell phones.

This incident happened in close proximity to a large body of water, the Ohio River. Bloodhounds never picked up a scent. There was a separation between two people that cannot be explained. The victim was an armed hunter, someone who knew the area extremely well and who wouldn't have been an easy target.

What happened to Eddie Nichols will be one of Kentucky's great mysteries that probably will never be solved. Add this case to the hundred-plus missing-hunter cases I document in *Missing 411: Hunters.*

Anthony Wayne Erisman
Missing: 05/06/16—Aderholt Road, Wayne County, KY
Age at Disappearance: 57 years
• Missing Clothing, Cave, Hypothermia

I've written a few articles in the past about people who have vanished in caves and never been found. This case is slightly different from those cases in that the victim *was* found, but the circumstances behind this case are bizarre nonetheless.

Anthony Erisman was a fifty-seven-year-old resident of Somerset, Kentucky. When the weather was nice, his family would drive him to his one-room cabin off Aderholt Road fifteen miles south of Somerset. This was a rural location with the Big South Fork of the Cumberland River just a quarter mile away.

Anthony was a spelunker and enjoyed spending time in caves. There was one particular cave quite near his cabin that he regularly spent time in. It was never made clear what his interest was in that cave, but his friends knew he liked to go there.

On Friday, May 6, friends went to Anthony's cabin to check on the man and found he wasn't there. Various people contacted law enforcement and search and rescue and started to look for the man.

On Sunday, May 8, at 8:00 p.m., a search team entered the cave that Anthony frequented. The first thing they found was his toboggan. They also immediately found one of his flashlights. Friends knew he always carried two candles and two flashlights. Finding one light near the entryway was very odd. An article posted on Lex18.com on May 10, 2016, provided these details: "Not wanting to be identified, the man who says he found the 57-year old spelunker says a trail of personal items led him and members of his Wayne County Rescue Squad to a disturbing discovery. 'We found his hoodie. It had been shredded. Just ripped up,' he said. And about 200 feet in they found his body. The way the gear was scattered through the cave it doesn't make sense. It doesn't."

Anthony was found near the entryway to the cave. He was naked and wearing one shoe and his hardhat. He had been in this cave maybe a hundred times and knew it better than anyone. The body was taken to the Wayne County Coroner, Forest Hicks. His autopsy showed no injury to the body and no drugs in his system. Hicks rendered a decision that Anthony had died of hypothermia.

This is the part of the incident where most reporters walk away and fail to ask the tough questions. If Anthony had been in the cave many times and knew it so well, why would he lie down and die in the cave? Why would someone who knew the temperatures inside caves strip his clothes off and lie on the floor to die? Anthony's cabin was within walking distance of the cave. He was just two hundred feet inside the cave. He could've been out of the cave and in his cabin quickly.

In *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*, I explain how coroners in some cases wouldn't test for the vast majority of debilitating drugs because of cost issues. When parents paid for a secondary autopsy, they found drugs in their kids' systems that would make them almost paralyzed. If they were placed in the water, they wouldn't be able to move, and they'd die of drowning. If they were placed in a location that was cold, they'd die of hypothermia, because they couldn't move.

Something very unusual happened in that cave. Who or what would have the strength to shred a hoodie? Why would Anthony strip his clothes off and stay in the cave to die? What was it about that specific cave that kept bringing Anthony back? Searchers found only one flashlight near the entry to the cave and never found either of the candles he always carried. Hypothermia doesn't suddenly take over one's body; it takes time. Think about this clearly: What caused him to drop his light at the entrance? Why would he proceed deep inside the cave without any ability to see? The commonsense answer is that nobody would.

The searcher who found Anthony even made a statement on the record that what he found didn't make any sense. As is always the circumstance in these cases, there was no violence to the body. It simply appeared that the victim calmly lay down, went to sleep, and died.

I would be very interested in finding out what rescuers saw in the mud around Anthony's body. Was there any kind of struggle? Were there any tracks other than the victim's? Did the victim have mud covering his entire body? Did it appear that he had been dragged, or did he fall into position? How long had he been deceased? What was the content of his stomach? These are all questions we will never get answered.

Maryland

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Billy Sloan	04/10/43 at 6:00 p.m. • 2.5 • MD

Billy Sloan
Missing: 04/10/43 at 6:00 p.m.—Klondike, MD
Age at Disappearance: 2.5 years
• Cluster, Disability, Canine

This incident happened just south of a geographical cluster zone in Pennsylvania. Billy Sloan vanished in Klondike, Maryland, at the far northwest corner of the state.

Billy was the son of Charles and Marcella Sloan. Charles had just enlisted in the US Marines, and he and Marcella sent the boy to stay with his grandparents.

On April 10, 1943, at approximately five in the afternoon, Billy went with his sixty-year-old grandfather, George Allen, to hike one-third of a mile into the woods behind their home and cut beanpoles for their garden. The pair had cut many poles, and an hour later, George told Billy to stay with the family shepherd, Patty, while he carried the poles back to the house. George returned in eight to ten minutes and found Billy and the dog were gone. He yelled for his grandson and searched the area without finding any evidence of where the pair might be. George went back to the residence and got more family members to search. As darkness hit the area, the family notified local officials, who started arriving at the house.

Five Maryland State Troopers arrived at the Allen home, along with volunteer firefighters from Midland and Lonaconing. Everyone searched until late into the evening during a drizzling rain and found nothing. They continued to yell for Billy and Patty and never got a response.

Late that first night of the search, the local sheriff brought George Allen into Cumberland for formal questioning. The Assistant US Attorney for the region and the local county investigator each questioned the grandfather about the disappearance. This is one of the rare times I have ever read about the last witness in a missing-person case being brought in for questioning. It's pretty obvious that authorities believed something criminal had happened to Billy.

After questioning George, officials generally believed they needed to bring bloodhounds to the area. They made a request for several teams from throughout the state.

An April 10, 1943, article in the *Cumberland News* expressed searchers' feelings: "Disappearance is puzzling. At midnight, authorities were about to abandon the search until daylight because the area had been covered several times and no trace of the child or the dog had been found in the darkness." Readers can tell from the article that searchers were getting frustrated and did not believe Billy was in the general search zone. They were also in a quandary about why they weren't getting a response from either Patty or Billy.

The following day, at 12:30 p.m., Patty came back to George's home. Volunteers fed the dog and told her to go find Billy. The dog took off. Billy's uncle and several other searchers followed Patty three miles into the woods and came upon a small hole in the ground. Billy was sleeping in the hole. They woke the boy and carried him back to the residence. He was sent to the hospital for observation and was found to be in good condition, considering he'd been in the woods for twenty hours.

If this story seems mundane, be patient—the subtleties will grab you.

Many of the disappearances I chronicle occur while the child is staying with relatives. In *Missing 411: Eastern United States*, I document dozens of stories where the child vanished with a family pet and was later found in an area that had been searched previously. Many of these stories occurred in Pennsylvania, just five miles north of Billy's location. From 1929 through 1957, twenty-three children vanished in Pennsylvania under the profile points I've established. There is no other location in the world where more kids vanished in a state or province. I would now classify Billy as one of those statistics.

Cases I list as a profile hit include children who have a defined disability, genetic abnormality, or injury. In the initial research about Billy's case, nothing was ever noted.

I happened to be reviewing stories from 1943 when I came across this headline in the July 23 *Cumberland News*: “Lonaconing Child Dies in Frostburg Hospital.” The article stated, “John William Sloan, three-year-old son of private and Mrs. Charles Sloan of Lonaconing died this morning at 3 o’clock at Miners Hospital, Frostburg, following an illness of one day. The cause of his death was hemorrhagic purpura, an unusual disease caused by the blood flowing outside the veins or arteries.” I read this and was utterly shocked: Three months after he was found in the woods, Billy died in the same hospital he was sent to after vanishing. I have never heard of such an incident.

I’ve documented many cases where the victim who disappeared was described as having a medical issue worth noting in the article. I don’t ever remember reading about such fatal consequences in such a short time frame between disappearance and death. I have also stated in my books and presentations that the number of people with medical issues who disappear is disproportionately high. Billy did not have a condition that was physically visible; in fact, he didn’t even have a condition diagnosable by the hospital just three months before his death.

The pain Billy’s parents and grandparents went through seems beyond understanding.

Minnesota

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Dr. Christopher Robert	12/05/15 • 50 • MN

Dr. Christopher D. Robert
Missing: 12/05/15—Minneapolis, MN
Age at Disappearance: 50 years
• Medical Professional, Missing Time, Fall

When I read the obituary for Dr. Robert, I got to know a man who had nothing given to him. It's a fascinating story of someone who gave back to the community to the day he passed.

Christopher Robert was essentially born on the shores of the Great Lakes in Clair Shore, Michigan. When he was in high school, he learned to fly. He put in hundreds of hours of training and obtained his flight instructor rating. His ability to teach flying allowed him to pay for his undergraduate schooling at Saint Leo University in Tampa, Florida. Christopher enjoyed giving back to the community and became a firefighter and paramedic. He enjoyed the medical care given through that job and applied and was accepted to Nova Southeastern Medical School in Fort Lauderdale. While in school, he met his wife, a fellow medical student who was a bit further down the line toward graduating. They continued their relationship and were married in April 1992.

After Christopher graduated from medical school, he was granted a residency at the University of Minnesota. The couple liked the state and decided to make it home. Christopher was an anesthesiologist for the Hennepin County Medical Center (HCMC) for seven years and became the chief of anesthesiology in 2010. He and his wife had two kids.

On Friday, December 14, 2015, Christopher Robert was attending a departmental Christmas party at the Libertine Restaurant at 3001 Hennepin Avenue in Minneapolis. At the time, he and his wife had an apartment in the 200 block of Eleventh Street in the downtown area. The apartment gave them easy access to Christopher's job at HCMC nine blocks away.

The party at Libertine ended in the early hours of December 5, and Christopher left by himself to walk home, an easy walk of approximately two miles.

At 7:45 a.m., the Minnesota State Highway Patrol received a call about a body on I-94 near the Groveland Avenue exit. Police arrived at a puzzling scene and called the Minneapolis City Police. They found a body on the embankment off the freeway that did not appear to be a hit-and-run. Officers from Minneapolis arrived and were equally confused by what they observed. It appeared that the person had fallen, but officers didn't know from where. The person was deceased, apparently from severe head trauma. The coroner arrived, searched the body, and found it was Dr. Robert.

The body went through an autopsy, which confirmed he had died from blunt trauma. The time of death was determined to be 7:30 a.m. The coroner also stated that the body had a significant amount of alcohol in the system. A January 7, 2016, article in the *Star Tribune* had this statement: "Police have yet to determine from where Robert fell, department spokesman John Elser said." The police knew the doctor had fallen from somewhere, but that *somewhere* couldn't be found. The *Southern Minnesota* had these additional details in its December 8, 2015, edition: "'This is absolutely a very different incident and certainly not one we respond to with regularity,' Minneapolis Police Spokesman Sgt. John Elder said. 'There are a million questions and not a lot of answers.'" The first question I'd ask is this: Where was Dr. Robert for seven hours between the time he left the event and the time he died? In *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*, I describe multiple situations of young, brilliant men dying with the time between when they were last seen and when they died not accounted for. These young men also had high levels of alcohol in their systems.

The Minneapolis City Police and Minnesota Highway Patrol confirmed there were no witnesses to the doctor's death. The coroner ruled it was death by fall and called it an accident—case closed in the minds of Minneapolis city officials.

Dr. Robert was last seen leaving the Libertine just after midnight. By no account was he staggering or intoxicated. He was found approximately seven hours later. In most states, the legal limit for driving under the influence is 0.08 percent of alcohol in your system. A man of Dr. Robert's size would remove alcohol from his system at the rate of 0.02 percent per hour. If he'd left the party with a blood alcohol percentage of 0.14 percent, he would have been sober at 7:30 a.m. with nothing in his system. The coroner never stated the amount of alcohol found in Robert's system, nor was it ever explained where he could've gotten alcohol in the middle of the night. The issue of alcohol in his system was never discussed in a public forum that I could find.

This case is very important. This is the second time police have come out and said they have no idea where a victim fell—the other incident involved Dr. John Marshall (whose case appears in this book's Washington chapter), who supposedly fell into a river. If law enforcement cannot determine where the victim fell, doesn't this imply that he dropped from somewhere?

The location of this incident is approximately two miles from the Mississippi River, a location where many bodies that match our profile have been found. For more information on this, refer to *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence.*

If the Minneapolis police cannot figure out what happened in Christopher Robert's death, this should raise some major red flags.

Montana

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /William Faber	07/20/34 at 5:00 p.m. • 74 • MT
M /Elmer Nulk	08/15/46—p.m. • 19 mos. • MT
F /Diane Cox	07/23/50 at 5:00 p.m. • 2 • MT
M /David Wilson	07/21/63 • 21 • MT
M /Kenneth Gelston	07/24/64 • 22 • MT
F /Patton Seifert	02/23/79 • 29 • MT

William F. Faber
Missing: 07/20/34 at 5:00 p.m.—Two Medicine Chalet, Glacier National Park, MT
Age at Disappearance: 74 years
• National Park, Distance Traveled, Found in Water, Religious Affiliation

When I was doing research on Glacier National Park, I saw a headline that caught my eye in the July 24, 1934, edition of the *Detroit Free Press*: "Former Detroiter Had Wandered Far Off Trail, Long Search Reveals." This statement had me hooked, and I started to look into the facts behind the disappearance.

William F. Faber was a native of Buffalo, New York. Religion was a cornerstone of his life, and he was dedicated to spreading the word of his lord. He served parishes in Genera and Lockport, New York; came to Montana in 1910; and stayed for the following twenty-four years.

In July 1934, William F. Faber was the bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Montana. He had one son, a physician in San Francisco, Dr. H. H. Faber.

The bishop was a healthy and athletic person for his age. A July 23, 1934, article in the *Gazette and Daily* said, "Early last week he ascended Mount Henry, one of the smaller nearby peaks." Mount Henry is not an easy neighborhood walk; it has an elevation of 8,847 feet and towers over the two Medicine Valleys.

Bishop Faber arrived in Glacier National Park on Monday, July 16, for a vacation. Reverend Lee Young accompanied him in the early part of his trip from Great Falls. Lee stayed until July 19 and then returned to his work.

On July 20, 1934, the weather was good, and Bishop Faber was staying at the Two Medicine Chalet in the park. A July 22, 1934, article in the *Montana Butte Standard* had details on what happened next: "Bishop Faber was last seen an hour before dinner when with the cheery remark to friends, 'Well, I'm on my way,' started off as had been his custom for a stroll along the nearby trails." The bishop did not make it back for dinner, and this caused concern. When he hadn't returned the next day, the lodge started to notify authorities.

The National Park Service was in charge of the search for Bishop Faber. They knew he intended to eat dinner, so a walk of thirty minutes out and thirty minutes back would put him back in time. The first day of the search produced nothing in the area in which they thought he would be found. The search was expanded farther out.

On July 23, searchers made a grisly discovery, as is described in the July 24, 1934, edition of the *Oneonta Star*: "The body was found by Ranger Clyde Fauley, wedged between two boulders on the shore of a stream. The bishop's head and shoulders were out of the water and only the lower part of the body was submerged. From the distance he had traveled, Rangers believed Bishop Faber had been gone from the Chalet possibly three hours where he stumbled, confused into the stream. He had left the trail nearly a mile behind and apparently had wandered through the forest." Do you like the way the writer imparted his own thoughts: "he stumbled confused into the stream"?

The body was sent to Cut Bank, where County Coroner M. A. O'Neil rendered a decision that Bishop Faber had died of shock and exposure. He did not drown.

The bishop had left for a short hike before dinner. He knew the meal would start in an hour. How was it possible that he hiked three hours' distance from the chalet? This means he hiked until 8:00 p.m. This also means that a hike back would've meant he wouldn't arrive until 11:00 p.m., a hike that would've been completed entirely in the dark. Bishop Faber knew Glacier National Park very well and had been there several times. He knew when it got dark, and he probably knew he was getting hungry. So he hiked three hours and then decided to bushwhack a mile to reach a creek—is this plausible?

Readers of my past books have pointed out that many of the stories and victims show a strong religious affiliation. I do not look for this; it's there, and I write about it in factual terms. This is one of two major religious leaders I document in this book. (See the Israel section for details on the disappearance of James Pike, also a leader in the Episcopal Church.) Is this merely another coincidence?

It was never explained in any article why Bishop Faber would've hiked so far or left the trail. He had hiked every other night before dinner and always made it back in time for the meal. What happened the night of July 20, 1934?

Elmer Leroy Nulk
Missing: 08/15/46—p.m.—Fort Benton, MT
Age at Disappearance: 19 months
• Distance Traveled, Last Name Probably German

Montana has consistently been a state with unusual disappearances. This event happened in the north-central portion of the state, approximately twenty-five miles northeast of Great Falls. The town of Fort Benton sits on the banks of the Missouri River and claims to be the birthplace of Montana. The town has a population of approximately fifteen hundred residents and sits at an elevation of 2,621 feet.

Before this story gets deep into other facts, ask yourself how far a nineteen-month-old could travel in eighteen hours.

On August 15, 1946, in the afternoon hours, nineteen-month-old Elmer Leroy Nulk somehow disappeared from his rural home. It was believed that the small child was wearing just a diaper and a pair of shoes. The family immediately started to search and call the child's name. They received no response.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Nulk contacted Choteau County Sheriff Jack Bradley and requested search assistance. The sheriff responded by getting townspeople to the scene. For 18 hours, members of the community combed the rural ranch, calling Elmer's name and walking the grounds.

Early in the morning following Elmer's disappearance, there was a major break in the case, as is described in the August 18, 1946, article in the *Lubbock Avalanche-Journal*: "Elmer was found seated contently among a herd of cattle about four miles from home."

How could a nineteen-month old child get away from home so quickly that he didn't hear his parents' voices calling him? Think of the chances of the small child walking among a herd of cattle and not getting injured. Nighttime temperatures in this area get down to the low fifties, and temperatures get as high as eighty-five degrees during the day. There was never mention of any injuries to Elmer.

The facts show no injuries and no hypothermia to Elmer. The toddler traveled four miles and wasn't found for eighteen hours. No predators injured the child, even though this is grizzly bear and mountain lion territory. He's later found among a cattle herd. Is this believable?

Diane Cox
Missing: 07/23/50 at 5:00 p.m.—Lowlands, Butte, MT
Age at Disappearance: 2 years
• Canines, Weather, Elevation Gain

The Lowlands is an area approximately eight miles north of Butte, Montana. The location is popular for camping, picnicking, and fishing. The area has, as its name suggests, lower-elevation mountains and valleys with slow-moving creeks.

On July 23, 1950, two-year-old Diane Cox went with her parents and five brothers and sisters to the Lowlands for a day of fishing and picnicking. The Cox family met Diane's uncle's family, the Johnsons, for the day's activities.

The day of fishing was successful, and the families made a dinner. At 5:00 p.m., the adults were cleaning the dishes when Mrs. Cox said she saw Diane walking toward the family car with her pillow in her hand. After a few minutes, she realized she couldn't find the young girl and asked both families to start looking. It wasn't long before the adults realized Diane wasn't in the area and called the local sheriff.

The response for search services from law enforcement was huge. Deputies from Deer Lodge, Powell, and Jefferson counties responded en masse. All available Montana Highway Patrol Units also came to the Lowlands to look for Diane.

Law enforcement and the families were in fear that the girl may have fallen into the creek and drowned, but the creek was searched thoroughly, and nothing was located. The search slowly spiraled out farther into areas with a low probability of the young girl wandering.

Searchers continued on-site and were in the field until the early hours of July 25. At approximately 3:00 a.m., Diane's uncle was with his dog, a canine Diane had played with almost the entire day. The dog showed interest in a craggy area, a location nobody believed Diane could reach. The July 25 edition of the *Great Falls Tribune* had these details: "She climbed a steep slope nearby and when later found herself alone and night coming on, took the case from her pillow, which she had carried with her, stretched it on the ground, lay on it and pulled the pillow over her. Scattered rose petals along her path gave searchers the clue to her whereabouts. Heavy fog had rolled in over the area and the atmosphere was chilly when Dianne was found this morning. Snow had fallen only a few miles away." Here is a quote from the article about the event in the July 25 edition of the *Montana Standard*: "Searchers had circled the vicinity in which she was eventually found but had believed that rocky trail could not possibly be traversed by the tiny child."

If we are to believe the articles, a two-year-old girl climbed a rocky trail nobody in the area believed she could climb. As she climbed this trail, she carried her pillow in one hand and dropped rose petals with the other. Is this plausible?

There was never any mention of Diane explaining her trip, other than a statement asking about her brothers and sisters. One article made note that searchers found bear tracks in the area where the girl was found. This is another case where there were 150 ground searchers on the scene and a family member found the victim.

I have written about many children who are found high up in elevation, on trails rescuers thought were impossible for them to travel and at distances rescuers believed they could never manage on their own. How are these children traveling into these areas?

Glacier National Park

The following two stories deal with disappearances that occurred at Glacier National Park, which is located at the far northwestern section of Montana adjacent to the Canadian border. The park is known for its outstanding beauty, remoteness, and grizzly bears.

There are a few interesting facts readers should know about the park:

- The park was established on May 11, 1910.
- It contains 131 named lakes.
- It contains 563 streams.
- The park consists of 1,012,837 acres.
- It boasts seventy-eight campgrounds.
- It contains six boat access points.
- There are 151 trails.
- Seventy-one mammals call the park home.
- There are twenty-four fish species in the lakes and streams.
- The park is home to 276 identified birds.
- It receives approximately two million visitors a year.

David Paul Wilson
Missing: 07/21/63—Glacier National Park, MT
Age at Disappearance: 21 years
• National Park, Intellect

In many of the cases I've documented in past books, disappearances involved college-age men with high intellect. David Wilson was going into his senior year at Wesleyan University in Delaware, Ohio (seventy miles south of Lake Erie). He was a smart young man.

In July 1963, the Glacier National Park Blister Rust Program employed David, along with his brother, Steven. The rust program dealt with White Pine, currants, and gooseberries inside the park's boundaries. The crew worked mainly Monday through Friday and had weekends to explore the area.

On July 19, David told the crew he wanted to climb Going-to-the-Sun Mountain via its west access. He told them he was going to do it on July 21 and be back that night.

Photo of the mountain

Going-to-the-Sun Mountain is a focal point in the park. It is 9,647 feet in elevation. The website enjoyyourparks.com has this information about the peak: "The Blackfoot Indians tell the story of Napi, their Sun God, who actually came down to Earth to help his people during a period of great misfortune. When his work was done, Napi began to climb Going-To-The-Sun-Mountain, and he was last seen on the upper cliffs as he disappeared back into the sun. And what is so amazing about this beautiful story is there is a large, permanent snow field on the east face of the mountain shaped exactly like the profile of an Indian wearing a large head dress."

On July 22, 1963, David didn't report to work with the rust crew. His friends remembered he'd planned to climb the mountain alone. They checked his room and found the bed hadn't been slept in the previous night. The National Park Service was notified of the missing crew member.

NPS immediately set a plan into place. They sent two teams up different routes to the summit. They knew David would probably take the western route, and that was one way they ascended. Both teams reached the summit and found the logbook that is permanently there. Once climbers reach the top of the mountain, most sign the book and leave a small note. It was never stated if David left a note, but he did sign the book, indicating he'd made the summit on July 21.

Park officials made a determination that they needed helicopters to cover the sides of the mountain and various locations around the base. A July 25, 1963, article in the *Daily Inter Lake* had an interesting summation of what happened next: "The second search team to be introduced to the search is a two-man helicopter unit from Johnson Flying Service, Missoula. High winds in the mountain area have forced delay in using the helicopter, but officials consider the 'chopper' will be in use sometime today." Weather hampered the search.

The park eventually got the use of the helicopter and notified hikers in the area to keep their eye open for any unusual sightings. After eight days of intensive search efforts, all search-and-recovery operations were terminated. David's father, Paul, thanked the park staff for their efforts. Steven, David's brother, had participated in search efforts and felt devastated that David wasn't found.

Various websites about climbing rate the mountain as a class three or class four for summiting. This means it can be difficult to moderate, and climbers may need to use a rope. The fact that a rope may be needed would make it difficult to hike alone.

Since David vanished, the park has made statements that they believe he might have perished in a crevasse. It has been more than fifty years with many droughts and with glaciers declining in size, and David's remains have never been reported. An August 1, 1964, article in the *Montana Daily Post* had an interesting headline for its story about David: "Fate of Mountain Climber Remains a Mystery." The article states that in the one year from the time David vanished, not one clue about what happened had been uncovered. The website bigskywords.com had a section on David's case and had these words about it: "He'd been a seasonal employee, and once again, the disappearance was never adequately explained."

I don't usually write about the disappearance of a climber, but this was different. This mountain is one *I* would probably take on. It is not that difficult, and the beauty is beyond belief. The height is under ten thousand, an elevation I am regularly at in Colorado. It is not that high, and it is manageable. When a local paper states that there is a mystery behind someone's disappearance, we need to pay attention.

Kenneth Gelston
Missing: 07/24/64—Glacier National Park, MT
Age at Disappearance: 22 years
• National Park, Intellect

This case will not appear on any databases as a missing person. All documents indicate that Kenneth Gelston was missing and presumed drowned.

Kenneth was raised in Long Beach, California, and attended Hamline University in Minnesota (eighty miles from Lake Superior). His academic achievements and great standing at the school earned him a scholarship to Stanford University Law School. All reports and articles indicated Kenneth was a brilliant young man who was liked by all.

After Kenneth completed high school, he obtained a job at Glacier National Park, working the summer and supplementing the dollars he'd need for college. He enjoyed the outdoor atmosphere and the work associated with the park and was invited back five years in a row.

In June 1964, Kenneth completed his first year at Stanford Law School, returned to Glacier, and accepted a park job as the auditor for the Rising Sun Motor Inn. He worked Monday through Friday and usually had at least one day off on the weekend to explore the park. During the summer of 1964, Kenneth's sister, Jane, also worked at the park as a waitress at the East Glacier Lodge.

On July 24, 1964, Kenneth invited a female friend who also worked in the park to hike with him to Saint Mary Falls. The falls sit almost at the base of Going-to-the-Sun Mountain at the far southwestern end of Saint Mary Lake. It's approximately a four-mile hike from the Saint Mary Campground to the falls trailhead and a 1.7-mile round-trip hike to the top. The falls hike has a 215-foot elevation gain and is classified as easy. The falls are gorgeous and tumble multiple levels over a fairly gradual decline. Some of the decline goes through rocky chutes that only add to the beauty.

Kenneth and his female friend arrived at the top of the falls. The young woman's name has never been made public by the park service, but she said they walked to an area off the trail near the water. Kenneth told her he was going to get a drink of water and look at the falls. The friend apparently turned away. The July 26, 1964, edition of the *Daily Inter Lake* had these specifics of what happened: "Gelston was getting a drink of water or attempting to look over St. Mary Falls when he let out a scream. That was the last his companion heard of him. Gelston's companion went to Sun Point and reported the accident to a naturalist there."

Rangers immediately responded to the incident and had the young woman show them where she had heard the scream. They put employees at the bottom of the falls and also installed a screen to ensure they would catch the body if it floated downstream.

In the following days, the park service contacted the Flathead County Sheriff SCUBA Team. The group went into the water below where Kenneth allegedly fell and cleared trees that were blocking the water and blown down, searched pools of water, and cleared the path down to the bottom. Once the pools at the bottom were cleared, canoes combed the surface, looking for personal property and clothing of Kenneth's. They found nothing. In total, four divers worked as teams to clear all areas.

Once Kenneth's parents heard of the incident, they traveled to Glacier and monitored the activity. The seven-day search for the law student produced no evidence that he was in the water. The National Park Service terminated the SAR with an August 1 announcement that they had nowhere else to search. The grates at the bottom of the river had caught nothing. Divers in the water had seen nothing. The logjams in the river had caught nothing. The park service made the following statement in an August 1, 1964, article in the *Montana Daily Post*: "This week the search for Kenneth W. Gelston, 22, Long Beach, Calif., was postponed. Gelston is presumed drowned after plunging over St. Mary's Falls a week ago. The search was halted because of high water and dangerous conditions below the falls."

I am one for absolute clarity. Nobody saw Kenneth go over the falls. I have spoken to many people about this case and remember several stories of others who fell in the presence of others. It is extremely rare that someone screams as they fall; they are usually too busy trying to grab hold of something to stop the fall. I am not implying in the least that his companion had anything to do with the fall, but I will remind readers that I have documented many suspicious instances where people fell under unusual circumstances when nobody was watching, as in this case. I think that if someone were pushed from a secure position on a cliff or ledge, that sudden jerk might cause the victim to yell or scream.

It's an odd coincidence that the two incidents I document here about young men missing in Glacier National Park both occurred on or in the shadow of the same mountain. Both were college-age men, and both had siblings also employed in the park. Neither was ever found. Kenneth disappeared almost exactly one year to the day from when David Wilson vanished. Considering the size of the park, the location of these incidents is an odd coincidence.

Patton Seifert
Missing: 02/23/79—Taylor Fork, Gallatin County, MT
Age at Disappearance: 29 years
• PhD Student in Physics, Intellect, Weather

In past books I have made an association between extremely brilliant people who have vanished under unusual circumstances. One of the categories I have centered on is physics. I have chronicled several physicists who have vanished and never been found and students getting their doctoral degrees in physics who were killed under highly strange circumstances.

Patton Seifert's friends knew her as Pat. She graduated from Ellis High School in Pittsburgh and went on to get her bachelor's and master's degrees from Carnegie Mellon University (eighty-five miles south of Lake Erie). The student's professors considered her brilliant. She applied to Montana State University in Bozeman for their physics doctoral program and was accepted. She was in the final year of her three-year studies.

Dates differ on when Pat left on a well-organized cross-country ski trip into the Taylor Fork area of Gallatin County, Montana. The trip started either February 20 or February 23. This location is just two miles west of the border of Yellowstone National Park and ten miles northwest of the Wyoming border. Friends and family stated that Pat knew this area of Montana extremely well. She had years of experience as a backpacker and cross-country skier.

The trip was supposed to be only two to three days; then she'd be back at school. When she didn't come back, officials started a search. There were theories that Pat extended the trip to watch the total solar eclipse on February 26, something her friends said she may have done.

The search consisted of airplanes, snowmobiles, friends on skis, and a multitude of other resources. The Gallatin County sheriff reported finding her poles on a downhill grade. They searched that area extensively and found nothing additional. A March 10, 1979, article in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* had these details about the effort to find Pat: "Her father, William A. Seifert Jr. of Oakland, said the search for his daughter had to be called off last Sunday because of heavy snowfall that hampered the search and made the possibility of survival remote."

Officials said conditions were ideal when Pat left for her trip. There was a twenty-five-inch snowpack with perfect weather. Sheriff John Onstad said he believed Pat had traversed into Wapati, Cache, or Sage Creek. They weren't quite sure where she was or how she could've gone on much farther without her ski poles.

The search for the student resumed in late March. On April 1, a team found Pat's body. There was very little released about where or how the body was found and nothing about what she was or wasn't wearing. The sheriff stated that he believed she had died of hypothermia, but I could not find a coroner's statement on the cause of death.

Here is another instance where weather played a major role in the search and another case where a brilliant student wasn't found on an initial search, yet some equipment was located.

Nevada

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Donald Peckham	04/16/1908—a.m. • 5 • NV
F /Kathy Simon	05/29/77—Noon • 15 • NV

Donald Peckham
Missing: 04/16/1908—a.m.—American Flat, NV
Age: 5 years
• Elevation Gain, Distance Traveled

Dozens of times in past Missing 411 books I have documented children who disappeared and were found miles from where they were last seen and hundreds of feet higher in elevation. This case involves extremes both in distance traveled and in elevation climbed.

Donald Peckham was the five-year-old son of James Peckham, a well-known man who worked for the attorney general of Nevada. On April 16, 1908, Donald was staying with his grandparents in an area known as American Flat, two miles south of Virginia City. The area has barren, rolling hills and is known for dozens of abandoned mines. Virginia City is a popular tourist location built atop an old mine where they still give tours.

An April 18, 1908, article in the *Oregon Daily Journal* stated that the young boy had wandered and had become lost looking for a rabbit. Another April 18, 1908, article, this time in the *Reno Gazette* said Donald was staying with his grandparents in American Flat and had gone for a walk with his grandpa. The article stated, "Thursday morning he left his grandmother's house with his grandfather, Pete Kenney for a tramp along the Virginia and Truckee railroad track, but became tired and started back toward the house. His grandfather watched him until he was nearly to the house and then turned and walked away (Point of separation). When he returned home in less than an hour, he was informed by Mrs. Kenney that the child had not come back and he realized, as did the grandmother, that the baby was lost in the hills or was lying crushed and bleeding at the bottom of some deserted mining shaft."

The Kenney's immediately started to search the area and called for additional assistance from Virginia City. Hundreds of people responded and built campfires throughout the county in an effort to attract Donald's attention. Donald's parents were also notified, and they arrived early that first night.

The community felt that Donald must've fallen into one of the mineshafts littered throughout the hills, as he was never spotted walking on any of the barren ground between American Flat and Virginia City. Volunteers from Reno, Carson City, and Washoe County continued to filter into the search area for the first thirty-six hours.

There were several predominant spots in the area of Donald's disappearance that garnered attention from searchers. Since Donald wasn't going to any of the dozens of huge campfires burning during nighttime hours, they were a bit puzzled about where he may be going, if he was still walking. The average temperature for April in Virginia City varies from fifty-eight degrees in the daytime to thirty-six degrees at night. The higher one went in altitude, the colder the temperature would be.

If Donald traveled north from his grandmother's house, he would have had to walk by the small city of Gold Hill. Nobody saw the child walking in that area, however. If he walked southeast and followed the roads, he would have arrived in Silver City; again, nobody reported seeing Donald.

Two days after the boy disappeared, there were still no reports of a sighting, and no tracks were found anywhere in the area. Early on the morning of April 18, James Peckham summoned other searchers and decided to hike one of the highest mountains in the area, Mount Davidson, where he hoped to get a good view of the surrounding region.

Virginia City sits at the base of Mount Davidson. Virginia City has an elevation of 6,148 feet, and at the summit, Mount Davidson's elevation is 7,864 feet. This means there is an elevation gain of 1,716 feet from the city to the summit.

At 7:30 a.m. on the morning of April 18, searchers reached the summit of Mount Davidson. There was an old flagpole at this location, and they walked toward it. As they got close, they were shocked to see a body huddled at the bottom. It was Donald Peckham. The April 18, 1908, article in the *Oregon Daily* had these details: "The sad story of a 5 year old boy who tramped 12 miles through the hills in search of a pet rabbit and then fell dead from thirst and hunger is unfolded through the discovery today of the lifeless body on the summit of Mt. Davidson." The April 18, 1908, edition of the *Reno Gazette* had this detail: "The searchers did not believe that the child had climbed Mt. Davidson, that bleak peak that towers more than 2000 feet above Virginia City, but not wishing to overlook even this lonesome spot, men climbed the hill and about 7:30 o'clock came upon the body of the little wanderer, cold in death, but appearing to be only asleep."

As I've mentioned before, search-and-rescue teams use tables to set search grids. One of the books used by these teams, *Lost Person Behavior*, was written by Robert Koester. Koester states that a four-to six-year-old child lost in mountainous terrain will be found in 2.3 miles or less 95 percent of the time. If that same child went uphill, he or she would be found under 1,303 feet in gained elevation 95 percent of the time. Donald Peckham traveled at least 1,800 feet uphill from his grandparents' residence in American Flat and, according to news articles, traveled at least twelve miles. Nobody walks straight up a mountain; thus, the distances traveled may be far greater than stated. I encourage readers to look at a map and study the terrain. These are barren mountains where a small boy should have been seen by searchers as he moved through the area. Considering there were hundreds of searchers in the area, it is shocking that nobody saw Donald.

It's one thing to look at the terrain on a map and develop an opinion about whether something is possible. When searchers at the location state they don't believe Donald could've climbed that mountain, I defer to their opinion.

Kathy Simon
Missing: 05/29/77—noon—Table Top Mountain, NV
Age at Disappearance: 15 years
- Elevation, Distance

When I read the headline "Missing Girl Simply Vanished" about a fifteen-year-old who disappeared in the Cottonwood Creek area of Table Top Mountain, I paid attention. The June 4, 1977, edition of the *Reno Gazette* contained the story. The same article had more interesting details: "'It's a mystery,' Clark added. 'We had two dogs out there today and they have lost all scent up there.'" At this point, the story had me hooked, and the research started.

Kathy Simon was a sophomore at Mineral County High School in Hawthorne, Nevada, and lived in Babbitt with her mom and stepfather, Ray Eden. She was a member of the local First Baptist Church and a cadet with the Civil Air Patrol, an organization involved with many search-and-rescue missions I have documented in my books.

On Memorial Day weekend 1977, the family decided to head north to Cottonwood Creek on the south side of Table Top Mountain for a weekend of fishing. The family drove with a group of local families, who camped in the region near the mountain. Their exact camping location was never given, but a map shows the spot where the dirt road ends at the creek, a place they probably camped.

On May 29, Kathy's mom and stepdad left early to go fishing, while Kathy stayed in camp. She was an experienced camper and enjoyed fishing. The parents arrived back in camp at noon and could not locate Kathy. They searched the region with other friends, called her name, and kept searching farther out toward the creek. At 11:00 p.m., the family drove into town and notified the Nye County Sheriff. The formal search and rescue was organized on May 30, and sixty people arrived on the scene.

The sheriff was able to rally ground searchers from Tonopah, Pahrump, and Gabbs. He also obtained assistance from the US Forest Service, helicopters from Nellis Air Force Base that were equipped with FLIR, Nevada Civil Air Patrol planes, Washoe County Jeep Squadron, and the Douglas County Sheriff's Posse.

The same article quoted in the first paragraph had these details of searchers' efforts: "Monday, searchers discovered footsteps of Kathy Simon, 15 of Babbitt. They were followed eight miles to the 10,000 foot elevation of Table Top Mountain in the Monitor Mountain Range. The tracks indicated she started back down but we lost them in the middle of Cottonwood Canyon because the ground became frozen, said Nevada Highway Patrolman Bob Clark, who is Nevada's assistant search and rescue coordinator." This interesting statement was made seven days after Kathy vanished. There was snow at the upper elevations and warmth lower. She was going higher in elevation when all she had to do was follow water downstream to the campsite.

The sheriff kept upping the professionalism of the people on scene. He acquired two hundred professional trackers, thirty marines from the Mountain Warfare Training Center in Bridgeport, multiple teams of bloodhounds, and the Sierra Madre Search and Rescue Team, supplemented by the Los Padres Mountain Search Team. The two search teams were developing a psychological profile of the victim to aid in the search effort. The sheriff also brought in scuba teams to search beaver ponds and deep bodies of water.

A June 7, 1977, article in the *Reno Gazette* had this update from searchers who believed they found Kathy's path: "The trail led southeast off the east ridge of Cottonwood Canyon, 80 miles northeast of Tonopah." This is significant, as it indicates they believed Kathy had climbed her way out of the canyon and started traveling east into no-man's-land. This information was developed with the assistance of professional trackers and bloodhounds. The searchers apparently exhausted that path and shut down the formal search effort that night. A scattering of some SAR personnel stayed on-site for a few more days, but the formal effort to find Kathy was essentially over.

As is common in many SAR efforts where the victim is not found, there are usually some local people who are disturbed by the event and keep searching. A June 20, 1977, article in the *Las Vegas Sun* had these facts that closed the Kathy Simon case: "The body of Kathy Simon, 15, missing since May 29 in the rugged Table Mountain area 80 miles north of here, was found Saturday near the top of Cottonwood Canyon. Nye County Undersheriff Art Sorensen said the girl, clad in light clothing apparently died of exposure in the high snow-covered area. The body was found by two men who had continued to look for her after an intensive organized search ended after two weeks."

I can't tell you how many times I've read SAR where thorough searches were made of a specific area only for a recovery to be made weeks later that contradicts everything that makes any sense, many times the victim was found in a region searched dozens of times. Remember, I just said the best searchers from North America stated she had climbed out of the canyon and walked east; several weeks later, she was found at the top of the canyon.

If Kathy was found at the top of the canyon, this leads to dozens of questions. Everyone knows water flows downhill. She was found at the top of the canyon, and her family was camped on the creek downstream from where she was found. Why not simply walk down to camp? The article never made any mention of her injuries, clothing or shoes worn, and so on. If she was found in the snow, as the article stated, why didn't she walk downhill to warmer temperatures?

I'm someone who trusts the nose of a trained bloodhound, but many trained bloodhounds were on scene, and not one could track Kathy—why? Helicopters with FLIR flew the area; why didn't they pick up her body? Various articles stated there were as many as two hundred professional trackers involved in the effort to locate the girl, so why couldn't they track her steps, even if the ground was frozen?

Kathy was a cadet with the Nevada Civil Air Patrol, which teaches safety and is involved in a multitude of SAR efforts. Why didn't Kathy stay in one place, as SAR teams teach members of the public?

Think about everything that failed in this event:

- Bloodhounds
- Helicopters with FLIR
- Two hundred professional searchers
- Ground teams
- Kathy's common sense to walk downhill
- Planes flying the sky
- Thirty marines from the Mountain Warfare Facility

This is a very difficult case to understand, as it doesn't make sense that scent, tracks, FLIR, and professional searchers all failed to find the victim. I don't believe that all these tools failed.

New Hampshire

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Ernest Whitcomb	11/27/61 • 79 • NH
M /James Foley	07/10/88 at 8:00 p.m. • 21 • NH

Ernest Whitcomb
Missing: 11/27/61—Lancaster, New Hampshire
Age at Disappearance: 79 years
• Hunter, Weather, Disability

Since I first started to write Missing 411 books, few cases have occurred in New Hampshire. This incident happened in an area between Lancaster and Jefferson. Lancaster is located in the far northwestern portion of the state and sits adjacent to the Israel and Connecticut Rivers. The city of Jefferson sits just southeast, with the small tourist attraction of Santa's Village sitting between the cities. The mountains around these cities are lush with thick forests.

Ernest Whitcomb was a seventy-nine-year-old resident of Lancaster. He loved the outdoors and hunting. During my research for my last book, *Missing 411: Hunters*, I came across dozens of articles telling of hunters who were accidentally killed by other hunters, people who didn't adequately see their target and shot wildly into the woods or individuals who didn't use proper safety precautions and had accidental discharges. I never thought I'd write about a victim of an accidental shooting until I started the research on Ernest. In 1957, Ernest was hunting when another hunter accidentally shot him in the back; miraculously, he survived. The wound left him slightly unsteady on his feet, but he was able enough to hunt and work his way through the woods.

On November 27, 1961, Ernest went back into the woods near his home to hunt deer. He told his wife he'd be back late that afternoon or early evening. He never returned. Mrs. Mary Whitcomb contacted the New Hampshire District Conservation Department and reported her husband as missing. District Chief Paul Doherty took charge of the search and immediately got one hundred community members and twenty-five National Guard servicemen to assist in the search. A December 6, 1961, article in the *Portsmouth Herald* detailed what searchers faced: "The old man went into the woods just two days before a heavy snowstorm, accompanied by sub freezing temperatures. Nearly 100 men tramped through the woods hunting for him but had to give up the search because of deep snow. Mild weather and rain have melted much of the snow cover, however, and the search was resumed in the hope of finding some trace of the old man."

The district conservation department's chief made the call to terminate the search on November 30. On May 13, 1962, there was another event related to Ernest's disappearance, which is documented in a May 14, 1962, article in the *Nashua Telegraph*: "A helicopter yesterday made the last official search for the man. The National Guard copter closely covered 2500 acres in the area where Whitcomb disappeared. District Conservation Chief Paul Doherty said the search was unsuccessful and no further organized effort would be made."

This is another incident where an older man entered the woods, and searchers couldn't find any of his equipment, his rifle, or his clothing. Ernest has never been found.

James Foley
Missing: 07/10/88 at 8:00 p.m.—Pemigewasset Wilderness, NH
Age at Disappearance: 21 years
- Canines, Disabled, Exposure, Area Previously Searched

Twenty-one-year-old James Foley from Milton, Massachusetts, suffered from depression and short-term memory loss. He hadn't gone on many journeys into the wilderness prior to taking a trip with friends in July 1988.

David and Jim Skinner, twenty-one-year-old twins, joined James and their friend Thomas Harris for an overnight camping trip. The foursome started their journey on July 10, 1988, by taking the Wilderness Trail into the Pemigewasset Wilderness Area. They were hiking through the White Mountain National Forest to the 13 Falls Campground. This location is approximately twenty miles west of Maine in New Hampshire and eight miles northeast of Lincoln.

The group arrived after a strenuous eight-mile hike and spent the night. The following morning, they had breakfast and started the walk out. They decided they would separate into two different two-man groups for the journey out. James was in the first pairing.

The duo hadn't hiked long when James started to fall behind. He was carrying a duffel bag with warm clothing and a sleeping bag. James dropped far behind his partner, eventually meeting up with the second group. He then got separated from this group and was on his own (Point of separation). They told him they'd meet him at the trailhead. James never made it. His friends called authorities at 8:00 p.m. and reported him as a missing person.

New Hampshire State Fish and Game Wardens took the lead on the search. The first formal day of the SAR was July 11, and searchers covered more than thirty miles of trails. Initial reports stated that they believed James probably had made it to a roadway and hitchhiked home.

Four different canine teams were brought in to locate a scent. They also utilized the Civil Air Patrol, an army helicopter scoured the wilderness zone, and many volunteer searchers covered the ground.

On July 19 at 1:35 p.m., a searcher found James's body in a dry spot in the middle of a muddy, swampy area. A July 20, 1988, article in *The Telegraph* had these details: "But fish and game Major Henry Mock said a renewed search Tuesday in a new area did not pay off and that the body was found in the original search area." Then there were these details in the July 20, 1988, edition of the *Lewiston Daily Sun*: "Fish and Game Lt. David Hewitt said at the scene that the body was found at about 1:35 p.m. He said it was in a swamp off the Franconia Brook Trail about 2 ½ miles from the group's campground." Later in the same article was this: "He estimated that he personally walked by the spot where the body was found at least four times." Searchers described the area as very dense and thick. A July 19, 1988, article on UPI.com had the most in-depth statement on the search result: "The area had been searched repeatedly by dozens of volunteers and state and federal warden who scoured the wilderness with the use of planes, helicopters and dogs for more than a week." There was no doubt that James was found in an area that had been searched many times.

The coroner stated that there were no injuries to James's body and estimated that he died on July 10 or 11 from exposure. This means he died the day he disappeared or the day after. How could this happen? He had a bag full of warm clothes and a sleeping bag.

How did multiple canine teams miss the young man? He was found on a dry patch of ground, meaning he should've been visible from the air. How did air support miss him? The body would've stuck out under FLIR. Was his body even there while the search was underway?

I've described identical situations hundreds of times. This cannot be just a coincidence. Readers of my past books know how often this happens. It is a situation one can almost forecast.

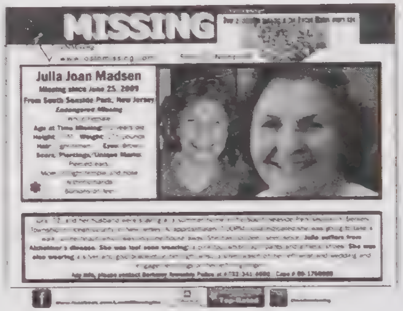
A reporter for the *Huffington Post* wrote an article subtitled "Never Be Last in Line" about one of my books. It would appear that if one is first or last in a line of hikers and gets out of sight, there is a much greater chance of him or her disappearing—thus the title. This is exactly what happened to James.

I really don't wish to blame anyone involved in this incident for James's disappearance. I've been on the trail hundreds and hundreds of times. You get into a rhythm, and it's difficult to slow yourself to stay with friends. There are few searchers who understand the factors I lay out in the books, although that number is increasing daily.

New Jersey

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
F /Julia Madsen	06/25/09 at 7:00 p.m. • 72 • NJ

Julia Madsen
Missing: 06/25/09 at 7:00 p.m.—Berkeley Township, NJ
Age at Disappearance: 72 years
• Early Dementia, No Scent Trail



MISSING

Julia Joan Madsen
Missing since June 25, 2009
From South Seaside Park, New Jersey
Endangered Missing

Julia Madsen

When I first started to conduct the background research on this incident, the third line in the first article I read in the August 23, 2009, edition of *The Record* was this: "It's like she was abducted by aliens." This statement was made by the victim's forty-seven-year-old son. When someone says something along those lines, it gets my attention.

In June 2009, Julia and Ed Madsen had just celebrated fifty years of marriage and Julia's seventy-second birthday. It had been a busy month. Ed had a background of managing a series of high-profile restaurants in the New Jersey area, and the couple lived in Clifton. Their son, Guy, was a successful software salesman and also lived in Clifton but had purchased a beach home on Twenty-Second Avenue in Berkeley Township just east of Toms River. It was a very quaint community on a thin peninsula surrounded on two sides by water.

Julia and Ed were staying at Guy's beach house on Thursday, June 25, 2009. At approximately 5:00 p.m., the couple went to the local market and purchased groceries. This excursion was confirmed by detectives, who reviewed the store's CCTV. They left the store, drove to the beach house, and unloaded their supplies.

At approximately 6:45 p.m., Julia walked over to Ed, gave him a kiss, said she loved him, and told him she was taking a walk on the beach. This behavior was completely normal. Ed couldn't walk well, and Julia was the one who took walks and rode her bike. Eighteen months prior to this date, Julia had been diagnosed with early onset Alzheimer's disease. In her case, the disease was progressing very slowly. She still drove to pick up her grandkids, went to the store, and took walks regularly. She had never gotten lost or shown any behavior that indicated her inability to care for herself. The family actually had made a YouTube video to express their understanding of her behavior and how natural and safe it was for her to walk alone.

Guy's residence was the second home in from the beach in a vacation-home area. Ed sat in the house and watched television. At approximately 8:20 p.m., when Julia hadn't returned, Ed went out to look for her. He couldn't see her on the beach, so he got into his vehicle and drove the area. At 9:00 p.m., Ed called the police.

That first night, several local police officers woke neighbors, knocked on doors, and searched the beach and roadways. They found nothing. The following day, the New Jersey State Police put up helicopters, placed multiple canine teams on the ground, and continued to canvass the neighborhoods. They checked local hotels for sex offenders and also queried the local sex registrant database. Nothing seemed to be panning out. The June 25, 2010, edition of *New Jersey Advance Media* reported, "In days immediately after she vanished, firefighters conducted a 'grid search' on foot of the three thousand acre Island Beach State Park, their efforts augmented by dogs and ATVs." They again found nothing with this methodical search. After three days of searching the peninsula, there was nothing else to search, and efforts were terminated. Family members were frustrated and confused at the complete lack of evidence. The June 24, 2014, edition of the *Asbury Park Press* contained this statement from Bernice Madsen, Julia's sister: "'I don't know how someone can disappear off the face of the Earth without somebody seeing something. There are no answers for us.'"

It has now been many years since Julia vanished. Police never found one witness who saw her after she left Guy's house.

I have written extensively about Alzheimer's victims in past books. Much of the public wishes to discount these disappearances as happening to people who have lost their minds. This is a wrong assumption. Julia had her wits and had only the early onset of the disease. I have documented cases where these victims disappear from their own kitchen, backyard, and ranch and are never found. None of this makes any sense.

The police originally believed she went into the water for a swim. She could swim, but her family said she would not have gone near the water. The police and coast guard did watch the water for weeks after the disappearance and again found nothing. There were also theories that maybe she walked into some type of crime and was killed for what she saw. The police have said there is no evidence of an abduction. Here is an elderly lady walking the beach, not the roadway. I seriously doubt she would have seen something worth killing her as she strolled the sand.

The geographical area where Julia vanished has significance to me. In *Missing 411: Hunters*, I wrote of a case twenty-five miles southwest of Toms River where a hunter vanished in the Wharton State Forest. Searchers found his dog in his truck parked near his hunting blind. There was a large search, and the man was never found. The missing hunter was seventy-four years old, just two years older than Julia.

While Alzheimer's may account for a person disappearing, it does not explain why we can't find her. Even years after the disappearance, the remains of the body will be in a field or forest. People strolling the area months after the incident should've smelled decomposing flesh. In all the cases I have documented, none of this has ever been encountered. I am at a loss to explain what may be happening to these elderly people. It is not as if they are young athletes who could walk for miles through rain and snow. The majority of these victims are older, frail, and afraid.

New Mexico

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Bobby Martinez	08/18/56 at 2:00 p.m. • 11 • NM
M /David Stone	10/31/88 • 29 • NM
M /James Chatman	06/20/02 at 4:40 p.m. • 46 • NM
F /Crystal Tuggle	06/20/02 at 4:30 p.m. • 20 • NM
F /Audrey Kaplan	07/30/14 at 11:30 a.m. • 75 • NM

Bobby Martinez

Bobby Martinez

Bobby Martinez
Missing: 08/18/56 at 2:00 p.m.—Pecos Wilderness, NM
Age at Disappearance: 11 years

- Distance Traveled, Weather, Canines, Loss of Shoes, Cluster Zone

This case hits on almost every profile point we have described in the Missing 411 series. The incident occurred in the Pecos Wilderness, which, along with the surrounding area, is an identified geographical cluster zone of missing people.

Ben Martinez, Bobby's father, was a teacher where the family lived in Santa Fe. Ben; Bobby's mother, Flo; and Bobby traveled from their residence along with eleven other families to spend a weekend in the mountains at Windsor Ranch. The location of the property was two miles east of Cowles and twenty miles northeast of Santa Fe.

On Saturday, August 18, 1956, the group decided to walk to the Pecos River. The flow of the river was low that year and probably would have reached only to Bobby's knees. The group was on their way back from the water when a violent thunderstorm hit, sending them under trees for shelter. It was very heavy rain and hail that went on for an extensive period of time. Bobby was separated from his mom and dad and under a tree with a group of kids and a blind Santa Fe attorney, Albert Gonzales. Bobby knew this area very well and told the group they were just a mile from the ranch. He said he'd run up and get transportation to come back for the group. The boy ran past his parents, who called out to him. He had his head down and was running toward the ranch.

After several minutes, the rain subsided, and the group made their way through the mud back to their cabins. Once they arrived, they realized Bobby had never made it back, and nobody on the property had seen him.

Ben and Flo Martinez grabbed a few of the ranch horses and made their way out to look for their boy. They rode for several hours and made it back to the ranch, expecting Bobby to be there. The boy still had not returned.

As darkness hit, the decision was made to notify the sheriff and state police and obtain formal assistance in the search. The local sheriff arrived quickly, followed by members of the New Mexico State Police. The day following the disappearance, the sheriff called for the Civil Air Patrol. They initially went into the sky but determined that downdrafts were too severe and grounded their planes. The sheriff now contacted Kirtland Air Force Base and requested air support. The base sent the 4925th Atomic Test Group, which included a helicopter and four-man support team. The air force also sent a tanker truck to refuel the chopper. An August 20, 1956, article in the *Albuquerque Tribune* had these details regarding weather: "Soaking rains and some hail drenched the high mountain country frequently after his disappearance. Temperature dip uncomfortably low in those high elevations at this time of year."

It's important to reflect on the situation Bobby was now in. He'd left an area to get assistance in a driving thunderstorm. The boy was wet to the core. Temperatures at night were near freezing. It would seem impossible to avoid getting hypothermia under these conditions.

Four days after the disappearance, two additional resources joined the search. The Pueblo Indians sent trackers to the scene to see if they could assist. An August 22, 1956, article in the *Clovis News* reported, "Bloodhounds were thrown into the search Tuesday when a series of thunderstorms and showers slacked off so that animals could pickup a scent. But they failed to find any trace of the boy who disappeared Saturday afternoon."

There were many rumors that Bobby was seen around the ranch after the run he made to get assistance. There were also rumors that he ran away. All the rumors were totally false.

Searchers from Santa Fe and the surrounding region joined the hunt for Bobby. There were as many as 150 ground searchers, coupled with an air force helicopter, Air National Guard planes, New Mexico Fish and Game workers, and equestrian teams.

State police spokesman Joe Roach stated that it was the educated opinion of outdoorsmen in the area that Bobby could not have survived more than twenty-four hours in the environment.

Eight days after the search started, it was terminated. Nobody believed Bobby could have survived that long, and nobody believed he was anywhere in the search area. New Mexico Fish and Game wardens stated they would stay in the area several days with a small crew and continue to search. On August 26, everyone went home.

On September 2, 1956, three fisherman entered the Pecos Wilderness to fish an extremely remote area they had traveled before. Reports suggest the fisherman were between seven and a half and eight miles from where Bobby was last seen. They were in a narrow canyon with straight rock walls when they came across the boy's body. They found him half lying in the Rio De Los Perro creek, wearing only pants and a shirt. Bobby had been gone fifteen days.

New Mexico State game wardens recovered the body and took it for autopsy. A September 4, 1956, article in the *Las Vegas Daily* had this information about the body:

> Almost immediately there developed a dispute over how long the boy had been dead. State Policeman Chester Bevridge and L.E. Salazar believed young Bobby died within 48 hours after he disappeared. But during the inquest hearing, Dr. R.C. Derbyshire who performed an autopsy said it was possible the boy might have been alive within 48 hours of the time he was found. The body was not in a bad shape of decomposition but Bevridge said the boy had fallen and died in a tree shaded spot where sun reached

> it only for a few minutes each day and that temperatures had remained cool, dropping below freezing at night.

The doctor ruled the cause of death as starvation and hypothermia. In the same article quoted above was this about the area where Bobby was found: "The body was found about 7.5 miles from the place where the boy was last seen. He had walked into higher and denser woodland."

A September 3, 1956, article in the *Albuquerque Journal* further described the area where Bobby was located: "Gallegos stated [area game warden] the body was found beside the Rio De Los Perros, a tiny mountain stream in one of the most rugged and remote sections of the sprawling Pecos Wilderness." Later in the same article, "Gallegos said the body was found in an area of almost sheer box canyons and heavy brush and blown down timber. He said the area had not been searched to his knowledge because the theory that no one would enter that type of terrain. He said the body was in an area that would take an experienced mountain man at least a day to reach." The game warden made a very key statement later in the article that furthered the mystery: "Gallegos said that the route the boy must have taken would have brought him right around a public campground which during most of the summer have been filled with campers."

After Bobby was found, reporters interviewed New Mexico State Police Sergeant I. E. Salazar because of his vast experience of the area. A September 4, 1956, article in the *Albuquerque Journal* had his statement: "Salazar said, Old timers along the Pecos told me the boy couldn't have picked any rougher or more remote place to get lost. That was probably why he wasn't located in the general search."

This is a very disturbing story because of the consequences. If we are to believe the medical examiner, Bobby was alive well after the search for him was terminated. This means people gave up on the boy while he was still wandering. The state police officers had a good point, however. I doubt a grown man could survive freezing rains over a weeklong period when the temperatures at night got near freezing. If a man couldn't survive this without cover and protection, how would Bobby?

One of the key points to me was what Bobby wasn't wearing, shoes. How could anyone travel eight miles in extremely rough terrain without shoes and without escalating his chances of hypothermia setting in quickly? A September 3, 1956, article in the *Las Cruces Sun* had another statement from game warden Gallegos: "He said the area was thought to be so impassible that no one would have entered it." The area was described by many as being a box canyon with walls. Bobby knew this wasn't the direction back to the ranch. It's extremely hard to comprehend why or whether he traveled that route voluntarily.

Bloodhounds never picked up his scent. This is a centerpiece of almost every story I have written in the past.

If Bobby lived for almost two weeks, he would've had to be under some type of cover and had warmth. There were multiple days and nights of rain and hail followed by freezing temperatures. When your clothes are wet, you need warmth. Where would he have obtained this?

If we work under the state's theory that he died the first or second night, this means he traveled eight miles across some of the toughest terrain in New Mexico without shoes. Does this make any sense?

The search-and-rescue manual says that a child from ten to twelve years old will be found in mountainous terrain in under 5.6 miles from the point last seen 95 percent of the time. This means Bobby was far outside any standard search-and-rescue grid.

If local fish and game wardens state it was their opinion that nobody would ever enter the canyon where Bobby was eventually found, I'll take that opinion to the bank. They made the statement for a reason. The area must've been treacherous.

David Stone
Missing: 10/31/88—Rodeo, NM
Age at Disappearance: 29 years

- Cluster Zone, Boulders, Loss of Clothing and Shoes

When I was a police officer, I was fortunate to have been placed on many teams that pursued some of the most dangerous criminals in the San Francisco Bay area. One of the investigative tools we routinely used was mapping crime locations. You can learn a lot from mapping the places chosen by serial bank robbers, rapists, burglars, and so on. When I first started researching missing people, I began mapping their locations. I will tell you now: the location of this incident is key to understanding the bigger picture.

Rodeo, New Mexico, is almost directly on the Arizona border. The location where the victim's vehicle was located was fourteen miles south of Road Forks and Highway 80. Go to Google Maps and draw a line fourteen miles south from the listed intersection. Next, draw a line fourteen miles west into Arizona and see where it terminates. The location is just south of Chiricahua National Monument, a location where I have documented three people who have disappeared and were never found. It's the one location in the entire United States where an on-duty National Park Ranger disappeared and was never found (See Missing 411- Western United States for details). As best as I can determine, David Stone disappeared in the shadow of the monument or possibly was heading directly for it when something happened.

David Stone was accepted to the University of Texas at El Paso, where he was an outstanding student and football player. He was on the school's varsity football team and played linebacker. In his final year, David made the Western Athletic Conference All-Academic Team, a huge accomplishment. He was known as totally fearless, and others described him as the "fearless commando." He graduated from school and in 1982 went into financial consulting and the stockbroker business. He was a very successful businessman, yet he wanted to find something else in life. In May 1988, David moved to San Diego to study writing.

On October 28 or 29, 1988 (dates vary, according to sources), David left his San Diego home in his late-model Buick for his best friend's wedding in El Paso, Texas. The man getting married, Steve Haskins, had chosen David as his best man. At the end of the first night of traveling, David checked in to the Golden Six Motel in Eloy, Arizona. At 10:22 p.m., he obtained $200 from an ATM in Tucson. At just after 4:00 a.m., David got gas. There is a significant gap in time at this point, and nobody knows how the trip to El Paso got derailed or where he went between getting the money and refueling his car.

On October 31, Larry Rivers was driving a dirt road near Highway 80 near Rodeo, New Mexico, when he came across David Stone walking along the shoulder. It was an unusual encounter, since there were no other vehicles in sight, and it was odd seeing someone so far from a city. David was wearing shorts and a T-shirt and carrying a walking stick. Larry drove up alongside David and asked what he was doing out here. In an extremely no-nonsense, straight-faced statement, David said, “I’m looking for the beast.” Larry accepted the oddity of the answer and drove away as David continued walking down the desolate road.

After the investigation into David’s disappearance got rolling, two witnesses who lived in this area came forward. Pat and Ted Hagen own a ranch house close to the highway. Early on the morning of November 2, Ted was taking cows to auction when he saw David walking on the shoulder of Highway 80 toward Road Forks. Pat saw him later in the day heading the same direction and carrying a backpack, the only witness saying he had the pack. Temperatures in this area got as high as the low eighties during the day and into the high twenties at night. Later in the investigation, law enforcement found witnesses who reported David standing on the side of Highway 80 staring at Granite Peak, writing or drawing in a notepad.

When David didn’t make it to Steve’s wedding, alarm bells started going off. Steve went forward with the wedding but put off the honeymoon to help with finding his friend. David’s dad, Harry Stone, started calling every sheriff’s office between San Diego and El Paso. Mr. Stone asked them to look for his son’s car. David was now reported as a missing person.

Soon after David was reported as missing, Hidalgo County sheriffs in western New Mexico found David’s car parked at an odd angle fourteen miles south of the intersection of Highway 80 and Road Forks. Soon after the car was found, the SAR was set in motion, as is explained in the April 14, 1992, article in the *Prescott Courier*: “Airplanes, Bloodhounds and ground teams scoured the countryside between Rodeo and Roadforks in New Mexico’s

Bootheel near the Arizona State line." The leader of the Hidalgo County Search and Rescue team was Ralph Dawdy. The April 12, 1992, edition of the *Albuquerque Journal* had his feelings on the search effort: "Dawdy thinks the original search may have been one of the strangest in his experience. 'This was not your typical lost hunter or hiker,' he says. 'We never saw where he got his water. We never found tracks near a windmill (water source). We never found discarded food wrappers. We never found signs of defecation.'" After an extensive search of both sides of the highway, a few odd clues emerged. There were a few unusual pyramids made of rocks. At another location, searchers found David's Rolex and a few coins sitting in a location easily seen by a hiker. There was another location that had a series of numbers drawn.

The search for David went cold for an extended period of time. The April 14, 1992, *Prescott Courier* had this find: "On February 23, 1992, the javelina hunting party spotted bones in a granite outcropping about a mile west of the highway between Rodeo and Roadforks." Kenneth Mehlberg spotted the bones and worked his way through the rocks. He saw a jawbone and said he knew it was human. The Hildago sheriff was called, and officers processed the scene. Ten pieces of the skull were found. The *Albuquerque Journal* article noted earlier had additional details on what was and was not found: "Reportedly this was the last place he was seen alive, yet his body was found 10 miles south in the rocks. Investigators have never found his eyeglasses, car keys, drivers license, a gold chain, his credit cards or any trace- buttons, elastic, a zipper- of his clothing. The remains of his tennis shoes were recovered, but one was found in a ravine some distance from the body." When the original search was being conducted, they passed extremely close to this location as is described in the same article previously quoted: "On November 9, as the Bloodhounds were following his scent up a wash on the side of the mountain, they passed within 200 feet of the place Stone's body was found. Dead or alive, if he was present, why didn't the dogs pick up the scent? If he was elsewhere, how did he survive more than 10 days without food and only limited access to water?"

The April 14, 1992, article in the *Prescott Courier* had details on the cause of David's death: "'All I can say is that he did not sustain any injury just before or at the time of death. There is no reason to believe there was any trauma,' says Dr. Mani Ehteshami."

The disappearance of David Stone has interested me immensely.

Anyone who has read my previous books knows this case hits on many of the profile points I have outlined. David was found in a boulder/granite field. How did he arrive in the boulders? He was seen standing on the shoulder of the highway looking at Granite Peak. What was he looking for? He stated he was searching for the beast. What did that mean? There were a few articles that stated David had religious connotations associated with his disappearance, including the mention of the beast. Was the beast a reference to the devil?

The fact that David was found without clothes and shoes is another key point. Cloth tends to deteriorate rapidly in the weather, but elastic and rubber last for years.

When a SAR supervisor states a case is one of the strangest he has ever worked, I pay close attention. The fact that searchers didn't find any footprints around the windmill supplying water is significant. There is no way anyone survives in that environment without a continual source of water. You can survive days without food but not water. When a writer of an article makes a comment about why bloodhounds didn't pick up the victim's scent when they passed in close proximity, that is significant. Readers know two of my key points are that bodies are often found in areas that were previously searched and that bloodhounds can't always find the victim.

One of the last, but not least, important items in this case is that the coroner could not determine the cause of death. This is another factor found in many of the cases in my books.

This case was in close proximity to Chiricahua National Monument, an identified geographical cluster zone found on version two of our cluster map.

David was in great physical condition. He was an extremely smart man who somehow got maneuvered into stopping and exploring an area nobody believes he had ever been. Many of the victims I highlight fit David's model. As many readers have stated, they are the best and brightest and would represent the biggest challenge to anyone who wanted to harm them.

One of the last items I wish to address is something that some articles wished to press as an issue. Some believed David was the victim of some type of attack by drug smugglers. There were no bullets found or gunshot wounds to the body. If David had walked into something criminal, they would've shot him and dropped him in the desert or buried him. They would not have stripped him naked and left him to be found. One last item is guaranteed: they would not have left his Rolex watch sitting in plain view; they would've taken it.

This case on its own means nothing to searchers in a lonely county in New Mexico. When you couple David's case with the hundreds of others I have documented that match his profile, however, the pieces of the puzzle start to come together. This isn't an isolated incident.

The same *Prescott Courier* article quoted earlier had this statement from law enforcement: "'It was the most bizarre case I ever worked on,' former Hidalgo County Sheriff's Deputy Bill Cavaliere says. 'It was just about the strangest thing that ever happened around here.'"

I hope David's death was peaceful. I pray he didn't meet his beast.

James Chatman
Age at Disappearance: 46 years
and
Crystal Tuggle
Age at Disappearance: 20 years
Missing: 06/20/02 at 4:30 p.m.—El Malpais National Monument, NM
• Weather, Previously Searched, Canines, Unknown Cause of Death, National Monument

When I first read the facts surrounding this case, I thought I had read the location wrong. On page 115 of *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail*, I have a lengthy section on two highly educated women who went hiking in a lava field in a national monument and vanished. The basic facts surrounding their disappearance and the associated delay in finding their bodies are very similar to the case I am about to present.

This incident happened in El Malpais National Monument in northwest New Mexico. For readers who don't know, national monuments are patrolled and managed by the National Park Service. El Malpais is a desolate region of almost fifteen thousand acres that includes caves, lava tubes, jagged and dangerous rocks, and footpaths. The Spanish translation for *El Malpais* is "the badland."

James Chatman and his wife lived in Albuquerque while he was employed at the Sandia Resort and Casino. James loved to hike the mountains of New Mexico and relished being in the outdoors. Their daughter, Crystal Tuggle, was a student at the University of New Mexico, where she was studying to be an osteopath. She worked part-time for LensCrafters. Both Crystal and James went to church regularly, and Crystal taught Sunday school. Crystal was known by friends and family to be very organized.

June 20, 2002, was a big day in James's life; it was his birthday, and it was Father's Day. James and Crystal had an annual father-daughter date they planned and often went to the outdoors together. On this day, they planned to travel to El Malpais and go to Spirit Cave near Mount Taylor, per relatives. It was a clear and hot ninety-five degrees when the pair parked their vehicle and started hiking the two-mile loop trail that was clearly marked by large rocks. An August 5, 2002, article in the *New Mexican* had these details of their hike: "Chatman and Tuggle dropped from sight June 20. They were last seen by a National Park Service archaeological team about 4:30 p.m., just before the pair, carrying a pint bottle of water, set off on a half mile hike from a gravel parking lot to a monument attraction called the Big Tubes." We know Crystal and James were planning a very short half-mile late-afternoon jaunt down the trail.

When Crystal and James didn't come home, alarm bells started going off in their relatives' heads. Early in the morning of June 21, Crystal's mom called authorities and reported the pair missing.

A National Park Service (NPS) Ranger started checking the parking lots of the monument early on June 21 and found James's vehicle in an area called Big Tubes. The formal search began at

10:30 a.m. The NPS called in other employees, called local search-and-rescue personnel, and asked for volunteer assistance. For two days, the NPS and search teams found nothing.

On June 24, NPS requested assistance from the air force to utilize their aircraft equipped with Forward Looking Infrared Radar (FLIR). The military responded that night and spent the evening scanning the park, looking for any unusual heat signature that would register on FLIR. The flight team found nothing unusual in their search. At this point, multiple canine teams and more volunteers converged on the park. A couple of dog teams reported they believed their dogs might have hit on something, but their searches produced nothing.

The search for Crystal and James was terminated on June 26 at 10:30 a.m., just five days after they vanished. An August 5, 2002, article in the *New Mexican* had these statements from NPS: "'We had no clue to start with, and we still have no clue,' said Herschel Schulz, chief ranger for the National Park Service for the monument, south of Grants."

This case lingered for years with no leads and only a few random searches by family and friends. On September 21, 2010, a survey team from NPS researching a very unusual type of fungus that was killing bats was a half mile from the nearest cave when they found two skulls, some bones, one tennis shoe, and credit cards in the name of James Chatman. The remains were sent for identification. Through the use of dental records, it was confirmed that these were the remains of James and Crystal.

It's somewhat rare to read a newspaper article where the reporter delves deep into an incident and questions the party line that comes from NPS. Leslie Linthicum wrote a lengthy and insightful article in the October 17, 2010, edition of the *Albuquerque Journal* that contained this information: "The identification of the two from dental records can give their relatives some comfort, but it has only deepened the mystery of what led the two deep into the lava beds and what happened to them in rugged country south of Grants known as 'The Badlands.'" Leslie took this one step further and actually asked the tough questions of

NPS officials, as is documented in the same edition of the paper cited above:

> "We're all perplexed,' park spokeswoman Leslie Delong told me earlier this week. She was among the park employees who searched on foot for days after the two disappeared. More than 250 people searched the park, first in a two-mile radius, then 5, then 10, then 15, then 35. Three teams of dogs combed the area and spelunkers searched caves. Helicopters and airplanes flew repeated grids over the park and concentrated on the area where Chatman and Tuggle were ultimately found. I reminded Delong that shortly after the disappearance in 2002 she had told a reporter, "If they were on the surface of the lava field, they would have been found." Obviously, that was not the case, and Delong said that was part of the puzzle.

Crystal and James were found in the middle of the lava field far from any cave, contrary to what some articles want you to believe.

It boggles the mind to develop a cogent theory on what happened to the pair. I ask readers who are parents to think clearly about what you would do. If one of the pair were injured, then the other would walk out for assistance. I have never heard of a case where one of two people was able to walk but didn't get assistance. It's almost impossible for two people to drop dead simultaneously. Why would the pair leave a very well-defined trail and wander across sharp rocks, especially knowing that Crystal was wearing only tennis shoes?

If one of the people were injured, wouldn't he or she take his or her shirt off and wave it at searching aircraft? As I have stated hundreds of times in my six books, missing people fitting our profile are often found in areas that have been previously searched, sometimes dozens and dozens of times. Do I believe searchers missed them? No. The air force has highly trained professionals who know how to operate FLIR better than most law enforcement personnel. They flew the monument for one entire night and found nothing. It's hard to understand where James and Crystal were. Another common factor in the cases we profile is that canines cannot find the victims; this is the case in this incident: multiple canine teams were unable to locate Crystal and James.

New Mexico State Police made a public statement in 2002 that they did not believe Crystal and James had planned their disappearance. They said they didn't believe there was any foul play. How anyone could say this disappearance didn't involve foul play when the bodies hadn't been found is beyond my understanding.

The remains initially went to the University of North Texas and then on to the New Mexico State medical examiner's office. The cause of death was ruled "undetermined." Two people, both in excellent health, lay down and died. Is this what we are to believe? Were the bodies lying in plain view when the search was taking place? Were the bodies placed in their final resting area after searchers left the area? It was late in the afternoon when NPS personnel saw the pair, meaning the heat of the day had ended and it was getting cooler. According to statistics I have compiled over six books, most people disappear in the late afternoon or early evening.

The similarity in the facts surrounding this disappearance and the one I described at the beginning of this section are astounding. Understand: it is extremely rare for two people to disappear simultaneously and die. Here are the related facts:

- Both groups were found in September
- Two people vanished simultaneously
- FLIR didn't find any of the four
- Both disappeared in lava fields
- Both went missing in national monuments
- Nobody could understand why either group wandered deep into lava fields
- It was believed that each group was out for a short day hike
- Helicopters and aircraft with FLIR, canines, and hundreds of searchers were used in each case
- Victims were found in an area that had been previously searched

Audrey Kaplan
Missing: 07/30/14 at 11:30 a.m.—Pecos Wilderness, Santa Fe, NM
Age at Disappearance: 75 years

- Mushroom Picker, Loss of Clothing, Loss of Shoes, Weather, Canines, Unknown Cause of Death, Diabetic, Cluster Zone

When I am at conferences, I occasionally get asked about the value of obtaining law enforcement and coroners' reports. People who haven't read my books always ask these questions. If you've read just a few Missing 411 books, you understand the immense value of actually reading the reports and not relying on news articles. This incident is an excellent example of why I obtain official reports whenever possible.

Audrey Kaplan was born in Philadelphia and moved to Dallas at a young age. She moved to Los Angeles briefly and returned to Texas, where she lived much of her life. She graduated from Hillcrest High School and went on to attend Southern Methodist University. She had three sons with her first husband and later met Norman Kaplan, a Dallas physician. They were married for thirty-eight years.

Audrey was a good soul. She was active in her religion and community activities, such as the Democratic Party and supporting equal rights for minorities and women. In 1984, Audrey and Norman built their spiritual home just outside Santa Fe, New Mexico. They became members of the Santa Fe Opera, Chamber of Music, Ballet, and other great causes. The only major medical issue Audrey had to monitor daily was her diabetes.

One activity Norman and Audrey enjoyed was going out to the trails and looking for wild mushrooms. On July 30, 2014, Audrey and Norman left their home and headed for the Santa Fe Ski Basin and the Windsor Trail. At 10:00 a.m., they started down the path in the direction of the Pecos Wilderness. Audrey was wearing white shorts and a gray long-sleeved shirt and carrying a Trader Joe's bag, two walking sticks, and a small pack with a mushroom knife and a one-liter bottle of water.

As the pair reached the Pecos Wilderness trailhead, they took the northeast trail toward Raven Ridge. They found several mushrooms, and Norman told Audrey he was going back to the trailhead and would wait for her. Audrey told him she was going to go up that same northeast trail a bit (Point of Separation). It was approximately 11:30 a.m.

Audrey had been gone for two hours when Norman got very concerned. There were four hikers coming down the trail, and Norman asked them for help. Two of the four hikers volunteered to search, and two went on to contact the New Mexico State Police. David Kelton and John Breniger were the two good Samaritans who called the New Mexico State Police with Officer Alfredo Moya responding.

Moya arrived on scene and got the debriefing from the two hikers. At 3:23 p.m., the officer contacted dispatch and formally requested a SAR team to respond.

For the following five days, up to eighty search-and-rescue workers a day looked for Audrey. Multiple military helicopters with FLIR and several canine teams covered the trail in the region in which she was last seen.

In the days after Audrey vanished, a deluge of rain and colder weather hit the area hard. Reports said she would have left a distinctive track with her walking poles; those were now washed away.

Late in the afternoon on August 4, searchers from Albuquerque who were assisting found a very unusual scene. They found a location next to a creek that appeared to be strewn with clothing and gear. They walked to a creek that was approximately four to five feet wide and five inches deep. They found the dead, naked body of a woman in the fetal position. It was Audrey. It was too late to call for a military helicopter to assist in the extraction. They obtained GPS coordinates and left to get back to the trailhead. The next morning at 5:00 a.m., they called the New Mexico State Police.

Just after 11:00 a.m., a US Military Blackhawk helicopter flew into the area and assisted in extracting Audrey and flying her to an on-scene medical examiner investigator. He took custody of the body for autopsy. It was now just after noon on August 5.

I received an autopsy report written by the state-contracted physician, and I also obtained all crime-scene photos of Audrey in the creek. One detail that caught my attention is that Audrey is lying on her left side with the majority of her face in the water. Water completely encircles the body. It appears that there is lividity on the backs of both legs. Lividity is the settling of blood at the lowest position of the body at the time of death, and its presence would mean Audrey died lying on her back, but her body was in the fetal position on the left side. This doesn't make sense, unless the photos are not accurate. I could not find any mention of lividity in the reports.

The first paragraph of the doctor's report states, "There was no report that the decedent's face was in the water." What? I can guarantee her face was in the water. In that first paragraph, it also states, "Mrs. Audrey Kaplan, a 75-year old woman, was last seen alive hiking and was found six days later dead in a dense wooded area with her arms and hands in the water of a stream." The left side of her body was completely in the stream. In paragraph four was this sentence: "Given that there is no report of the decedent's face being in the water when found nor circumstances documented to support that it had been in the water, it is unlikely that drowning played a role." Again, what? Also in this paragraph was this statement: "Although there are no specific autopsy findings to indicate hypothermia (drop in body temperature to below normal), the circumstances of Ms. Kaplan's death and lack of fatal disease at autopsy support cold exposure due to very low temperatures at night." Wow!

Readers of *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence* have read my lengthy discussions of hypothermia and drowning. If one dies of hypothermia, the body shows specific physical indicators. Those indications were not there in this case. It appears that the physician didn't check the body for physical indications of drowning and presumed that since Audrey's face wasn't in the water, she could not have drowned; however, her face *was* in the water.

There have been many instances where the cause of death appeared to be a guess. In paragraph six of the coroner's report was this: "In summary, the findings support that Mrs. Kaplan got lost while hiking, became dehydrated, and died of hypothermia with accelerated loss of body heat from being wet either from thunderstorm rain or immersion in the stream. There were no injuries that caused or contributed to death." I read that statement several times. She was found in a pristine mountain creek and died of dehydration? I could not find any note indicating the day or time of death.

I do not like being critical of professionals, but I find this incident to be pretty interesting. The reality is that there would be nobody looking critically at Audrey's incident. There are tens of thousands of autopsies daily. How often does anyone look hard at the results of these cases? I feel horrible for Norman, Audrey's kids, and her grandchildren. The family lost a great woman to circumstances that are highly suspicious.

I have documented two other people who have disappeared and were never found in the Pecos Wilderness.

New York

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Dr. Douglas Schultz	11/04/61 • 34 • NY
M /Fred Drumm	11/24/15 at 2:00 p.m. • 68 • NY

Dr. Douglas E. Schultz
Missing: 11/04/61—Siamese Lake, NY
Age at Disappearance: 34 years
• Medical Professional, Hunter, Cluster Zone, Weather, German Ancestry

Always remember this famous statement: we study history for a reason. Looking back in the past, the area in and around the Adirondacks of New York have a very long history of highly unusual disappearances that match our profile. I have written about many of these cases, which range from small boys who vanish on a relative's estate in the wilderness to old, disabled men who can barely walk and vanish on a hunting trip. This region has to be in the top ten in the United States for people missing who match our criteria.

If I'd known about this story earlier, I would've included it in *Missing 411: Hunters*. Dr. Douglas E. Schultz was a prominent Brooklyn psychiatrist who needed a break from the stressors of his job. He contacted deer-hunting guide Harry Wilbur and told him he wanted to hunt big deer up north. Wilbur was a sixty-five-year-old, experienced big-game guide who enjoyed the challenges of taking city people into the woods. He contracted with a seaplane company to fly the pair into Siamese Pond in the Adirondacks.

The Siamese Pond got the designation of Siamese Pond Wilderness and is located just yards south of Indian Lake and North River. It was not classified as a wilderness in 1961, and now you couldn't fly a plane and land it on a lake in any designated wilderness area. The area includes miles of lakes and many swamps. It is very thick with foliage and is difficult to penetrate on foot. The area covers 114,00 acres and is considered one of the larger wildernesses in northern New York.

On November 4, 1961, Dr. Schultz was hunting with his guide. Harry Wilbur devised a plan that he would walk out into the environment and push the deer toward Douglas, who would be in a position near the pond (Point of separation). What is absolutely fascinating about this scenario is that, on November 15, 2015, Thomas Messick was hunting six miles east of the Siamese Wilderness in Horicon. He was with good friends. Thomas had lost one eye and was severely disabled. The friends told him to sit under a tree while they pushed deer toward him. The friends returned to an agreed-upon meeting spot, and Thomas didn't arrive. There was a huge search for the man, but he was never found. This is just one example of the strange and unusual disappearances in this part of New York. The segment I wrote about Thomas is in *Missing 411: Hunters*.

Douglas's guide did his job, swept the area, and returned to where he'd left his client. Harry Wilbur searched the area where Douglas was last seen and couldn't locate him. The seaplane returned and informed authorities via radio that there was a missing person at the pond.

The New York Conservation Department took over the search with the assistance of the local sheriff. They also called for assistance and got it from Griffiss Air Force Base, who dispatched a helicopter to search the area. Local SAR teams and the sheriff entered the area on horseback and searched for days. The Civil Air Patrol used multiple planes for three days looking for Douglas.

Searchers were compromised, because temperatures at night got unbelievably cold. As the search went on, the state conservation officers decided they'd better drag the pond for a body. A multi-day drag effort didn't produce anything. At the height of the search, there were over five hundred people on the ground looking for the psychiatrist.

If you or I went missing, I doubt we'd get the response Douglas got—the more high-profile the victim, the bigger the response. This is one of the realities of life.

In late November 1961, the Civil Air Patrol had an assembly where they promoted some members and acknowledged their effort to find Douglas and stated that he was never found.

As the years have gone on and I continue to find people who have vanished and never been found, I can only imagine how many are out there whom nobody talks about and locals have forgotten. The only people who will remember these poor souls are family members. Until we get the National Park Service and the US Forest Service to become transparent and post a list of missing people in their jurisdictions, we will never know the actual number. Remember, they developed these key words to hide the numbers: "missing and presumed dead." Those four words allow them to wipe anyone who is missing right off their records and not post them on any database. It cleans their slate and allows it to appear that only a few people in the last few years are missing, rather than the large numbers I have covered in seven books.

I encourage you to get mad. If your family member vanished and nobody in our government wanted to address your concerns, wouldn't meet with you in a park (I have personally seen this), and essentially wanted you to go away, you'd be outraged. I can only hope that some good souls see the mistakes these departments are making, and someone works to correct them.

Dr. Douglas E. Schultz was never found.

Fred Drumm
Missing: 11/24/15 at 2:00 p.m.—Schuylerville, Saratoga County, NY
Age at Disappearance: 68 years
• Canines, Weather, Cluster Zone

Fred Drumm

How does one approach a story about a man who spent almost a lifetime on a 170-acre farm on a rolling countryside and suddenly vanished?

Fred Drumm and his wife of five decades owned a farm at 138 Burgoyne Road in Schuylerville, New York. From 2001 through 2013, Fred was a town board member whom people loved. His decisions were reasonable, and he didn't make enemies. One of his biggest passions was hunting, and he enjoyed walking his property and monitoring wildlife and the creek that flowed nearby. Fred kept the property, his home, and the surrounding yard in impeccable condition.

Fred was retired from National Grid Corporation, a company that supplies natural gas for the states of Massachusetts, New York, and Rhode Island. He retired as a crew supervisor.

On November 24, 2015, Fred and his wife, Ruth, were at home. At 10:00 a.m., Ruth left for a grandparents' breakfast and last saw Fred walking toward his barn. At approximately 2:00 p.m., Ruth returned to the residence and couldn't locate her husband. All the vehicles were at the residence, and his cell phone was in the home. In the beginning, Ruth believed Fred was in the barn or walking the property. As it got dark, her concern grew.

At 6:00 a.m. on November 25, Fred was reported as a missing person to the Saratoga County Sheriff's Department. To say Ruth and the community were in shock was probably an understatement. The *Times Union* had this statement from Ruth in their November 24, 2016, edition: "'He wasn't there when I got back. We still have no clue what happened. He just seemed to evaporate,' she said."

The sheriff threw what resources he had at finding Fred, and search efforts involved helicopters, search dogs, volunteer firefighters, and a SAR team.

Fred did not have his cell phone with him. SAR teams searched the property twice and found nothing to indicate where Fred might be. Rain hit the area during the search and caused teams to suspend their efforts for several days.

The feeling of the community is explained in this article in the November 30, 2015, edition of the *Times Union*: "The mystery surrounding a Saratoga councilman's disappearance deepened Monday when police reported that a more than 200-person search of nearly 1,200 acres failed to turn up evidence of his whereabouts." One article said Fred was serving a fifteen-year term on the board, and another said he hadn't sought reelection the previous fall.

The location of the Drumm property is too close to two specific points I can't ignore. The house is twenty miles northwest of Bennington, Vermont, and a geographical cluster zone of missing people. I have written several stories about missing people in and around Bennington. The stories of these disappearances are bizarre.

The other significant point of interest to me is just three thousand feet east of the Drumm residence: the Hudson River. I have documented several disappearances associated with this river. The Saratoga County Sheriff did put their boat on the river for several days to search it and found nothing. They also put an underwater robotic device into the pond on the Drumm property and again found nothing.

Fred did not have any indications of dementia or predementia. No property or personal possessions were missing from his residence, and none of his bank accounts had been touched. One year after Fred vanished, searchers brought back a bloodhound to search the property. They found nothing.

From Schuylerville, New York, north, I have written about several older males who vanished and never were found. Where are these men going?

Searchers stated that the Drumm property was searched foot by foot three times, but searchers found nothing. The adjoining twelve hundred acres to the property have also been searched to no avail. The sheriff's department ran out of locations to look for Fred.

Fred was never found.

North Carolina

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Adam Russell	10/21/86 at 4:30 p.m. • 2 • NC

Adam Russell
Missing: 10/21/86 at 4:30 p.m.—Morganton, NC
Age at Disappearance: 2 years
• Canines, Distance Traveled, Elevation, Cluster Zone

In *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail*, I included two data tables depicting distances and elevations that young boys and girls had accomplished and confirmed by SAR teams. These distances were far outside the bounds that any SAR manual would use to set grid patterns. When I show these at conferences, attendees at first have a difficult time believing the numbers. I then show them the headlines of the various incidents, and they are shocked. Readers can now add this incident to that group.

Adam Russell lived on Old NC 18 in Morganton, North Carolina, with his mother, Wanda, and father, Rudy. On October 21, 1986, at 4:00 p.m., Wanda knew Adam was in the backyard playing with his dogs, one puppy and one full-grown canine. At 4:30 p.m., she checked the backyard and found her son gone. She rapidly checked the area and got neighbors to assist. At 6:05 p.m., Wanda still had not located Adam and called law enforcement.

The Burke County Sheriff responded and took charge of the scene. They immediately called for assistance. At 3:00 a.m., they called for mutual aid and got it from the Henderson County Sheriff's Office. They also had a response from nearby SAR teams and volunteers from the community.

During the first night Adam was missing, temperatures dropped to the thirties. It was cold outside, and this made searchers nervous. People were concerned that a two-year-old wasn't answering searchers' calls to him, and they were having difficulty finding him, even with canines they had on scene. Commanders called in trackers from Great Smoky Mountain National Park, just sixty miles west of Morganton. They also received support from a National Guard helicopter.

The following day, October 22, searchers again came out in force.

It was nearing the twenty-four-hour point that Adam was missing when something remarkable happened. The October 24 article in the *Star News* had details: "Shortly after 3:30 p.m., searchers found Adam, about 2 ½ miles from his home." The *Time News* from October 24, 1986, had these additional facts: "Detective Randy Stepp of the Henderson County Sheriff's Office led a team of five deputies to find a missing Burke County child Wednesday afternoon. Stepp was the first to spot Adam Russell at 3:30 p.m., Wednesday near the top of a mountain 1 ½ miles behind the house of his parents." The article went on to say that the child had climbed five hundred feet up the mountain through creeks and laurel thickets. Later in the same article are these key points: "According to Lt. David Cree who was part of the search team, 'It was very surprising that a child that young could go that far without food and in weather that cold,' said Cree. 'Given his age, the terrain and the weather, he should have sought lower ground, but instead we found him in an area most adults would have found difficult.'"

Adam was found missing one shoe, yet according to searchers, he was not suffering from any exposure. His dogs were not found with him.

Detective Randy Stepp did give some credit to Paul and Pam James of Laurel Park, who brought in a pair of tracking dogs. Stepp said the dogs had helped to find the general area in which Adam was found, and then deputies found the exact location.

This area of North Carolina and Tennessee is a cluster zone for missing people. I've written extensively about people who vanished in the Great Smoky Mountains and have never been found, many inside the national park. It's important to reinforce the statement made by Lt. Cree and the elevation gain (five hundred feet) and distance traveled (according to reports, a mile and a half to two and a half miles) and how that is highly unusual for a two-year-old. Many questions in this incident have never been answered. Did Adam sleep at night while he was missing? Why couldn't tracking dogs find him the first night he was missing? Why wasn't the boy suffering from exposure? Searchers stated that he was very wet when they found him. I've written about many victims who died the first night they were missing in midthirty-degree temperatures.

Remember, this was a two-year-old boy who had gone twenty-four hours without food and water and who was missing a shoe. He was taken to a hospital, and where a medical team determined he was in good condition and sent him home.

Ohio

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Ebert Holleron	10/22/32 at 4:00 p.m. • 8 • OH
M /Charles Ulrich	01/29/75 at 7:00 a.m. • 63 • OH

Ebert Holleron
Missing: 10/22/32 at 4:00 p.m.—Newburg Heights, OH
Age at Disappearance: 8 years
• Weather, Previously Searched, Cause of Death

The location of this incident is critical to the overall Missing 411 story. I have extensively explained that missing people surround the Great Lakes. When you look at our cluster map, you can see that of groups that exist in the United States and Canada, the Great Lakes would be the common denominator.

Newburg Heights is a small community at the southeast end of Cleveland, Ohio. The exact location of this disappearance was an area near Washington Park, just three and a half miles from Lake Erie and just feet from the Cuyahoga River. Cuyahoga National Park is just south of this location.

Some of the most intriguing stories I have ever presented came out of Ohio and national parks. I have also explained that water is involved in many of the disappearances, and the Cuyahoga River played a big role in the search for this victim.

On October 22, 1932, eight-year-old Ebert Holleron was being a normal young boy. It was a Saturday, and Ebert was at his friend Robert Schuschu's home, two miles from his own residence. Ebert knew he needed to be home before dinner, so at 4:00 p.m., he left his friend's home and started walking home. What happened next is one of the great mysteries of Cleveland's history.

Ebert never made it home, and his parents called the police. Life was different in 1932, and the manner and urgency police put into lost little kids isn't the same as it is today. But the police did start searching almost immediately. The search went on for days. Ebert's dad had been employed at one time by a nearby iron factory but was unemployed when the boy vanished. He called his friends, and many of the workers in the area took days off looking for the young lad.

An October 26, 1932, article in the *Sandusky Register* had these details: "Fifty neighbors, more than a score of police and school mates of the boy painstakingly hunted for some trace of him. Police feared he had wandered along the old Ohio canal or Cuyahoga River and drowned, or that he may have been the victim of a hit-skip driver who hid the body." It wasn't just the local community that was helping in the search; hundreds of Boy Scouts from Ohio had scoured parks, railroad yards, and abandoned building in their search.

Police and Ebert's parents floated a lot of theories. Some claimed that Ebert ran away with a vagrant from the railroad yard, while others stated he was kidnapped. One very concerning call that came in to police was described in a October 28, 1932, article in the *Cochocton Tribune*: "An anonymous telephone call advising that the body of Ebert Holleron, 8, would be found buried in Washington Park caused a renewed search for the missing child today. The Boy Scout Troop, which has been assisting in the hunt, was instructed to go through the park again, looking carefully for any freshly broken ground. Police were inclined to doubt the report, but, lacking any definite clews in the case, said they would make a check of every possible theory." The Boy Scouts, local neighbors, and the police combed the park again for several days, finding nothing. It was a frustrating event, but the police were sure the boy wasn't there.

The U S Coast Guard, which normally patrolled Lake Erie, brought their skills to the canal and river and spent days dragging the water for a body. They found nothing.

Rarely do the police let their guard down and make statements that are true to their heart. An October 30, 1932, article in the *Cincinnati Enquirer* showed their frustration and failure at finding Ebert: "Meanwhile police, admitting that 'as far as we know, the boy might have disappeared into thin air,' almost abandoned hope of finding him alive." On November 1, 1932, the *Asheville Citizen-Times* had a statement from police about what they felt regarding Ebert's disappearance: "Today, Ebert Holleron's disappearance is viewed by police as one of the major mysteries of its kind and his search has grown to nationwide proportions."

Ebert's case slowly disappeared from the front page of newspapers and eventually wasn't talked about by the press. Then, February 20, 1933, when Albert Miller (twenty-four) and Wilbert Kransteuber (twenty-three) were walking with their hunting dogs in one of the ravines in Washington Park, they saw a small arm protruding from the leaves. The men contacted police, who recovered the body of a young boy. The police contacted Ebert's dad, who identified the body as his son. A February 21, 1933, article in the *Scranton Republican* had these important details: "The shallow grave was in the same section where 500 Boy Scouts and other volunteers conducted a systematic hunt five days after Ebert disappeared when an anonymous telephone call said the body was buried in that vicinity." When I first read these details, I took a breath and believed I was going to read that Ebert had been murdered and his body buried in the park. This isn't what happened.

A February 21, 1933, article in the *Sandusky Star* had the following details about Ebert's body: "An examination of the child's decomposed body was made at the county morgue. The body was found in a lonely ravine in Washington Park. The body had been missing since October 22. Pearse said his investigation was not complete, but there was nothing to indicate murder. A tentative version of 'death due to natural causes,' was returned." The headline of this article was "Fright caused death of youth in park." The coroner made some pretty wild claims in an effort to explain away the disappearance. It was his theory that Ebert got too close to the embankment, fell down the side into the ravine, and died immediately from fright. I've never heard anything quite like that cause of death.

When the Hollerons heard the coroner's theory about what happened, they chimed in with some clarity. They explained that their son was afraid of the dark. He wouldn't go into an area that was dark, and it would appear from their statements that he wouldn't have gone into a dark park. The body didn't have any injuries that would debilitate Ebert, meaning, if he did fall, he just would've gotten up and continued his journey, except he died of fright. No other cause of death could be found.

One of the most enlightening articles was found in the February 21, 1933, *Salem News*: "But whether it was just the approaching darkness of night on that stormy October 22, or some unusual disturbance in the ravine that fatally frightened the lad probably never will be known. Those who knew Ebert said the natural timidity of the child argued against his wandering into the ravine alone." Police disagreed with this statement and said maybe he had tried a shortcut through the park and had fallen.

Facts are important: Ebert didn't have broken bones, no bruising was noted, and no other injuries were found. In today's world of autopsies, Ebert's cause of death would've been classified as unknown.

How could five hundred Boy Scouts, bloodhounds, neighbors, and police miss Ebert while they were searching the ravine? I would've liked to know the coroner's opinion about how long Ebert had been dead. His body had been found in a location that had been searched by hundreds. He disappeared on a stormy night. It's a fact that Ebert left his friend's home at 4:00 p.m., when it was cloudy but not dark yet. It was a two-mile walk back home. I think the idea he fell in the park while it was dark was a big stretch.

You'll probably never read about this case in any other book or database. The facts fit a very confined profile that I've presented for the last several years. We will never know what truly happened to Ebert.

Charles Ulrich
Missing: 01/29/75 at 7:00 a.m.—Uhrichsville, OH
Age at Disappearance: 63 years
• Weather, Loss of Shoes, German Ancestry

Seven years ago, when I started my research, I would never have given this case a second look. After years of research, understanding associated facts, and looking at topography and geography, however, I realize this case belongs here.

Charles Ulrich

In 1975, Charles Ulrich was a healthy sixty-three-year-old working in New Philadelphia, Ohio, for the state bureau of employment services. His employer described him as someone who didn't have enemies and a person who was happy with his life.

There were a few things in Charles's life that he lived for. One of his staples was church; he was a Sunday school teacher and elder at the Sharon Moravian Church. He was also a senior member of the Masons and regularly went to the local Masonic Hall.

Charles and his wife, Dorothy, lived on Riverside Road outside of Uhrichsville, a street formerly called C.R. 39. The road runs extremely close and parallel to the Tuscarawas River.

Charles was the father of two kids: his daughter, Sue, and his son, Ted, who was a professor at Purdue University.

People described Charles as one of the most stable and consistent people you'd ever meet. He kept to a routine and almost never deviated.

On the night of January 28, Charles left his work, walked to the hospital where Dorothy was employed in the dietary food department, and caught a ride home with her. Charles watched a basketball game that night, and Dorothy fell asleep in a chair in the room. Both watched the 11:00 p.m. news, and then Charles said he was headed to bed. Dorothy said she'd watch Johnny Carson for a while.

Dorothy described her husband's morning routine as something he'd do every workday. He would get up at 6:00 a.m., make coffee, shave, dress, and then wake her at 6:55 a.m. They would watch a religious show for five minutes and then another show until 7:30 a.m. He would then take a path through their yard to Highway 36 and catch a ride with a Mason member.

The morning of January 29 was nothing like a normal day in the Ulrich household. Dorothy's alarm clock woke her at 7:00 a.m. She never heard Charles getting ready, and he hadn't awakened her at the normal time. She got up and searched the house for her husband; he wasn't there. She found the front door open a few inches and was surprised to see he hadn't made coffee. He'd left without taking his keys, wallet, belt, or shoes. Dorothy called a neighbor and asked for help looking for Charles. She called the sheriff's office to report Charles missing at 8:45 a.m.

A September 4, 1975, article in the *Daily Reporter* supplied these facts: "Ulrich, 63, mysteriously disappeared from his home on County Road 39 on the morning of January 29 during a thunderstorm. Intensive searches were made of the area around the home and of the Tuscarawas River, but Ulrich apparently left no clues to his disappearance- at least none that have been found."

There was a massive ongoing search of the area around Charles's residence. There were multiple searches of the river that also found nothing. His credit cards and bank account were monitored, and nothing was touched.

Dorothy told the press Charles was recovering from the flu and still had a mild cough when he vanished. He had just had a physical from his physician and had been given a clean bill of health.

In *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*, I document several stories where the victim was found deceased in a strip mine pond or gravel pit. In a very odd twist to this story documented in the same article quoted above was this: "A strip mine pit pond recently was searched by Tuscarawas County sheriff deputies after Mrs. Ulrich was informed that screams for help were heard on the morning of Ulrich's disappearance." When I read this, I was stunned. The deputies didn't find anything related to Charles and didn't find a body. There was a second major incident documented in the same article: "Another tragedy also hit the Ulrich home recently. A German Shepherd guard dog which Mrs. Ulrich bought for companionship and protection shortly after her husband disappeared, broke its neck when it got tangled in an electrical cord. She found the dog dead when she returned home from her job at Union Hospital." I don't think anyone deserved to suffer multiple tragedies in such a short time span. I can only imagine how shocked Dorothy was to find her dog in that condition.

The Ulrich family had Charles declared legally dead in 1980.

There were several articles about Charles that called the thunderstorm in January a "rare winter event." The thought that Dorothy wasn't wakened by the thunder seems odd, but I have heard of relatives sleeping through major life events while their companion vanishes. It took the alarm to wake Dorothy up.

Charles had no history of senility or early onset dementia. He was a sharp man who was excelling at all levels in his life. There was absolutely no logical reason for him to walk out of his house without his shoes, belt, keys, wallet, and money.

Readers of my prior books may think the idea that he left without shoes during a rare winter electrical storm outside seems like an odd coincidence. As I've stated before, *coincidence* is just a word that's used when you can't see the wheels and pulleys. It seems like an unbelievable coincidence that screams were heard in a strip mine pit the morning he vanished. I also have never heard of a healthy German shepherd accidentally killing itself in the manner Dorothy described. In my humble opinion, all these facts have to be related.

Oklahoma

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Glenn Pierce	10/18/40 at noon • 4 • OK
M /Moses Fitzpatrick	08/03/10 at 2:30 p.m. • 20 • OK

Glenn Pierce
Missing: 10/18/40 at noon—Eva, OK
Age at Disappearance: 4 years
• Distance Traveled

Eva, Oklahoma, is located on the panhandle at the far northwestern portion of the state. There is almost nobody missing in the west central portion of the state; it's only when you get to the far northwest that you get to this case. The reason this disappearance is in this book is that the distance traveled in the amount of time the child was missing baffles the mind.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirby Pierce owned a homestead twenty-four miles northwest of Eva. At noon on October 18, 1940, the Pierce's four-year-old son vanished with his dog. This was a very rural area without vehicular traffic. The idea that someone drove by and abducted Glenn Pierce was not part of the equation.

People who have read *Missing 411: Eastern United States* probably had a bell ringing in their heads after the previous paragraph. I have documented several cases where small kids vanished from rural farms and ranches with their dogs. Sometimes the dogs were found, and sometimes the kids were located.

An October 19, 1940, article in the *Amarillo Daily News* had details on the search effort: "Neighbors searched all afternoon for the boy, and at nightfall more than 500 men from Guymon, Goodwill, Texhoma and Eva joined the search. The boy was found unharmed by Luke Messenger after midnight in a shack 12 miles west of home." This headline appeared with a October 24, 1940, article in the *Boise City News*: "Lost Boy Wanders 12 Miles From Home." There were multiple points of confirmation that Glenn Pierce had somehow managed to travel twelve miles in twelve hours. Is this believable?

After Glenn was found, he said he had seen snakes and chased cows and then had gone to sleep, meaning he traveled faster than one mile per hour. He said he had slept next to his dog.

Robert Koester's book *Lost Person Behavior* is used by many search-and-rescue teams to set grid patterns for search operations. His book states that 95 percent of all children —four to six years of age will be found on flat terrain in under 4.1 miles. What about the other 5 percent—how far away will they be?

Glenn was found in good condition.

Moses Fitzpatrick
Missing: 08/03/10 at 2:30 p.m.—Falls Creek Baptist Church Camp, Davis, OK
Age at Disappearance: 20 years
• Unknown Cause of Death, "Devil" Location, Religious Affiliation, Canines, Boulders, FLIR

It's very rare that I write about the disappearance of a Native American, and I have never written about one who disappeared in association with a religious event.

This disappearance occurred at the Falls Creek Baptist Church Camp in a rural area outside Davis, Oklahoma. The camp is known for hosting a special annual gathering of Native Americans every summer. The Baptist church sponsors the camp, and daily activities include worship services, daily hikes, and meals. When you examine photos of the creeks and rivers around the property, you'll notice there are large boulders throughout the area.

Moses Fitzpatrick was a resident of Kansas and traveled with his family for the annual Native American gathering at the Falls Creek Baptist Church Camp. His family stated that Moses didn't like the outdoors or the forest but decided to go and participate with family members.

On August 3, 2010, Moses was hiking the trails with his family when they decided to take different ways back to camp. Moses wasn't at dinner, and family members believed he might be sleeping in his cabin. When he didn't arrive for worship services after supper, his relatives contacted security at the camp. At 10:30 p.m., a full-scale search was underway.

An August 5 article in the *Ardmoreite* had these details: "Searchers are scouring the terrain at Falls Creek Baptist Church Camp for a 20-year old man who disappeared from the area Tuesday. Davis Police Chief Danny Cooper said Moses Fitzpatrick from Wichita, Kansas was reportedly last seen about 2:30 p.m. near an area called The Devil's Bathtub."

The Davis chief rallied searchers from Davis Police and Fire Departments, Murray County Sheriff and Emergency Management, and firefighters from throughout Murray County, and the Oklahoma Highway Patrol flew air support.

On August 6, searchers found Moses about two miles from the camp. Various reports indicated he was found in a very rough area. A January 5, 2011, article in *News Oklahoma* revealed these details: "State medical examiner's investigators were not able to determine the cause of death of a Falls Creek camper whose body was found after he was missing for four days." The coroner stated that there were no wounds to the body and, in an odd twist, claimed they found alcohol in the body and didn't know if he had been drinking or if it arose from the decomposition process.

It is a bit odd that the Oklahoma Highway Patrol helicopter didn't spot the body, and canines were not able to pick up his scent from the point where he was last seen.

If you have read many of my books, you know one of the cornerstones and factors we look for in these cases is the cause of death. It is not normal for coroners not to be able to determine the cause of death.

Oregon

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Emery James	10/06/30 at noon • 65 • OR
M / William Neal Eoff	1951 • 41 • OR
M / Dustin Self	03/16/13 • 19 • OR
M / Sanford Rice	06/23/16 • 75 • OR
M / Riley Zickel	07/28/16 • 21 • OR
F / Ashley Laird	08/26/16 at 9:15 a.m. • 37 • OR
M /Shawn Higgins	10/14/16—p.m. • 41 • OR

Emery James
Missing: 10/06/30 at noon—Umpqua National Forest, OR
Age at Disappearance: 65 years
• Hunter, Cluster Zone, Weather, Bloodhounds

The Oregon Cascades have always been a region with high numbers of missing people. This incident happened approximately fifteen miles northwest of Crater Lake National Park, an area from which I have documented several missing people who have never been found.

Emery James lived a very interesting life. He was raised in Oklahoma around the Cherokee Indians and later moved to Oregon. Friends called him "Cherokee James." He was a prison guard in Oregon for much of his life and then went to the Salem Police Department, where he became a patrol officer in 1924. By every account I could find, Emery was truly loved by the members of his department and the Salem community. His friends knew he had a slight heart ailment that didn't inhibit his ability to be a quality police officer.

In early October 1930, Emery traveled with five close friends to the Umpqua National Forest off Highway 138, approximately thirty miles east of Roseburg, Oregon. The group packed their supplies and made a lengthy hike into their deer-hunting area. An October 10, 1930, article in the *Oregon Statesman* offered these facts about what happened next:

> It was reported that James had hiked fifteen miles from the ranger station to the camp site Sunday night and that

> this exertion seemed to fatigue him greatly and he did not sleep well that night. The party of hunters went forth early Monday morning and it was about 10:30 that James separated from Welch. A shot in the direction in which James had gone was heard about noon. Persons familiar with the region are certain that James is not merely lost as he would have encountered a well defined trail within a short distance of any direction or else would have reached the river had he kept traveling.

Once Emery didn't make it back to his camp by noon, the group got concerned and started to look for their friend. They thoroughly searched the area where they thought he'd be. They found nothing.

One member of the hunting party went back to the ranger station and requested assistance in the search. Word that Emery was missing quickly got back to Salem, and nearly all off-duty officers responded to the area, looking for their colleague.

As the search started to gear up with over forty searchers and bloodhounds, snow started to fall. Nevertheless, the dogs found something very interesting, as is described in an October 13, 1930, article in the *Bend Bulletin*: "The dogs endeavored to pick up a trail from a rock cairn that was found about three and a half miles from the Willows Flat camp. It was believed James left the marker several days earlier." The dogs never picked up a viable scent from the cairn.

Three members of Emery's hunting party supported the search for the entire two weeks. Charles Sherwood, John Brophy, and Bud Welch stayed with the search through freezing snow looking for their friend. The exact area of the search was somewhere between a thirteen- and fifteen-mile hike into the woods just to get to their camp near Wright and Cougar Creeks. One other report indicated the search focused on the area of Willow Flats, a location where friends thought he was going.

After two weeks of nonstop searching, the effort to find Emery was terminated. The facts surrounding this incident are a classic case for Missing 411. Here are the facts that make this case compelling:

- Location: this is near a geographical cluster zone of missing people near Crater Lake National Park.
- He had a heart ailment.
- The night before he vanished, he didn't feel well.
- Bloodhounds could not track the victim's scent.
- Friends stated he was a very experienced woodsman and wouldn't get lost.
- Bad weather moved into the region after the victim vanished.
- I wrote about more than one hundred hunters who vanished under almost exactly these circumstances in *Missing 411: Hunters*.

One final thought on this disappearance: After a very intensive search, why wasn't Emery's rifle or backpack found? Where did his body go? Why wasn't anything related to Emery ever found? Why didn't Emery fire off three rounds indicating to his friends where he was located?

William Neal Eoff
Missing: 1951—found in Klamath Falls, OR
Age at Disappearance: 41 years
• No Shoes or Underwear, German, Cluster

This is one of the more fascinating and unusual cases I have ever researched. It involves a two-year period during which someone is never seen, a body found in the middle of nowhere, a search for a missing plane, and the unusual location the plane's bodies were found. There is nothing about this story that is normal.

The story starts April 4, 1953, in Crescent City, California. This harbor city in the far northern portion of the state is gorgeous and characterized by cold weather, big waves, and great fishing. At 7:00 a.m., thirty-year-old Forrest Wright loaded his sister, Mrs. Roy Wilhelm, and her two children, Leonard (two years old) and Katherine (seven weeks old), into his rented Piper Cub plane and filed a flight plan for Kalispell, Montana, via Redmond, Washington. The plan stated that they would land in Redmond, refuel, and then fly on to Kalispell.

I am someone who has spent considerable time around small planes. My dad owned a Bellanca, which we flew around the United States and Mexico. There are absolute rules every pilot knows to follow. One of those hard and fast rules: never take off unless you have very good visibility in that area. If fog is in the region, you don't fly. We always carried a transponder wherever we went, which would activate if we crashed and tell searchers where we were located. Transponders were not available in 1951.

Wright left Crescent City on time but never made it to Redmond. After he failed to arrive in Kalispell, the Federal Aviation Agency got involved and started looking for the plane. The Civil Air Patrol put dozens of their planes in the air, searching the region between Redmond and Crescent City, which included Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and California. It was a huge area in which to find a small aircraft.

On April 14, 1953, a search plane flew over a desolate meadow on the Bar Y Ranch seven miles north of Kirk, Oregon, in an area of the Klamath Marsh. This is almost directly east of Crater Lake National Park by no more than seven miles. The pilot observed a body lying in the field and not moving. He called for additional assistance. The local sheriff called the property owner, and ranch hand Fred Sheppard went out and found the body. The sheriff responded and recovered the remains.

The Klamath County Sheriff contacted Forrest's relatives and asked them to identify the body. Wright's sister sent a photo, and the sheriff publicly identified the body as Wright's in an April 17 article in the *Medford Mail Tribune*. The sister and father came to the county and looked at the body. The sister couldn't positively confirm it was not her brother. The father stated he was positive that it was not Forrest. The sheriff must've been right; the body must've looked a lot like the photo he had of Forrest, and the sister wasn't sure. Now there was another mystery: Who was this person?

The Klamath Sheriff sent fingerprints to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Two days later, the FBI said the prints belonged to William Neal Eoff, forty-one years old. He was last known to have lived in Kent, Washington, in 1951. The sheriff sent a teletype to Kent police asking them to follow up, and the Kent police confirmed they did not have a missing-person report on Eoff. Nobody had heard from him since November 1951.

This case first caught my attention for a couple of key reasons. This was the headline in the April 21, 1953, edition of the *Klamath Herald and News*: "Body Still Poses Big KF Mystery." Later in the article are these key points: "Still puzzling police officers is how Eoff died and why his body was found where it was. The body was clothed except for shoes and underwear, was found two miles from the nearest road. It was decided that death had been caused by 'extreme exhaustion.'" The sheriff did go back into the field and search for Eoff's shoes. Other articles stated that Eoff was found seven miles from the nearest road.

The death certificate stated he died in April 1953 from exhaustion. The coroner didn't state he died from hypothermia, heart attack, or blunt trauma. A death listing of "exhaustion" is rarely, if ever, seen today.

Articles declared that Eoff's feet looked as though he had walked a lengthy distance, but they could never understand how he got there, why he was there, or where he was going. His body was sent back to his brother in Arkansas.

Meanwhile, the search was still going on for Forrest Wright and his sister and her kids. They had sightings of the plane inland over Oregon along the Umpqua River and others in Gold Beach. Searchers followed up at each of these locations, and the plane was not found.

There was nothing new on the missing plane until a June 7, 1953, article in the *Daily Inter Lake*, which explained, "Leon Davis and T.L. Weatherford of Crescent City found the body of Mrs. Wilhelm near the Crescent City harbor entrance. She and her two children, Leonard, 2, and Katherine, seven weeks, were passengers in a plane piloted by her brother, Forrest Wright, also of Swan Lake." To say this discovery was a shock was an understatement. There wasn't one mention anywhere of the plane being anywhere near Crescent City. The search was everywhere *but* that small city. Two weeks earlier, the body of Leonard was also recovered without any specific information of exactly where or how. The last paragraph in this article also stated that Forrest and Katherine had not been found.

In my research of these incidents, the finding of the bodies triggered dozens of articles stating Forrest had taken off in heavy fog, lost control of his plane, and crashed in the bay. This was fascinating information, because at the time the articles were written, the plane hadn't been recovered, and two bodies were still outstanding. If searchers knew this all the time, why had hundreds of planes searched five states for the missing family?

This entire incident was very odd. Apparently, Forrest Wright and William Eoff looked very similar in their facial features. I did some research on the name "Eoff." According to Ancestry.com, "Eoff" is probably an altered spelling of German *Eoff*, a status name for the tenant of an unfree feudal holding, from Middle High German e "law+hof farmstead, manor farm." In layman's terms, this is probably a German name.

I could not find an article confirming whether the Piper Cub, Forrest Wright, and Katherine were ever found.

I'd sure like to know where William Eoff was for two years. His case somewhat reminds me of the story of a man who walked onto ice and disappeared, leaving everyone certain he'd died in the water. He turned up months later, waking up in a city near his parents' home wearing someone else's clothing. I chronicle this on pages 60–64 of *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*.

People who have read my past books know that many people I write about are found missing clothing or shoes or both. The location of Mr. Eoff's body wasn't a coincidence, in my mind. He was found in a geographical cluster zone of Crater Lake National Park. This is a location that has historical disappearances going back to the 1800s and a place local Indians knew not to travel.

Dustin Self
Missing: 03/16/13—Steen Mountain, Harney County, OR
Age at Disappearance: 19 years
• Weather, Found Naked, Unknown Cause of Death

Steen Mountain is one of the most desolate and out-of-the-way locations anyone could find in southeast Oregon, and this is the location where a young man died. How he arrived here, why he died, and how he died are all open-ended questions.

Fifteen hundred miles east of Steen Mountain is the small town of Piedmont, Oklahoma, a small community just northwest of Oklahoma City. Dustin Self was born and raised in Piedmont. He was an average student for his first few years in high school and then found an interest in weight lifting and started to study. The young man finished high school strong and directed.

In March 2013, Dustin was on a cross-country trip in his Toyota Tacoma. He spoke to his parents on March 15 and seemed fine. On March 16, he called his ex-girlfriend and said he was lost on a mountain in Oregon. The ex-girlfriend said the conversation was unusual; she actually went into a bathroom to talk to him, because the conversation was strange, and she didn't want others around her to hear it.

On March 17, Dustin's dad, Victor Self, called the Harney County sheriff and asked him to search for his son. They did look around Dustin's last known location, which was at a gas station in Fields, Nevada, and then looked into Oregon. They found nothing in the search effort.

In April 2013, a ranch hand on Riddle Creek Road in a very rural area of Harney County, Oregon, found Dustin's Toyota. The vehicle was hanging on an overhang in Stonehouse Canyon, abandoned. The cowboy called the sheriff, and officers came out to confirm it was Dustin's vehicle.

The sheriff found the keys in the ignition and a GPS in the vehicle, along with protein bars and other food. Dustin's backpack and sleeping bag were missing. There was a comprehensive search in the region for the young man. One rancher used a helicopter to wrangle his cows, and officers used the chopper to search for Dustin. The multiday search found nothing.

When you look at photos of this area of Oregon, you'll see that there isn't much ground cover at higher elevation, and you'll quickly realize how large an area it is to cover. It would be difficult to find anyone in this remote region. One question quickly hit everyone involved in looking for the Oklahoma man: How could Dustin get lost? All he had to do was follow the road back down the hill to find assistance.

Six months after they found Dustin's vehicle, a hunter walking among an aspen grove in one of the most remote areas of Harvey

County came across an unusual sight. He believed he'd found the naked body of a dead man facing or looking in a hole. The hunter turned around and summoned the sheriff.

Harney County Sheriff David Gierup explained that Dustin's body had been found approximately one hundred yards from a road. He was naked. They searched the surrounding area and found his coat with his Toyota key inside. The key was on a skull keychain (There is some conflicting stories on the keys, some say they were found in his coat, some in the truck. I will give you both stories). Officers showed the keychain to Dustin's parents, who confirmed it was their son's. They also found a credit card and Dustin's Oklahoma Driver's License in the area. Harney County Search and Rescue explained that the body was located nine miles from the truck. Law enforcement searched the area around the body for two days and never found Dustin's backpack or sleeping bag.

Darrell Williams, the president of the Harney County Search and Rescue, made this statement on December 21, 2014, to Oregonlive.com: "'He'd crawled into a little kind of hole in the brush and that's where he died and his body had decomposed,' Williams said that Self probably died of hypothermia. 'As far as we could tell he had no clothes on,' Williams said." Later in the same article, Victor Self made these statements: "'I can't figure out what happened,' he said. 'There's no logical reason why he would have gone up that mountain. There's no logical reason why he didn't use his vehicle for shelter or find shelter down lower. He knew the first rule of survival is shelter.'" Dustin's dad said exactly what I was thinking.

I've written articles in the past about incidents that mimic the circumstances of Dustin's disappearance. Many times readers will write to me that it's obvious the victims were summoned to these locations. The victims leave behind all hope of survival and don't follow common sense and walk back down the mountain toward help. In cases such as Dustin's, they climb farther up the mountain, higher in elevation and into more inclement weather.

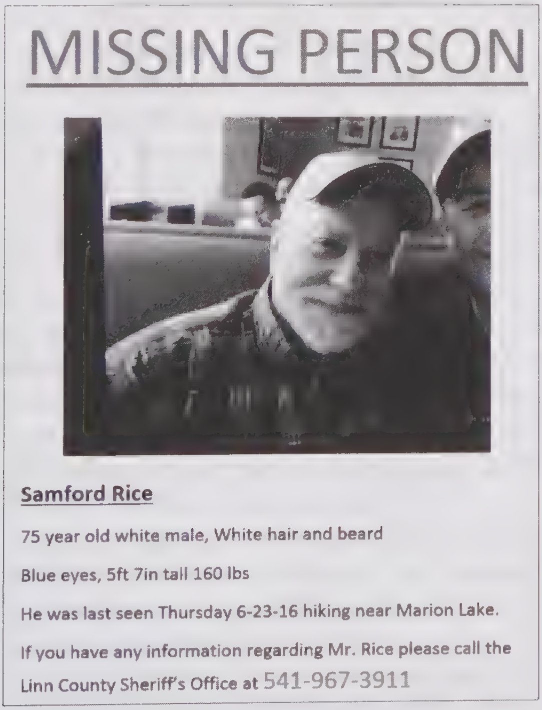
The coroner said it appeared that Dustin had died of hypothermia but also admitted that, based on the condition of the body, he couldn't state conclusively what the cause of death might be.

He was found just nine miles uphill from his car. Dustin was in great physical condition, meaning he could almost *run* downhill the nine miles to the safety of the vehicle.

Many people have written about Dustin's reading of John Krakauer's book *Into the Wild*, which tells the story of a young man who went into the outback of Alaska and died; however, the sheriff said there was no indication that Dustin intended to commit suicide.

As Victor Self stated earlier, there is much about this story that doesn't make sense. I hope the family has some sense of closure.

Sanford David Rice
Missing: 06/23/16—Marion Lake, Mount Jefferson Wilderness, OR
Age at Disappearance: 75 years
- Weather, Canines, Cluster Zone



MISSING PERSON

Samford Rice

75 year old white male, White hair and beard

Blue eyes, 5ft 7in tall 160 lbs

He was last seen Thursday 6-23-16 hiking near Marion Lake.

If you have any information regarding Mr. Rice please call the Linn County Sheriff's Office at 541-967-3911

Sanford David Rice

Marion Lake is in the lower portion of the Mount Jefferson Wilderness Area. It is a pristine lake with excellent trout fishing. The round-trip hike is approximately six miles. This area of the wilderness was hit hard by forest fires in 2003 and 2006, but the region is still gorgeous and very popular for many hikers.

I have written before about hikers who vanished in the Mount Jefferson wilderness. This is the first story in this book about someone going missing; Riley Zickel is case number two. It is an unusual occurrence when two people go missing in a small geographical area such as the Jefferson Wilderness in a one-month span of time. Going missing is one thing; never being found is another.

Sanford David Rice was known by his friends as "Sandy." He lived in the small community of Blachly, Oregon, halfway between Eugene and the coast. He was one of the high-profile members of the city, because his family owned the local store and gas station, the Horton Market.

Sandy loved kids and gave back to his community by coaching youth sports and staying involved in community affairs. The store was known as a place where locals could post pictures of their trophy fish catches. The store was also a location where natives could regularly see Sandy and discuss the latest of what was happening in Blachly.

In June 2016, Sandy was getting himself in shape and stated that he wanted to do a run later in the summer. On June 23, 2016, he told his wife, Marilyn, he was going to take a day trip east to hike into Marion Lake. It wouldn't be a high altitude or lengthy trip but would be a good way to stay in good condition. He drove from Blachly and did make it to the trailhead. People staying at the lake report seeing a man described exactly like Sandy hiking around the lake in the early evening hours while it was raining.

On June 24, Sandy was supposed to open the store and didn't. Employees opened, and later in the day, Marilyn came in and realized he wasn't there. At 1:30 p.m., the Linn County Sheriff was called, and Sandy was reported as a missing person.

The first thing the sheriff did was dispatch a patrolman to respond to the lake trailhead and see if they could locate Sandy's car. They found it. Inside the vehicle, they found receipts showing he had arrived the previous day and had paid for a day hike. The on-scene deputy immediately called for a SAR team.

Linn County was able to rally a huge contingent of searchers that included canine teams, three civil air patrol planes, Eugene Mountain Rescue, Corvallis Mountain Rescue, Marion County Sheriff search teams, Jefferson County Search and Rescue, and a National Guard helicopter. There were hundreds on the ground looking for Sandy and an entire air force in the sky scanning the ground with FLIR. This huge effort found nothing.

The trail from the parking lot at the Marion Lake Trailhead to the lake is very well marked. It would be nearly impossible to get confused, go off trail, and get lost. Toward the end of the search, SAR put in two cadaver dogs that would pick up the scent of a dead body, but the dogs never picked up a scent.

The search effort did get lucky in one sense, as is described in a *Statesman Journal* article from June 25, 2016: "CAP (Civil Air Patrol) was performing a training day Saturday, so it has diverted three aircraft from training tasks to join the search. Two will fly search patterns while the third aircraft will perform a 'high bird' function, flying at a higher elevation and relaying radio communications between search aircraft and CAP base at Aurora State Airport." I have never heard of such an organized CAP effort; they were lucky to get those resources.

On the third day of the search, Sandy's daughter, Corianne Heinke, was assisting when she climbed over some trees that had been blown down and seriously injured her knee. The *Register Guard* of July 6, 2016, reported, "It took more than six hours to bring Heinke to the trailhead, assisted by the Linn County Sheriff's Mounted Unit."

A lengthy and full six days of comprehensive searching turned up no evidence of where Sandy had gone. Family members were distraught, and searchers were baffled that they found nothing.

The loss of Sandy has permanently changed the persona of Blachly. The Horton Market has gone up for sale, and it appears that new owners will take Sandy's place.

Thirty-five days after Sandy vanished in the Mount Jefferson Wilderness, history repeated itself. Another hiker—another male—traveling alone vanished, leaving another family sad and confused.

Riley Zickel

Riley Zickel
Missing: 07/28/16—Mount Jefferson Wilderness, OR
Age at Disappearance: 21 years
• Intellect, Wilderness, Canines, Cluster Zone

The Mount Jefferson Wilderness surrounds Mount Jefferson, which is 10,497 feet tall. The mountain is located fifty miles east of Albany and approximately fifty miles south of Mount Hood. The wilderness occupies the Willamette, Deschutes, and Mount Hood National Forests. There are several lakes in the wilderness zone, along with many rock outcroppings. There are several people missing in this area of the Cascade Mountains.

Riley Zickel was a graduate of Analy High School in Petaluma, California. He spent the majority of his life being raised in a beautiful city in northern California, Sebastopol. Riley was a very well-rounded young man. He played in the school band and had a high grade-point average. This hard work in high school earned him a scholarship to Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon. Riley didn't take an easy route in school; he was a chemistry major and played in the school's orchestra and jazz groups.

Some people migrate to the outdoors for stress relief, and others like to stay indoors. Riley Zickel enjoyed backpacking and seeing the mountains. On July 27, the student arrived at the Mount Jefferson Wilderness for a planned night in the woods. He parked his silver Mazda at the trailhead and took his backpack into the wild.

On July 28, Riley had planned to meet friends from Seattle, and he never arrived. When he didn't make it for the meeting, a series of calls were made, and he was eventually reported as a missing person. Many calls were made to Riley's cell phone, and it appeared he had it turned off. It wasn't until July 30 that the concern over Riley reached his parents, and they called the local sheriff. On July 31, forty-five searchers were on the ground.

The Marion County Sheriff took charge of the SAR effort. They did find Riley's car where they thought it would be. They put helicopters into the air and ground teams into the wilderness. Ground teams focused on the Pacific Crest Trail and Park Butte area. By the second day of the search, Linn and Polk Counties had contributed searchers along with a National Guard helicopter and US Forest Service crews. The Civil Air Patrol participated by putting two planes into the search zone around Mount Jefferson. Multiple canine teams from various jurisdictions searched trail areas for any scent and found none.

The Marion County Sheriff confirmed they had interviewed over five hundred people on or around the trail. They found only one person whom they confirmed spoke with Riley on July 27 in Jefferson Park. After seven days of intensive search efforts, the attempt to find Riley was terminated.

The disturbing facts around this case include Riley's intent to spend only one night in the wilderness. This was not going to be a multiday trip with extensive hiking. He knew how far he could go in and still make it out the next day to meet his friends. This knowledge would limit the distance from the trailhead you'd expect to find the Lewis and Clark student. Riley's parents said he was a very experienced backpacker and had the necessary supplies to live in the wilderness in May.

It's amazing to me the number of times I report on missing people who don't have their phones with them or who have their phones turned off. I don't like to point out mistakes made by hikers, but I also don't want to miss a teaching moment. If Riley had carried a PLB with him, he might've been found.

Ashley Laird
Missing: 08/26/16 at 9:15 a.m.—Jacksonville, OR
Age at Disappearance: 37 years
• Medical Professional, Injured, Missing Time, Lack of Memory, Disoriented, Runner

After reading thousands of missing-person reports, I have learned not to believe in coincidences. Doctor Ashley Laird was a brilliant emergency-room physician at the Asante Rogue River

Medical Center in Medford Oregon. She had attended Stanford Medical School and graduated in 2007. She did her emergency room internship at Harbor-UCLA Medical Center. After completing her internship, she stayed on at the same facility and completed her residency. Dan Arnold and Ashley met while Dan was a philosophy major at Stanford. In 2010 the couple moved to Sonora, California, where Dan was an author, and Ashley was an emergency room physician at Sonora Regional Medical Center.

On August 26, 2016, Ashley; Dan; and their six-year-old son, Sage, were living on South Third Street in Jacksonville, Oregon. Ashley was a daily long-distance runner and actually won her age group in the 2014 American River fifty-mile endurance run that takes place just east of Sacramento, California. The website for the race indicates that she covered the fifty miles in seven hours and eighteen minutes, averaging a phenomenal eight minutes and forty-five seconds per mile for the fifty miles. She took twelfth place overall. It was a great race for the then thirty-five-year-old.

Ashley usually ran every day and sometimes carried a Garmin GPS with her. When she left at 9:15 a.m. on August 26, she wasn't carrying her GPS or her cell phone. Dan would later tell police she would sometimes be gone running for up to two hours.

When Ashley didn't return for more than two hours, Dan's concern started to rise, and he eventually called the police, who listed her as a missing person. The search for the physician started almost immediately. The Rogue Valley Search and Rescue Team was called, and a call went out for volunteers from as far away as Siskiyou County in California. Dan told searchers that Ashley had been nursing some injuries when she took off for her run.

Over two hundred searchers scoured the area around Jacksonville's Forest Park. Searchers had found nothing and were getting nervous. One searcher used Ashley's GPS to decipher her last few runs and determine a location she may have traveled.

On Sunday, a group of searchers that included Ashley's father were in an area at the bottom of Rail Trail. The group came around a corner and saw Ashley standing in front of them. Her father immediately recognized his daughter and ran to her. It appeared that she did not have any serious injuries. She was taken to the search headquarters and transported to the same hospital where she was an emergency room physician.

An August 29, 2016, article in the *Mail Tribune* had several fascinating statements about Ashley, the search, and her condition: "Laird became lost at some point on her run Friday, Arnold says, but she is unable to remember many details of the weekend. It's possible that she fell and hit her head and lost consciousness, suggested by a bump on her head. Given the scrapes and scratches on her body, she may have ended up off trail." The following statement was from Dan in the same newspaper article: "To have her suddenly reappear and be basically fine was, I am kind of at a loss for words. It just felt like all of this pain and tragedy suddenly just got lifted off of me all at once and there she was." Another statement later in the same article had this: "'They asked her what day it was. She said Saturday. Somehow she had lost an entire day,' Arnold says." The same article also reported, "Her father says she may never remember what happened. The particulars of Ashley's weekend remain a mystery."

The day after Ashley was found, articles stated that she had voluntarily placed her medical license on inactive status pending an investigation by the Oregon Medical Board. This was a very unusual action based on its timing.

A few people may think her disappearance and medical-license action are somehow related. People who have read my books know that the facts surrounding Ashley's disappearance are all intertwined with many other disappearances I have documented. Based on other cases I have documented, Ashley is one of only a small handful of physicians and trail runners who vanished and came back alive. Her lack of memory about the incident matches perfectly with other people I have written about who disappeared and match our profile. Considering that trail runner Todd Ragsdale vanished just twelve miles from Ashley and died under highly unusual conditions, I think these two cases may be two parts of the same puzzle. The bump on Ashley's head is also significant. Many of the people who vanish are later found with traumatic brain injuries, as in James McGrogan's case.

Todd Ragsdale and Ashley Laird were established and winning trail runners. Both lived in Southern Oregon, and both were longtime runners with significant experience. They each left one day to run trails just on the outskirts of their town. Both of the runners were nursing minor injuries when they left, and both had decided to leave their cell phones behind. In Ashley's case, articles stated that she "suddenly reappeared." Todd was found deceased in an area that had been previously searched. In a very odd coincidence, both were found two days after they vanished.

I can imagine that Ashley and her family are struggling to find answers to her disappearance and to her conduct. They need to understand that what happened to her is somewhat unique—she lived. The vast majority of runners and physicians who have vanished under our profile points didn't come back alive.

Shawn Higgins
Missing: 10/14/16—p.m.—Agness, OR
Age at Disappearance: 41 years
• Hunter, Weather, Canines, Multiple Disappearance

When I'm at a conference, I usually hear the same questions over and over. A few of the inquiries I get are whether I know about cases where two people disappear in one incident. Another question asked routinely is whether seasoned and experienced hunters who know the area they are hunting ever disappear. The case you are about to read has a high level of intrigue and includes both of the factors people regularly ask about.

Shawn Higgins was a timber faller who lived with his two sons and wife in Coos Bay, Oregon. He was a very experienced hunter who decided to take his twenty-one-year-old son, Trevor, and a family friend and travel south on the Oregon coast to Gold Beach, then follow the Rogue River east into the coastal range to go hunting.

On October 14, 2016, the group decided to hunt. Shawn, Trevor, and another relative made an agreement to meet at a specific time later in the day. Shawn never made it back. Darkness soon enveloped the campsite, and Trevor decided to go out and look for his dad. Trevor didn't make it back to camp either. The family friend contacted law enforcement, and the call was made for search-and-rescue teams from southern Oregon.

The area the men were hunting was on Burnt Ridge Road off Bear Camp Road. This is a very rough area that's extremely thick with foliage and steep mountainsides. It is extremely easy to get lost in this region if you don't know the area.

The Curry County Sheriff took the lead on the search effort. Just as the SAR was starting, the first of three very serious Pacific storms hit the area and inundated the mountains with heavy rain and fog. It was an almost unbelievable stroke of bad luck for searchers to be faced with bad weather. The heavy rain caused creeks and rivers to rise and raise the risk of the victims getting hypothermia.

The roads into this area of the county were literally blockaded by the number of professional and volunteer searchers looking for the Higgins. The first two days of the search produced nothing. Searchers numbered between one hundred and two hundred daily. Shawn Higgins knew the outdoors as well as anyone in the state. He spent his life in the outdoors as a logger and timber faller and was considered the consummate outdoorsman by friends and family. Trevor was the focus of everyone's concerns in the short term. People believed Shawn could survive the elements, but they weren't sure about Trevor.

The fourth day of the search initially produced nothing. Searchers were approximately two and a half miles from where Trevor had entered the woods and, at 2:00 or 3:45 p.m. (reports vary), found the young man in a gully near Squirrel Camp Creek. He was very cold and hypothermic. The rescuers called for a coast guard helicopter for an evacuation. They built a fire to keep Trevor warm until air support arrived. The helicopter rescued the hunter and took him to a hospital for observation. He was later released in good physical condition.

The effort to locate Shawn continued. Searchers had earlier found his vehicle near Squirrel Peak fifteen miles east of Agness, and this is where the search was centered. As the days went by, fog and rain continued to inhibit searchers' efforts and air support. The sheriff brought in canines to help find Shawn's scent. They found nothing. The communities of Coos Bay, Gold Beach, and Agness were all rallying in support of searchers and supplied food, coffee, and drinks on an ongoing basis. The community's support in the effort to find Shawn was nonstop for fourteen days. At the end of the fourteenth day, the Curry County sheriff terminated the SAR. There were private efforts to find the dad and husband. They found nothing.

On November 13, 2016, NBC affiliate *KOBI* carried a lengthy article about the effort to find the hunter and also included an interview with Stephanie Higgins, Shawn's wife. Here was her statement: "'It's very unlike him. He's definitely an outdoorsman and it's just really unbelievable. Out of all the people, that's what people keep saying,' said Stephanie with a sigh. 'I have a really hard time believing that he would get lost. I mean, that is the one thing that really bothers me. That, and the fact that we have found nothing, literally nothing. He's just gone.'" Stephanie went on to say that when she and Shawn were in high school, they'd travel to the exact area where he vanished and hunt turkeys. The man knew the area from which he vanished, and friends and family could not believe he would have gotten lost.

In *Missing 411: Hunters*, I describe more than one hundred hunters who became lost under a variety of locations and conditions. Many of the victims knew the areas from which they vanished like their own backyards or disappeared from property that had been in the family for decades. The fact that these hunters vanished without a trace made zero sense to family or friends.

Whether it is hunters or hikers, a random disappearance where no evidence is ever found is unusual. I do believe hunters enter the woods with more experience and more tools than hikers. They understand that they may have to hike out with a hundred pounds of meat and thus need to be prepared. When a wife makes statements about her husband's knowledge of the outdoors, and specifically the fact that he knew the area he was hunting, I listen. When you look at all the factors involved in the disappearance of Shawn Higgins, it falls into the realm of a classic Missing 411 case. I think Trevor was a very lucky young man to leave those woods alive.

Pennsylvania

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Bruce Zerbey	06/24/1917 • 2.5 • PA
M /Harold Cornell	05/21/23 at 10:00 a.m. • 4 • PA
M /Evan Millard	05/21/23 at 10:00 a.m. • 4 • PA
F /Jennie Behm	07/28/25 at 10:30 a.m. • 2 • PA

Bruce Zerbey
Missing: 06/24/1917—Washington Township, PA
Age at Disappearance: 2.5 years
•Distance Traveled, Cluster Zone, German, Loss of Memory

Perspective is important when reading about Pennsylvania cases. In *Missing 411: Eastern United States*, I document twenty-one cases of children six years and under who vanished from rural locations under unexplained circumstances. The Keystone State has more disappearances of this type during a confined time period than any other state. The case of Bruce Zerby mimics many of the cases that have been documented in the past.

On June 24, 1917, Bruce Zerby was two and a half years old. He and his family visited the farm of Lyman Herring on the outskirts of Washington Township near Tremont and Pottsville.

Many of the missing kids I have documented were visiting friends and relatives when they vanished, as was the case here. Sometime during that visit, Bruce vanished, and the Lymans and Zerbys contacted authorities and locals for assistance. Before nightfall, four hundred people were walking the fields and roads looking, calling, and screaming for the little boy.

I want each reader to ask himself or herself how far a two-year-old would travel while walking through rolling hillsides. Well, search-and-rescue manuals state that such a child would be found 95 percent of the time in a two-mile radius or less on fairly flat ground.

Search parties carried torches and worked through the night in an ever-widening path looking for Bruce.

The morning of June 26, 1917, started with a huge shock. A June 26, 1917, article in the *Lebanon Daily* offered these details of the event: "Bruce Zerbey, 2 ½ year old son of A.W. Zerbey, principal of Tremont High School was found Monday wandering about the streets of Deturksville, six miles from the farm where he mysteriously disappeared on Sunday. He is unable to explain how he came to be so far away from home." It did not appear as though Bruce had any injuries.

Bruce's inability to remember what happened to him is another consistent factor in cases where the victim came back alive. Whether you wish to call it a lack of time or memory, it is something that needs to be considered in these events. Reporters at the time considered this mysterious. Some papers stated that Bruce had to have been abducted and later released. If Bruce was taken by kidnappers, however, they took a huge risk taking roads in the area when searchers were responding to the farm. The idea that a kidnapper lurked around farms in Pennsylvania in the mid-1900s is not realistic. We would've eventually read of a dead prowler on these farms, as people in rural areas didn't play games. Something unusual happened to Bruce—something we may never understand.

Harold Cornell
Evan Millard
Missing: 05/21/23 at 10:00 a.m.—Mount Jewett, PA
Ages at disappearance: 4 years
• Distance Traveled, Weather, Cluster Zone

It's unusual incident when two small children disappear simultaneously and are later found together. It gets very strange when the incident happens in one of our known geographical clusters, as did this one. Jewett, Pennsylvania, is ten miles south of the New York border and Bradford, Pennsylvania. This is approximately eighty miles east of Lake Erie and on the eastern edge of the Allegheny National Forest.

At 10:00 a.m. on May 21, 1923, Harold Cornell and Evan Millard were playing at their homes and disappeared. Articles don't state they were playing together or were together at one home. A May 23, 1923, article in the *Kane Republican* states, "Monday, out of all proportion to their size when they disappeared from their homes about 10 o'clock in the morning and had a share of the population seeking them until 8 o'clock in the evening." To think that they were each at their homes when they vanished is highly unusual.

The children's parents realized the kids were missing and joined forces to look for their kids. This area of Pennsylvania can be extremely thick in vegetation with rolling hills. At 1:00 p.m., searchers got the assistance of local high school boys, who were released from school to search. As the hours waxed on and the town became more concerned, a general alarm was sounded, and almost every member of the local community responded to find the young boys.

Barney Millard, Harold's father, was beating the bushes looking for the two kids. At approximately 8:00 p.m., Barney made a discovery, as is explained in the same article quoted above: "The tots were found in the vicinity of Hazelhurst after a day of wandering over the roads and in the woods which carried them four miles in the direction of Halsey and then in an almost opposite direction over rounding trails to the scene where they were found. Altogether the little ones are believed to have wandered fully ten miles." The article went on to say that Harold was found on the ground nearly asleep, while Evan was found standing near him.

The fact that two four-year-olds stayed together over a ten-mile trek through the woods is unheard of in my research. The distance they traveled is far outside the bounds of any search-and-rescue manual.

I have documented six other people who vanished in this exact area under highly unusual circumstances. There is no other location of the United States that has such a high number of missing kids in anything close to that time frame. I have also stated in many of my presentations that Pennsylvania could be a cluster in and of itself. There are many people missing in the state. Why?

The last sentence in the article quoted above is key: "The youngsters seem none the worse for their strenuous day of traveling through the mud and rain." Weather is one of the identified factors in many of our cases. In many cases, weather inhibits searchers or changes as the disappearance unfolds. It seems hard to believe that two four-year-olds could travel ten mountain miles over hills and through the bush and be found ten hours later in good condition.

Jennie Pauline Behm
Missing: 07/28/25 at 10:30 a.m.—Dryville, PA
Age at Disappearance: 2 years
• Weather, Previously Searched, Not in Elements Entire Time Missing, German

This case involves many of the factors I have discussed in previous books. On July 27, 1925, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Behm lived on their farm in Dryville, Pennsylvania. (Dryville was also called Rockland Township on some maps.) A July 31, 1925, article in the *Huntington Daily* provided these details of what happened: "The child was taken into the field by its parents Tuesday morning with a large dog that has been its constant companion. Busy with their work, the parents forgot about the child until the dog began to whine and bark." Neighbors reported seeing a child who looked like Jennie walking down a roadway but didn't stop her. This sighting was never confirmed by law enforcement, yet this alleged sighting got a lot of play in the press.

Once the Behms couldn't locate their daughter, they called locals for assistance, who in turn contacted the Pennsylvania State Police. Local citizens also contacted area Boy Scout Troops and received a massive response. SAR teams stayed on scene and searched day and night, yelling for Jennie, carrying torches at night, and listening for sounds. Searchers were challenged during their effort; it rained twice during the search.

Boy Scouts and neighbors were not finding anything and weren't getting any response from their efforts. On August 2, searchers were back in a field near a roadway where Jennie was supposedly seen. They had been in this field many times in the past. The August 3, 1925, copy of the *Reading Times* supplied these facts when addressing the search of the field: "It had been crossed and recrossed by searchers during the six day hunt which ended when Theodore Diener saw Jennie's mud stained clothing fluttering in the breeze yesterday morning." The November 1, 1925, edition of the *Reading Eagle* had these additional facts: "On Sunday morning August 2, the lifeless form of the tot was found in a corn field about two miles from the Behm home." The body was taken to the Behm residence. Mrs. Behm could not believe her daughter was dead, and the father stood there in a state of shock.

The investigation into Jennie's death was very complex for 1925. Locals were mystified and concerned that something else had happened that wasn't being explained. They knew they had covered that cornfield daily and had covered it completely. The body was located between rows of corn and should've been easily seen.

Later in the same *Reading Eagle* article were these facts about the autopsy: "An autopsy made by A.H. Bauscher disclosed the fact that the child had sustained a broken neck. Coroner John H. Rorke conducted the inquest and made every effort to solve the mystery by summoning a number of witnesses in order to clear up the case. It was clearly established by the testimony that the child met with violence, but by what method the jury was unable to determine."

While the above-listed facts are disturbing, the following adds an entirely new level of intrigue, as is documented in the August 5, 1925, edition of the *New Castle News*:

> City and county authorities still expressed themselves as mystified this afternoon over the death of 23 month old Jennie Behm, who was found with a broken neck in a cornfield in Dryville Sunday. No motive for a possible slaying of the child could be found. Coroner Rorke admitted that rough handling of the body after death could've caused breaking of bones. He felt certain that the child died 24 hours before her body was found, despite the fact that she had been missing six days while hundreds of persons scoured the woods for her. The coroner said he was convinced the tot had not been subjected to the elements for that time.

This fact is key to this and other investigations. In *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*, families of several deceased young men had second autopsies completed on their sons. Several of the secondary autopsies stated that the young men were not in the water for days or weeks as some had alleged, thus prompting the obvious question: Where were they? It was never stated what bones were broken on Jennie's body other than her neck.

Dr. Bauscher stated that there was no way the child could've caused those injuries to herself. An August 4, 1925, edition of the *Reading Eagle* had more facts: "There are two facts brought to light by the autopsy said coroner Rorke. 'We know the child suffered a period of starvation and we know that the child's neck was broken. Either would have caused death. The second vertebra was broken. The first vertebra was dislocated and there was a dislocation on the second vertebra.'" Later in the same article was this additional statement from the coroner about Jennie's broken neck: "It would require a great deal of force to cause an injury."

Let's go through the facts:

- Jennie was missing for six days.
- The field she was found in was searched daily.
- She suffered a broken neck.
- Cause of death could've been a broken neck or starvation
- It was the opinion of the coroner that the body had not been outdoors for six days but had died just twenty-four hours before being found.
- The coroner stated that there was no sexual assault.

Over the years I have had hundreds of readers write to me about their feelings and concerns regarding the stories I present. One of the constants in the messages is that many people believe the bodies are dropped into the position where they are found. They claim canines cannot pick up a ground scent because there isn't one.

This case gave me hours of quiet contemplation. I know there are many cases like this that I have documented from Pennsylvania. In this specific instance, the coroner was honest with the community and explained intimately the details of Jennie's death. In many of the small towns and counties, the coroner may not release all the facts regarding death so as not to cause community concern and instead put the case to bed.

If a local person in Jennie's community had abducted the girl, why would he or she risk being seen and identified by placing her body back into the exact environment that was continuously being searched? Why wouldn't he or she put the girl's body in a vehicle, drive it miles away, and dump it? Another obvious question: Why would the abductor not feed the girl and make her comfortable? The vast majority of child abductions involve some type of sexual assault; there was none in Jennie's case.

Contrary to what some may believe, it is not easy to break a small child's bones. Their bones are pliable, and their ability to flex and bend is much greater than would be the case for an older person.

Her body was found between the rows of corn, not lying on top of corn. She was found in a location where she would be more easily seen by searchers. I lost track of the number of articles I found claiming that searchers had gone over that specific area many times. Charles Behm, Jennie's dad, was one of those searchers who had gone through the field calling her name. It seems that, if Jennie had been there, she would've answered her father.

How could someone, or something, get into that field, dump the body, and leave without being seen? It was mentioned that there was the possibility that Jennie had been killed somewhere else and placed in the field. There were many theories bandied about under the hopes something would stick. Between 1915 and 1957, there were more young children that disappeared in Pennsylvania under our profile points than any other state, province or country we have studied. The majority of the kids on this list were documented in Missing 411- Eastern United States. What is it about Pennsylvania that caused these disappearances?

Rhode Island

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
F /Patti Pendleton	11/28/16 • 59 • RI

Patti Pendleton
Missing: 11/28/16—Arcadia Management Area, Exeter, RI
Age at Disappearance: 59 years
• Canines, Distance Traveled, Water, FLIR

This is one of few cases I have ever researched from Rhode Island. This disappearance happened in the Arcadia Management Area in Exeter. This heavily wooded region is in the southern part of the state, approximately ten miles from the Atlantic Ocean.

On November 28, 2016, fifty-nine-year-old Patti Pendleton took her black toy poodle and black fox terrier with her when she drove from her residence in Coventry and parked at the trailhead south of Route 165 near Beach Pond Road.

Patti worked in the accounting department for the American Arbitration Department in East Providence. She was a longtime 4-H member and was also a member of the Chariho Baptist Church in Bradford. She was extremely proud of her two grown boys, Michael and Larry.

Patti was walking the trail that day because she loved the woods, had grown up in the area, and was trying to get exercise. There were other hikers on the trail that day, and both confirmed that they saw her walking with an orange vest on and accompanied by her two dogs, who were on leashes and also wearing orange vests.

On November 29, 2016, Patti didn't arrive at her job, and her coworkers called Michael. He did some digging, couldn't find his mom, and called authorities. It was quickly learned that her car was at the trailhead. A SAR operation was organized.

The Rhode Island State Police, Coventry Police, Exeter Fire, and US Fish and Wildlife immediately sent searchers. The SAR team also got the assistance of the Rhode Island Task Force 2. The Rhode Island State Police helicopter searched the area for two days with their FLIR unit and found nothing. The December 1, 2016, edition of the *Providence Journal* supplied specifics on the search effort: "Today's search, which involved about 150 people, ten dogs, four boats, two helicopters and an unspecified number of ATV's, drones, horses, turned up a pair of prescription glasses that belong to Pendleton." Patti's son Mike was interviewed for the article and made these comments: "'She's grown up around this area,' he said. 'She knows these woods. She's very smart, she knows how to survive.'" Here is another comment from authorities on the effort to find Patti: "The police say there remains no evidence of foul play. Coventry Police Chief Col. John S. Macdonald said it was 'a bit of a mystery' that Pendleton's dogs had not been found, although 'they're not outdoor dogs and they've been out for a while now.'"

The four-day search effort to locate Patti ended on December 3. Mike found additional assistance and got the effort to continue unofficially the following day. On December 4, volunteer search hikers were walking the trails when they heard barking dogs from deep in the swamps. The December 5, 2016, edition of *Patch* relayed the story: "'Pendleton was found in a location that was extremely difficult to access,' police said. 'She was located in the area referred to as Cat Swamp, west of Deep Pond which is close to the Connecticut border. First responders needed chainsaws and brush clearing equipment to access the area where her body was discovered.'" Patti's dogs were found not far from the body. She was found lying in water.

Patti's body was sent to the coroner's office. Police initially stated that they believed Patti had died from exposure, but the coroner came back with a verdict that she'd died of a heart attack.

Perspective is important on cases like this. While a healthy, fit, and strong man or woman with a machete or ax may be able to make his or her way through the bush and swamps to get to Patti's location, how did a five-foot-two-inch, 230-pound women with two small dogs get there? If searchers couldn't get to her without "chainsaws and brush clearing equipment," how did she make it? Why would she travel there? Why weren't her dogs heard barking days earlier? As is very typical in these cases, the formal search was terminated, and the victim was found quickly thereafter.

If you think about the totality of the situation and surrounding search, how did the Rhode Island State Police helicopter not see Patti or her dogs on FLIR? How did the multitude of canine teams working the area not pick up Patti's scent? Readers need to ask the question: Was Patti even there when the formal search was occurring?

Police stated that her dogs were in good condition when they were recovered. How were they in good condition when they were not outside dogs and supposedly had been living in the elements for five days without food?

South Carolina

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Jason Knapp	04/11/98 • 20 • SC

Jason Knapp

Jason Knapp
Missing: 04/11/98—Table Rock State Park, Pickens, SC
Age at Disappearance: 20 years
• Wilderness, Intellect, Weather, Canines

I've spent considerable time researching missing people at the Great Smoky Mountains National Park just seventy miles from this incident. I knew nothing about Table Rock State Park in Pickens, South Carolina, until I stumbled onto this case. When I started to do the background research on the event, I was extremely surprised to see huge granite walls in park photos. These walls could challenge Yosemite National Park for their size and proportions. Boulders and granite are some of the profile points and consistencies we see in many disappearances. When I saw the granite wall at this park, I immediately dove in.

The victim in this incident was a young man any family would be proud to call their son. Many of the victims of 411 disappearances are outstanding students, stellar people, and great athletes, all of which would fit the profile for Jason Knapp.

Jason Knapp was a graduate of Central York High School in York, Pennsylvania. The city is located directly north of Baltimore, approximately twenty miles north of the border. Jason was a well-rounded young man who enjoyed mountain biking, shooting, and NASCAR. He applied and was accepted to Clemson University to study mechanical engineering.

Jason got to Clemson and immediately made friends. He enrolled in ROTC and excelled. He was getting great grades, integrating into the college lifestyle, and having fun. In April 1998, he was a sophomore living at the University Terrace Apartments with friends.

Jason enjoyed the outdoors and regularly liked to explore. In early April, he was notified that he had been accepted into the prestigious Pershing Rifle organization, an elite military group. He was very proud of the accomplishment.

Many reports about this incident state that Jason vanished on April 12, 1998, while others indicate it was April 11. A March 22, 1999, article in the *Reading Eagle* said Jason apparently had driven his white 1990 Chevrolet Beretta (license plate APV9032) to Table Rock Mountain State Park in Pickens, South Carolina. They found his locked car in the park. His car was found nine days after the last time he was actually seen at a restaurant near campus. Due to erratic schedules, Jason and his roommates sometimes didn't have face-to-face meetings or see one another for days. Once his roommates didn't see him, they called his mom, who called authorities on April 17 to notify them he was missing.

When authorities searched Jason's car, they found an entry receipt for the park dated April 11, 1998. The receipt was given to the police and later to the FBI, who stated that Jason's fingerprints were on it, implying he had driven his car into the park. The time stamp on the receipt was 3:30 p.m.

Local park officials and the county sheriff started searching the backcountry for Jason. An April 25 article in the *Gettysburg Times* explained, "Air searches were hampered by rain and clouds earlier in the week." Jason had now been alone in the wilderness for over a week. Police went through the car again and found fifty dollars in change. His checkbook contained a significant amount of cash, and this was found in his apartment. They found that he had withdrawn fifty dollars in cash from an ATM the day he vanished. Officials also found a receipt dated April 12 at 1:30 p.m. from Wendy's near campus. Now you can see my frustration in researching these cases—reporters can't get their facts straight.

Other articles stated that Jason was last seen entering the park on Easter Sunday; if true, this throws the dates into complete confusion.

Law enforcement brought in multiple canine teams, helicopters, and ground teams. They found nothing belonging to Jason outside his vehicle.

Law enforcement has consistently stated that they do not believe there was any foul play in this incident. How do they know this? Jason's parents asked the local sheriff to allow the FBI to enter the case; they did and obtained the returns on the park receipt.

I have written about highly successful college men who have vanished under extremely unusual and unexplainable circumstances. Many of them have disappeared in the wilderness when alone. I have to believe there are as many unsuccessful college females who hike the parks, but I don't hear about them going missing and fitting our profile. Why is it only the male students who are athletes, getting great grades, and on the path to greatness who vanish? The male students vanishing in the woods fit the same profile as the coeds I have written about in *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*.

I have deep compassion for Jason's parents. The loss of a stellar son and the inability to get closure is something that would haunt me for a lifetime. My prayers are with Jason's family.

Jason Knapp has never been found.

Texas

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Dr. Robert North	06/07/47 • 35 • TX
M /Edwin Rogers	12/30/11 • 62 • TX
M /Mark Rhineburger	02/15/12 at 7:00 a.m. • 39 • TX
M /Dennis Rogers	03/08/12 at 5:45 p.m. • 54 • TX

Dr. Robert N. North
Missing: 06/07/47—Big Bend National Park, TX
Age at Disappearance: 35 years
• Medical Professional, National Park, Medical Issues

Big Bend National Park, established on June 12, 1944, sits in far southwest Texas on the Mexico border. The park is 801,163 acres and has areas that would remind some readers of the Grand Canyon and others of a dry desert with scattered mountains. One of the biggest claims of the park is that it is home to 450 species of birds.

Dr. Robert N. North was a physician who specialized in osteopathic medicine. He practiced in Lansing, Michigan, just seventy miles east of Lake Michigan.

In 1944 the doctor was discovered to have a heart condition and a nervous disorder, for which he was being treated. He also was missing his right eye. He and his wife decided to move to southwest Texas and called Imperial home. In an effort to keep calm and productive, the physician took on the hobby of photography.

On June 5, 1947, Robert drove to one of his favorite locations, Big Bend National Park. He got a cabin in the facility and brought his dog, a boxer. On June 7, he left his cabin with his dog and saw a ranger. He told the ranger he was going into the city to get some food.

Days after Robert was last seen, rangers entered his cabin and found all his camera gear—more than $600 worth of equipment—on a table in the room. Rangers contacted his wife and determined he was a missing person.

The park service made a statement that Robert should be completely safe traveling from his cabin to the store and downplayed any possibility that he was involved with criminal activity.

The National Park Service knew Robert was driving a tan 1940 two-door Chevrolet and traveling with his dog. I'll tell you from a law-enforcement perspective, this is a pretty good target to find. NPS put up planes to search from the air and enlisted ground teams. NPS also got assistance from the border patrol, who also brought their planes to search.

After four days of intensive SAR, the NPS made statements that the doctor must have been suffering from amnesia and become lost. How often in the twenty-first century do you ever hear of anyone getting amnesia? The formal search to locate Dr. Robert N. North was terminated without finding anything.

Nothing happened in the investigation of Dr. North's disappearance, and his car hadn't been found until National Park Ranger George Sholly flew over Glenn Springs Arroyo on September 7, 1951, and spotted the physician's car. He called for rangers to respond to the area.

Rangers found the vehicle stuck in the sand with a blown tire. Keys were in the ignition, and a dog's skull and other bones were found in the immediate area of the car. It was initially believed that some of the bones had to be human, and the other bones belonged to his boxer.

This case was just starting to heat up.

The park service sent the bones to the FBI, who sent them on to the Smithsonian Institute. They stated that some of the bones belonged to a dog…but not the boxer. In a very weird statement, the head of the park discussed some of the bones, as published in the *Big Spring Weekly Herald* of September 14, 1951: "Dr. Ross Maxwell, superintendent of the park, said Wednesday the bones are those of a beast." There was no other explanation for the bones in that article other than the dog skull I explained earlier. I think that is a very odd statement coming from the head of Big Bend National Park. What did he mean by "beast?"

On October 1, 1951, the public and relatives started to get uneasy about the park service's taking four years to find Robert's car. The October 1, 1951, article in the *Odessa American* reported, "Mrs. North, who lives in Imperial, accused park officials of not searching thoroughly at the time of her husband's disappearance."

The park went on to say that all trails near the car had been searched thoroughly, but they didn't address her accusation directly.

Things were getting heated around Big Bend as Mrs. North was asking the Texas Rangers to enter the park to search for her husband. She felt she wasn't getting assistance from anyone in the service.

The October 7, 1951, edition of the *Abilene Reporter* wasn't afraid of the Park Service and published these details: "State Police Chief Homer Garrison Jr wants to read the attorney general's opinion before he sends the Texas Rangers into Big Bend National Park. Attorney General Price Daniel issued an opinion yesterday saying Texas peace officers could enter the federal park to investigate crimes which are under state jurisdiction." Mrs. North had requested that Texas Rangers enter the case, because she believed a crime had been committed against her husband, and nobody was investigating. Later in the above article was this: "The attorney general commented in the opinion that 'the park is not a sanctuary for criminals nor a hiding place for evidence of their crimes.'" The last paragraph in the article stated that the park had claimed they had full jurisdiction. My gosh, where are legislators with a backbone like Price Daniel when you need them in the twenty-first century?

How many times have victims' families felt the exact same way as Mrs. North? The statement that the park is not a sanctuary for criminal activity rings home. The NPS still claims the parks are entirely under their jurisdiction and others don't need to assist in their investigations.

I couldn't find a confirmation that the Texas Rangers went into the park. I also could not find any article confirming that Dr. North or his canine was ever found. This case somewhat reminds me of the Shaun Rentz disappearance: Each man drove his car to an area where it had no business being. Some articles stated that Dr. North was on a day trip for photography, but that's a lie; all his equipment was left on a table at his cabin.

How odd is it that next to Dr. North's car, NPS found a canine skull that did not belong to his boxer? They then went on to find other bones described by the park superintendent as those of a "beast." Various reports indicated that some of the other bones belonged to a deer but never explained what the beast bones were. I still have a very difficult time understanding how the Park Service can miss a large American-made car in the middle of nowhere during their initial searches.

Missing Persons Rogers, Rogers, and Rhineburger

I am about to explain a very unusual series of incidents that are linked together geographically, through dates of occurrence, and by the unusual nature of each incident. All these disappearances happened in Liberty County, Texas. The county is on the outer fringe of the northeast corner of Houston. There are five major cities in the county: Cleveland, Liberty, Daisetta, Hardin, and Moss Hill. I will explain the cases in the order they happened.

Edwin Rogers
Missing: 12/30/11—Cleveland, Texas
Age at Disappearance: 62 years
• Medication, Disabled, Cluster Zone

A type of disappearance I have described that occurs around the world is the abandonment of a vehicle, after which the driver cannot be found.

Edwin Rogers was a sixty-two-year–old, disabled trucker living in Liberty County, Texas. On December 30, 2011, in the very late night hours, he called his son and brother. The conversations were not long, and nothing of distinction could be stated about them. In one conversation, he asked his brother if he was awake. His brother said he was not, and the conversation ended fairly soon. He was last seen on December 30, 2011, and told his kids he'd be going to the local Veterans of Foreign Wars hall.

On December 31, Edwin's vehicle was spotted by his stepson on the side of the roadway on Highway 321 in Cleveland. He told his mom of the find, and she went out to check on the 1998 Jeep Grand Cherokee. She found Edwin's medication on the front seat and his cell phone under the driver's seat.

On January 6, 2012, Edwin's stepdaughter, Gina Goh, heard that he was missing and reported him as a missing person to law enforcement.

On January 8, Liberty County Sheriffs, Texas Equusearch, and local fire departments formally searched the fields around where Edwin's car was parked. There was a multiday effort by friends and volunteers, but the searches found nothing related to Edwin.

Many databases and websites list the date Edwin went missing as January 6; however, this is only the day he was reported missing. His car was seen on the side of the road on December 30, and it never moved.

Various articles and sites stated that nobody believed Edwin could walk far, because he had very bad feet.

Mark Rhineburger
Missing: 02/15/12 at 7:00 a.m.—Romayor, TX
Age at Disappearance: 39 years

- Cluster Zone

Forty-seven days after Edwin Rogers vanished, another local man disappeared under very strange circumstances.

Mark Rhineburger was a thirty-nine-year-old welder living in Crosby on February 15, 2012. The day of his disappearance was important to Mark—it was his birthday. He left his home at 5:00 a.m. but left his wallet behind. In the following two hours, he stopped at two different gas stations and told attendants that either someone or something was following or chasing him. What was said exactly varies from source to source.

Mark was driving a 2005 white, four-door Chevrolet pickup. A March 29, 2012, article on Chron.com had these details about what happened next: "Around 7:00 a.m., sheriff's deputies say his white Chevrolet hurtled into a house near the Trinity River bridge off FM 787. The property owners rushed to check on the driver. There wasn't one. The keys were still in the ignition." Deputies responded and searched the surrounding area, not finding anyone or anything.

Six weeks after Mark's disappearance, a citizen found a jacket with a cell phone in it in a gravel quarry two miles from where Mark's truck was located and reported the discovery to police. Deputies searched the area of the gravel pit and found nothing.

Various articles stated that law enforcement had raided a home and that the investigation was somehow related to the disappearance. Nobody has ever been arrested in Mark's disappearance.

One of the main items that intrigued me in this case was the fact that witnesses got to the truck quickly but didn't find anyone in the driver's seat.

Dennis Rogers
Missing: 03/08/12 at 5:45 p.m.—Plum Grove, TX
Age at Disappearance: 54 years
- Disabled, Swamp, Canines, Weather, Cluster Zone

Twenty-one days after Mark Rhineburger vanished, Dennis Rogers mysteriously walked into oblivion.

Dennis, an electrician for Shell Oil, was not related to Edwin, in spite of having the same last name. He enjoyed drag racing his Camaro until an incident occurred in 2007; he was in the driver's seat at the start line, and people were waiting for him to leave the blocks…but he didn't. His mechanic walked up to the car and found him slumped in the seat.

Dennis had suffered a major medical event that forced him to retire early from Shell. The condition gave Dennis short-term memory loss. He still enjoyed taking hikes in the woods near his house. He was fortunate because his daughter, Crystal, lived near him and always looked after him. He had a habit of calling her before he took a walk and would regularly call her every thirty minutes to let her know he was doing fine.

On March 8, 2012, at approximately noon, Dennis called Crystal and said he'd be taking his walk. Hours passed, and Dennis never called back. At 5:48 p.m., Crystal called her dad and asked where he was, as he was expected at her house for dinner. He told her he was lost and had pines, a trail, and a deer stand around him. Crystal drove to the closest spot she thought he might be and honked her horn. He never responded, and she called local law enforcement.

At 9:31 p.m., the family tried calling Dennis's phone and found it was dead. At 1:00 a.m., they tried calling again, and for some very odd reason, the call went through. Dennis said he was lost and confused, and the phone went dead.

Law enforcement arrived that first night and started the effort to locate Dennis. A March 9, 2012, article on Chron.com had these details: "The search efforts were hampered at times by severe weather that brought strong winds and heavy rains that filled the creeks and bayous in the vicinity of the search. 'The first night alone, severed weather, rain, high winds and flooding were a serious obstacle. With more serious weather expected today and tomorrow, it may be some time before even another air search could be conducted,' Evans said."

The Liberty County Sheriff had a US Coast Guard helicopter fly the area when weather permitted. Texas DPS supplied searchers, K-9 units, cadaver dogs, equestrian teams, and ATVs. Law enforcement pinged Dennis's cell phone and determined through triangulation that he was last placed in a thick-forested area of a large swamp. They found his tracks in that area, but they couldn't locate him.

The six-day search for Dennis faced huge weather obstacles. He was never found.

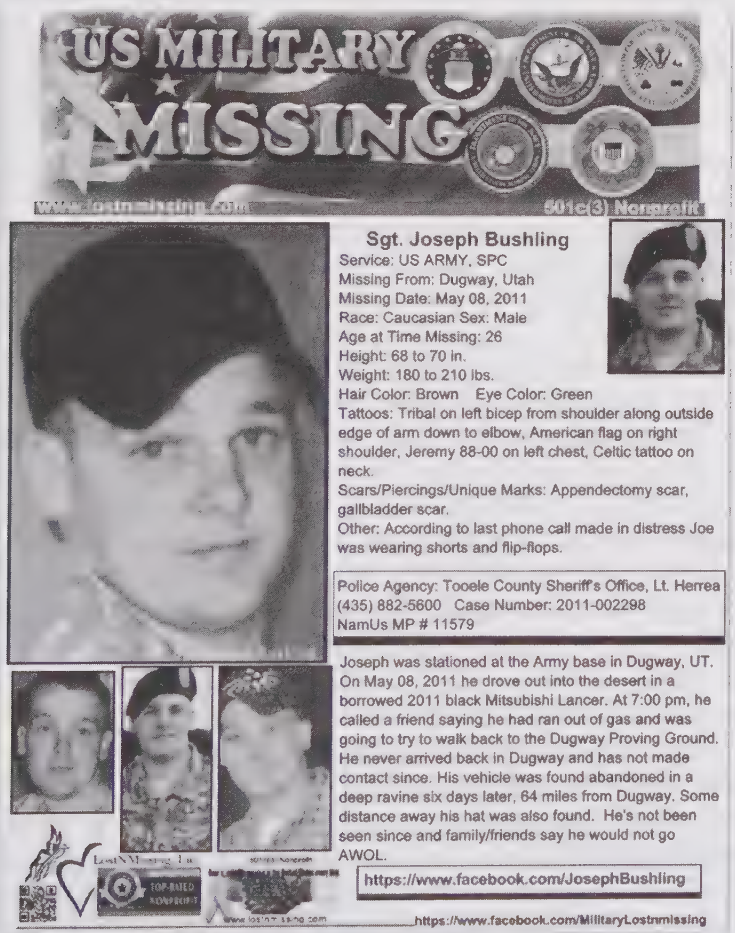
Summary

In my years of tracking missing people, I'm not sure I can remember a location where three people vanished in a twelve-week span, were never found, and were all unrelated to one another. The three disappeared in a twenty-mile radius, a relatively tight geographical region.

Utah

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Joseph Bushling	05/08/11 • 26 • UT

Joseph Michael Bushling
Missing: 05/08/11—Dugway, UT
Age at Disappearance: 26 years
- Weather, Bloodhounds


US MILITARY
MISSING
www.lostnmissing.com
501c(3) Nonprofit

Sgt. Joseph Bushling
Service: US ARMY, SPC
Missing From: Dugway, Utah
Missing Date: May 08, 2011
Race: Caucasian Sex: Male
Age at Time Missing: 26
Height: 68 to 70 in.
Weight: 180 to 210 lbs.
Hair Color: Brown Eye Color: Green
Tattoos: Tribal on left bicep from shoulder along outside edge of arm down to elbow, American flag on right shoulder, Jeremy 88-00 on left chest, Celtic tattoo on neck.
Scars/Piercings/Unique Marks: Appendectomy scar, gallbladder scar.
Other: According to last phone call made in distress Joe was wearing shorts and flip-flops.

Police Agency: Tooele County Sheriff's Office, Lt. Herrea
(435) 882-5600 Case Number: 2011-002298
NamUs MP # 11579

Joseph was stationed at the Army base in Dugway, UT. On May 08, 2011 he drove out into the desert in a borrowed 2011 black Mitsubishi Lancer. At 7:00 pm, he called a friend saying he had ran out of gas and was going to try to walk back to the Dugway Proving Ground. He never arrived back in Dugway and has not made contact since. His vehicle was found abandoned in a deep ravine six days later, 64 miles from Dugway. Some distance away his hat was also found. He's not been seen since and family/friends say he would not go AWOL.

https://www.facebook.com/JosephBushling

https://www.facebook.com/MilitaryLostnmissing

Joseph Michael Bushling

I regularly get asked if I have documented the disappearance of a full-time US soldier. My quick answer has always been no…up till now. This case involved a stellar soldier who vanished under highly unusual conditions while off duty.

The location of this incident is the Dugway Proving Grounds in Dugway, Utah. This facility is operated by the US Army, was established in 1942, and is eighty-five miles southwest of Salt Lake City. This place tests and has some very dangerous items at its disposal, as the base's mission is to test Allied and US biological and chemical weapons. The area the base is located in is desolate, hot, and lonely, and essentially nobody lives anywhere near its fence line.

Joseph Michael Bushling was born June 3, 1984, in Yuba City, California. He spent the majority of his life in Arkansas, though he had most recently lived in Russellville. He graduated from Dover High School in 2002 and, six years later, enlisted in the US Army. He received specialized training and became a medic. His first assignment was in South Korea, adjacent to the DMZ at Dongducheon. Joseph was assigned back to the States and given an assignment at Dugway Proving Grounds. He was a highly successful soldier who received the Army Achievement Medal, Army Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Global War on Terrorism Medal, Korean Defense Service Medal, Army Service Ribbon, and the Overseas Service Ribbon.

In the early morning hours of May 8, 2011, Joseph contacted his good friend and fellow soldier John Hawkins and asked if he could borrow his 2001 Mitsubishi Lancer for a drive. This wasn't an unusual request, as Joseph had borrowed the car several times and enjoyed driving the desert when nobody was around. John gave him the keys, and Joseph took off at 4:00 a.m. From all indications, this was a sort of farewell drive for Joseph. He had been accepted into nursing school in Texas and was set to leave on a flight later that day.

At 7:00 p.m. on the day Joseph took the car, John received a voicemail from his friend, stating, "It's Bushling, um, I need a ride, all right? Talk to you later." John had accidentally missed that call. A short time later, John got another call. Joseph had run out of gas and needed assistance. By this time, John had already told his commanding officer that Joseph was missing. According to a

November 13, 2014, article on Fox 13, here is what happened during the call: "'He sounded frantic. He sounded upset, distraught, needed help,' said Herman Herrera a former Lieutenant of Special Operations for the county (Tooele). According to Herrera, who was one of the lead investigators on the case, Bushling told his friend that he had somehow lost his shoes, but was walking toward a gate on base." How in the heck would anyone lose their shoes walking through the desert? Wouldn't that be one of the items you'd be sure never to lose? His friends had no idea where he was and told commanders at the base.

US Army special investigators assigned to Dugway had already started to work information they were getting. On May 9, Dugway investigators and deputies in Tooele County discussed the incident and agreed to work in tandem on the case.

Tooele County sheriff's deputies and SAR workers covered many miles around the base in an effort to find Joseph. It was like trying to find a needle in the haystack, as they weren't sure where he was located. It seems unusual that investigators didn't contact Joseph's cellular provider and ping the cell phone for triangulation, but I received a copy of a lengthy Tooele County report, and there was no mention of this attempt being made.

On May 11, rescuers searched more areas. On May 14, one of the SAR workers was off duty and covering areas that were not in the search zone when he found John's car on Dugway Pass. The vehicle was in an odd position: The front of the car was pointed downhill toward a small drainage area. It was not on a roadway. The deputy who responded to the SAR request stated in his report that the car doors were unlocked, and the dome light was on. On page 2 of the sheriff's report was this detail: "The car was very clean because of several days of rain prior to discovery of the car." This is in the desert at the beginning of May.

Searchers combed over the area surrounding the car and found Joseph's Arkansas Razorbacks hat. The report indicated the hat was somewhat wet but partially dry. On May 15, twenty SAR members concentrated on the area near the hat. They also brought three bloodhounds. Reports indicated this was near the Caleo (spelled different ways in the report) Gate of the base.

Searchers again returned on May 16. This day had fifteen SAR members, who covered the Caleo Gate area, Buillion Canyon, and the Dugway fence line. There were additional searches on May 22 and May 27, with all efforts formerly terminated on May 31. These last few searches included a helicopter from the Utah Department of Public Safety; this was the only time they were allowed to fly over the base west of Granite Peak and also Fish Springs.

On June 12, there was another search with the Utah Department of Public Safety helicopter. The search was focused on the area southeast and southwest of the car's location on Dugway Pass. On October 28, cadaver dogs ran through the area around where the hat was found.

From March 23 to March 25, 2012, Joseph's family members enlisted the assistance of a search foundation to help look for their son. Nine equestrian teams, five dog teams, and ground searchers scoured a large area. They did find some small bones that were later tested and found to be animals.

In the same article quoted earlier were statements made by law enforcement about Joseph's disappearance: "'It was unusual on many fronts,' Tooele County Sheriff Frank Park said. 'Usually you can work back. Once you find the victim, you can work backward, and you can get some really solid answers. We never had a victim. We never had a subject, and we had no idea why we couldn't find him.'"

The US Army listed Joseph as Absent Without Leave, AWOL—he was listed as a deserter. Joseph's parents, Kevin and Lisa Bushling, were irate. They knew their son was lost; he had called for help, but help hadn't come quickly enough. The Bushlings said soldiers on the base wanted to leave and search for their fellow soldier, but the base commander locked down the facility and said nobody could leave. Doesn't that seem odd? What was he protecting his soldiers from?

The Bushlings went to Dugway several times, looking for their son. They requested a death certificate from Tooele County and were advised that, while their son was listed as missing, there was no proof he was deceased. The parents eventually went to court. On August 3, 2012, Utah's Third District Court Judge Robert Adkins issued a death certificate, stating that Joseph Bushling had died on either May 8 or 9, 2011. Joseph was no longer missing; he was deceased.

Fox 13 in Salt Lake City took an ongoing interest in this case, and I commend them for their follow-up. In a March 24, 2012, article on their site was this: "FOX 13 News sent repeated requests to Dugway for interviews concerning this story. In a statement, spokeswoman Bonnie Robinson said, 'We hope that the court's decision to issue a death certificate will bring some closure to SPC Joseph Bushling's family.'" The US Army completely ignored the station's request.

The total SAR effort to find Joseph included fifty equestrians, thirteen search dogs, and more than fifty ground searchers. The Utah Department of Public Safety helicopter unit also committed multiple days. Other than John's car and Joseph's hat, searchers found no signs of the missing man. The car contained paperwork that belonged to Joseph and other gear that probably belonged to the owner, but SAR teams never found Joseph's cell phone.

The desert can be a very strange place. If you've never been in the middle of nowhere on a clear night, you can't understand how much you can see in the sky. My personal guess is that Joseph knew how beautiful the sky was at night without city lights. He wanted to get one last view before he had to leave, but something unusual happened out on Dugway Pass.

Many stories on the web are blatantly incorrect; my facts came directly from law-enforcement reports. Joseph was ecstatic when he got accepted into nursing school and was excited to head to Texas for school.

The Mitsubishi Joseph was driving was located sixty-five miles from the front gate at Dugway. I have considerable doubt that anyone could hike that distance in bare feet without being injured.

Joseph's statement that he didn't know how he lost his shoes is a serious concern. I have documented hundreds of cases where people are located deceased missing shoes and clothing. How can anyone who is hiking lose their footwear without knowing how that happened? Did he have a memory lapse? How did his cap come off? If the cap was important enough to take from the car, you'd think it would be important enough to keep on his head.

It's an unusual event when an adult disappears in the desert and isn't found, especially because searchers found the person's hat on a dirt road, meaning Joseph was on a roadway that would lead back to civilization.

The US Army made a public statement to explain that they had a lack of options on how to list Joseph on their employment rolls. Their statement made it sound as though they didn't want to list him as AWOL, but there was no other choice. From the reports I read, coupled with many news articles, there was no implication that Joseph was the victim of a conventional crime. I doubt you will find anyone who understands the facts of this case and doesn't feel it's unusual. The main newspaper in the Salt Lake region is the *Salt Lake Tribune*. The headline in that newspaper on May 14, 2011, was "Mystery Surrounds Soldier's Disappearance." The headline says it all.

Joseph Bushling never had a history of mental illness, and the twenty-six-year-old soldier has never been found.

Washington

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Lorne Bailey	08/22/61 • 16 • WA
M /Kevin Conner	08/26/71 at 9:30 p.m. • 13 • WA
M /Mark Peal	08/26/71 at 9:30 p.m. • 10 • WA
M /David Taylor	11/18/74 • 23 • WA
M /James Kampe	10/27/90 at 1:00 p.m. • 38 • WA
M /Harry March Jr.	10/07/97 • 76 • WA
M /William Tietjen	06/20/99 at 5:30 p.m. • 27 • WA
M /Chris Hartonas	11/05/99 • 40 • WA
M /Raymond Vakili	11/05/99 • 48 • WA
F /Karen Sykes	06/18/14 at 10:30 p.m. • 70 • WA
M /James Griffin	12/22/14 at 4:00 p.m. • 60 • WA
M /Dr. John Marshall	01/25/15 at 5:33 a.m. • 49 • WA

Lorne Bailey
Missing: 08/22/61—Skamania County, WA
Age at Disappearance: 16 years
- Weather, Cluster Zone

The region of this disappearance is heaped in strangeness. The exact location is twenty-two miles south of Mount St. Helens in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest in the state of Washington. It is approximately twenty miles north of the Colombia River. The area is an identified geographical cluster zone of missing people.

Lorne Bailey

Lorne Bailey was a sixteen-year-old living in Centralia, Washington. He knew the outdoors well and had traveled with his father many times into the woods to hunt. During the summer of 1961, Lorne had a relative and a friend who were working as forest lookouts in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest. Lorne's cousin, Ron Aleshire, was working at the Siouxon

Lookout. Lorne left that lookout and walked twelve miles through dense forest, making it to the West Point Lookout, where he visited his friend Louis Barker. The two talked for several hours, and Lorne then headed back to the Siouxon Lookout. Various articles stated that Lorne knew the area very well and was aware of two different camps between the lookouts where there were sleeping bags and stashes of food. Articles also made special mention that it was huckleberry season and that the berries were available throughout his trek. I'll note here that I have stated in several Missing 411 books that berries are often related to disappearances. The most common berry that holds this association is the huckleberry.

Lorne never made it back to see Ron at the Siouxon Lookout, and authorities were notified. The search started the following day. Officials knew they had a tremendous amount of wilderness to cover, and they understood the enormity of the task.

A few articles stated that bloodhounds brought to the search picked up the boy's scent for a short period near the Siouxon River and then lost it in the heavy forest. The Skamania County sheriff had the lead on the SAR effort and was getting assistance from the Forest Service. An August 30, 1961, article in the *La Grande Observer* had an interesting article about some observations the sheriff was following up on: "The Skamania County Sheriff's Office said a party left early today to follow the north fork of Siouxon Creek where an arrow was found drawn in a sandbar." This is an interesting clue. In past books, I have written about other searchers on past events who also found arrows thought to be left by the victim drawn in the dirt.

The search effort included bloodhounds, helicopters, one hundred ground searchers, various other county-trained teams, and volunteers. This area is filled with lava tubes that pose an altogether unusual location to search. It's one thing to find the tube to search; it's almost impossible to find every tube that's out there.

L.W. Bailey, Lorne's father, was on the search effort and participating almost from the first day. He knew his son's abilities and doubted he would die in the wilderness. An October 3, 1961, article in the *Centralia Daily Chronicle* detailed L.W.'s thoughts: "His father says he now believes his son has left the mountains and is a victim of amnesia or shock."

The last bit of information I will pass on to readers is from an article in the September 2, 1961, edition of the *Centralia Daily Chronicle*: "Weather in the area was cloudy with light showers, preventing use of a plane this morning." Searchers were attempting to put planes in the sky to look for Lorne, and weather inhibited this.

The searchers could not find any evidence that Lorne was anywhere in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest, except for one possible walking stick found near the arrow drawn in the sand. They never found torn clothing or signs of a struggle or an animal attack—nothing. The disappearance of Lorne Bailey hasn't been discussed in many decades, but I hope this section stimulates people to bring this discussion into the public forum.

In the year after Lorne disappeared, his parents requested and received a death certificate. You will not find Lorne on any database as a missing person. I would hope NAMUS (National Missing and Unidentified Persons System) would now approach Lorne's family and obtain DNA samples. The boy's body has never been found and probably never will at this point. I cannot imagine the hell that Lorne's parents felt at the ongoing knowledge that closure never came to the family, and they passed away never knowing what became of Lorne.

Kevin Lee Conner
Missing: 08/26/71- Clallam County, WA
Age at Disappearance: 13 years
Mark Peal
Age at Disappearance: 10 years
- Cluster Zone, Canines, Water, Double Disappearance

Kevin Lee Conner and Mark Peal

The more I research missing people, the more disappointed I get in law enforcement. There have been several instances when I have contacted an agency asking for an incident report, only to be told it no longer exists. I know you will ask yourself the very question I ask them: How can they lose a report on an open case? The agencies are always embarrassed and try the best they can to put something together that appears to be a report. In this incident, I was given a series of newspaper articles and an incident report that states it was put together because the original report didn't exist. Deputies state they contacted the parents of the victims and obtained newspaper articles that helped them put together facts associated with the incident. In essence, they had no idea what happened, because it occurred many years earlier, and the people associated with investigating the case had retired or died. The Clallam sheriff had been contacted by the Center for Missing and Exploited Children asking why Kevin and Mark were not listed on their website as missing. The sheriff investigated and determined the department had made a mistake.

The one extremely valuable item I did receive from the sheriff's records was one of the most extensive search-and-rescue reports I'd ever read. The report was a typed, nine-page report that read like a comprehensive law-enforcement report. The report wasn't signed, but the documentation was very well done.

The families of Kevin Lee Conner and Mark Peal traveled from their residences in Bellevue, Washington, to camp in the Agate-Crescent Beach Campground. At the time, this was a private facility under the jurisdiction of the Clallam County sheriff. The exact location was eight miles directly north of Olympic Hot Springs inside Olympic National Park. I was shocked to see on a map how close this disappearance was to the case of James Griffin described later in this chapter. The campground is also eight miles west of Port Angeles and forty miles straight east on the coast from Neah Bay and the disappearance of another young boy. In my research on missing people, I have now documented four young boys who have disappeared on beaches in the United States, all of them in Washington. Why? No young girls have vanished on beaches—just boys. I have also documented one young boy who vanished on a beach northwest of Neah Bay on Vancouver Island in Canada, just across the Straights of Juan De Fuca. Is all this a coincidence?

On August 26, 1971, at approximately 1:30 p.m., Kevin Conner and Mark Peal left their parents' campsite and walked off to explore the area. A lot of stories in the media claim many things, but these facts come directly from SAR reports and are in direct conflict with many of the rumors spread in the media at the time.

The boys may have been boys to their parents, but people looking at Kevin probably didn't realize he was only thirteen years old. Kevin was a tall five feet and ten inches for a young teenager. I'm sure many who looked at him initially thought he was an adult. Mark was an average five feet tall for a ten-year-old.

The boys didn't come back for dinner, and this caused their families great concern. At 9:30 p.m., the fathers of the boys contacted the owner of the campground, Ken Novak, and asked for assistance. Ken, and his son joined Fred and Eric Conner and Richard Peal to search the area around the bunkers. This area of the Pacific Coast had World War II-era bunkers built into the hillside above the beaches to protect the coast from enemy ships. They had long since been abandoned by the military but were still an interesting location to visit. The parents believed Mark and Kevin had been headed to the bunkers, but the group returned to their camp without any success. At 11:30 p.m., the Clallam County Sheriff's Department was called with a report of two missing boys from the Agate-Crescent Campground.

At 12:45 a.m. on August 27, Clallam County Deputy Vic Talvi arrived on the scene and started to accumulate details. It wasn't long before the deputy recognized the seriousness of the issue and had dispatch call East Side Search and Rescue (ESAR) for assistance. At 2:00 a.m., ESAR members started to arrive, along with a bloodhound and handler. Searchers scoured the area from 2:00 a.m. until 5:30 a.m., finding nothing. The canine worked the Agate and Crescent Beach region and never picked up a scent.

The formal search for Kevin and Mark commenced at 6:00 a.m. on August 27. Searchers allowed the parents to participate, which is unusual. This doesn't happen in today's environment. Mark's father, Richard Peal, found matches that were the same as the ones his family had at their campsite. These were located in the bunker above Agate Beach. The sheriff confirmed they were a match; he also commented that they were the same type used by many in the Pacific Northwest. In the afternoon, Mr. Peal and Mr. Conner found a footprint believed to be Kevin's east of the Salt Creek Campground. Bloodhounds were brought to the scene but didn't react to any scent. The dogs were then taken to the bunker where the matches had been found and didn't react to any scent there either.

On August 28, caretakers at the Salt Creek Campground reported seeing the boys the previous day in the afternoon hours, probably 2:30 p.m. Bloodhounds were brought to this area and found a strong scent west from the barnyard that took them to the Salt Creek Bridge, where it was lost midspan. This was between Crescent Beach and the Salt Creek Campground. The caretakers, the Zidells, stated that the boys had entered their property near the barn. Kevin asked Mrs. Zidell if they (Her and her husband) slept in the barn, and she replied that they slept in their house. The Zidells stated that the boys had left in the general direction of the beach.

On August 29, the US Army sent 450 soldiers from Fort Lewis to assist for two days. The troops were from the Third Armored Calvary Regiment. This was at the request of Clallam County Sheriff Harley Bishop. They had the coast guard and army helicopters flying in the sky and a coast guard cutter patrolling the coast. Various reports stated that up to seven hundred volunteer searchers converged on the coastal region to offer their assistance. It was during this time that the FBI called the sheriff and inquired as to whether he had any evidence of an abduction or crime. The sheriff's office stated that they had nothing indicating an abduction and told the FBI their assistance was not needed.

After a massive four-day search, the sheriff approached the parents and told them there was nothing else they could do regarding a search. The Conners and Peals were devastated and returned to their homes.

The Clallam County sheriff didn't stop the investigation just because the search was terminated, however. Investigators determined that the boys had spoken with Betty Conner and Jack Weddle (Kevin's uncle) at 1:30 p.m. near the bait shop at a motel that looked like an A-frame. This was near the Crescent Beach boat ramp. The boys had then approached Dee in the Crescent Beach office asking if they could get from Agate Beach to Crescent Beach along the water. She'd said no.

Investigators were contacted by an anonymous caller, who said she had seen two boys matching Kevin's and Mark's descriptions cutting through the campgrounds between Crescent Beach Office and the woods south of the campground. No time was given.

I could not find one confirmed sighting of the boys going anywhere toward the bunkers. I couldn't find one investigative statement pointing to a possible abduction or suspect anywhere in the reports.

The boys' parents offered a $2,000 reward for information. There were many unconfirmed sightings at various levels, which is normal in a high-profile case of this nature. It is highly unusual for two people to completely vanish in one incident. Kevin was a big kid. His physical stature likely would cause anyone thinking about abduction to pause, especially since there were two people.

I'll state it again: it is very odd to find a recent disappearance in such close proximity to this incident just inside of Olympic National Park. This disappearance, coupled with the disappearance in Neah Bay that I document in *Missing 411: Western United States*, make this area of Washington very unusual. I cannot imagine the shock both families must have felt when Clallam County deputies approached them and explained they'd lost the case file on this incident. Families are always under the belief that someone is forever looking for their lost loved one—this is entirely untrue. The federal government should have a law that mandates law-enforcement agencies maintain case files on missing people for at least one hundred years. It's an embarrassment to the profession that an agency would so easily dispose of a case where hundreds could be kept on a mere CD.

The boys were never found, and this is still an open case.

David Taylor
Missing: 11/18/74—Success Cleaver, Mount Rainier National Park
Age at Disappearance: 23 years

- National Park, Cluster Zone, National Park Ranger, Weather

When you research National Park Rangers who have gone missing, one name will come up: Paul Fugate from Chiricahua National

Monument in Arizona. It's very doubtful you would ever hear about David Taylor.

On November 18, 1974, twenty-three-year-old National Park Ranger David Taylor was with twenty-seven-year-old Carl Fabiani on the western base of Mount Rainier when they took off to attempt a summit. Both men were incredibly fit, had adequate supplies, and knew the route they were taking.

The pair was making good progress until November 20, when they decided to stop at the 12,500-foot level and made their way to Success Cleaver. The November 22 edition of the *Newark Advocate* had this description: "The cleaver is a long rib of rotten volcanic rock rising almost to the summit of rainier." What happens next was outlined in the November 21 edition of the *Daily Chronicle*: "Fabiani told officials that he and Taylor became separated (Point of separation) during a 'white out' at about 9500-foot level on Success Cleaver when visibility was lost due to blowing snow." Fabiani stated that he searched for his partner for several hours before he turned and started to make his way down the mountain. He took a route that ended with him on the west side of Mount Rainier walking through forests.

Fabiani said at various times that "Taylor must've fell." The fact is that he never saw his partner after they were separated. The National Park Service dispatched two highly skilled rescue mountaineering teams in an effort to locate Taylor. Both teams were eventually turned back by blowing snow and high winds. They never found any evidence that Taylor was even on the mountain.

The cleaver is on the southwest corner of the mountain almost directly north of Longmire.

Various reports indicate that Taylor died from "traumatic injuries" from snow or avalanche. When I read these statements, I was appalled. Again, David Taylor is not listed as missing, according to the National Park Service; he is listed as "presumed dead."

I cannot tell you the number of times I have documented cases in which someone disappears after others in their party lose sight of them.

We will never know what happened to David Taylor, but his story matches those of many who have disappeared on this 14,410-foot mountain.

James Kampe
Missing: 10/27/90 at 1:00 p.m.—Muir Snowfield, Mount Rainier, WA
Age at Disappearance: 38 years
- National Park, Cluster Zone, Weather, Canines

Every article I reviewed for this story indicated that James Kampe was a very athletic man who enjoyed skiing and backpacking. The Boeing Corporation in Seattle employed him, but his roots were in Williamston, Michigan (sixty miles west of Lake Saint Clair and the Great Lakes), where his family still lived.

On October 27, 1990, Jim and his friends Gordon Thompson, Stan Davis, and Kirk Anderson embarked on the trip. Thompson, Davis, and Jim had skied this area several times in the past, but Anderson was new to the area. They were using cross-country skis as they made their way up the Muir Snowfield on the side of Mount Rainier at the approximately 8,500-foot level. Jim was leading the group.

At approximately 1:00 p.m., something quite unexpected happened, as is described in this November 6, 1990, quote from the *Spokesman-Review*:

> Despite a light snow the skiers could see several hundred feet ahead Davis said. Kampe was about 300 feet in front of Davis when the snowstorm hit. "We were keeping eye contact, we weren't that far apart," Davis said. "I stopped. I was kind of waiting for him to look at me. The clouds just closed in. Everything was white." Davis stayed in place about 10 minutes, waiting for Kampe to come back down. Then he found Anderson and Thompson and the three waited 45 minutes longer. They searched for Kampe in the parking lot and then began a wider search.

The group notified the National Park Service, who initiated a search for Jim. The park service searched for seven days, as described in the November 16, 1990, edition of the *Lansing Journal*: "All the next week, rangers and volunteer search teams scoured the area, hampered by poor weather and the vast terrain. Search helicopters and dogs were used."

There were many theories about what may have happened to Jim. The primary theory passed by the media was that he fell in a crevasse or off a cliff. They said he probably would be found the following summer. Jim's dad, Dwight Kampe, traveled from Michigan to the park and made his way to the snowfield to see where his son had vanished. In the same *Lansing Journal* article noted above, Dwight was mentioned: "Although search teams never found a trace of the missing man, his father is convinced it was time to call off the search. 'Everything we had heard indicated they had done a very thorough job,' he said. 'You just have to accept it as being the way things are.'"

Start paying attention to how many times people have vanished on Mount Rainier through sudden snowstorms, whiteouts, and by being separated.

Harry Stanley March Jr.
Missing: 10/07/97—Snohomish County, WA
Age at Disappearance: 76 years
• Canines, Mushroom Picker, Medical Condition, Possible German Origin, Intellect, Cluster Zone

I'll keep saying this over and over: we study history for a reason. It is extremely doubtful that this case will be in any newspaper or magazine article talking about the similarities with a case that happened just thirty-one miles east. Both victims were teachers. Both were mushroom pickers; one was seventy-six, and the other was seventy-nine. There were extensive searches for both people, and they were never found. Both individuals were members of the Puget Sound Mycological Society, and in fact, Harry March had designed its logo.

I made a public request through the Snohomish County Sheriff for reports associated with Harry Stanley March Jr.'s disappearance.

My request was denied, as the sheriff's office said this was an active case file. This was the first time any jurisdiction in the state of Washington had denied me access to a missing-person file, active or not. I called the detective division and was referred to Snohomish Sheriff Investigator Jim Scharff. He was very generous with his time and offered to give me all the details inside the missing-person report and SAR reports. The factual details I was able to obtain differ significantly from many online statements about Harry's disappearance.

Harry March Jr. was a retired teacher with a master's degree who was living with his wife on Bear Creek Road in Woodinville, Washington. I was told that Harry's wife was much younger than he was and believed at the time that he vanished while seeing another woman.

On October 7, 1997, Harry drove his 1990 brown Dodge pickup to milepost four on Sultan Basin Road in Snohomish County. This place is approximately thirty air miles northeast of Harry's residence. He made the trip to Sultan, Washington, to go mushroom picking. He parked the truck at milepost four; entered the thick, lush forest; and walked into oblivion.

Detective Scharff clarified that a neighbor, Mike Brown, living in the area where Harry had parked the truck eventually realized it had been there for two to three days and called the sheriff. The responding deputy ran the registration and ended up calling Harry's house and speaking to his wife. She confirmed that he had left on October 7 to go mushrooming and hadn't come back. She said it was her belief that he might have gone to his girlfriend's. Detective Scharff said he had contacted the daughter of the girlfriend, who had confirmed that Harry never visited after he disappeared in the woods.

The report indicated that Harry took medication for a bad heart. Many of the people I write about have either a disability or some type of medical condition.

The Snohomish County Sheriff took command of the search effort. They asked for and received SAR teams from Lewis, Pearce, King, and Kitsap counties. They immediately dispatched a hasty team that included two canine teams and two man trackers. That initial response obtained no results, and they then put up the department's helicopter and formulated a multiday grid search of the area. There were various dog teams in the search area almost every day the SAR was underway. They were also able to obtain the assistance of the Pacific Northwest Trackers, who also found nothing. On October 12 at 7:00 p.m., the four-day search for Harry was terminated with nothing found. There were notes in the file that, in 1999, a bloodhound went back into the area searching for remains and again found nothing.

At the time Harry went into the area on Sultan Road, the woods in this area were very thick. Since the disappearance, the exact spot where Harry disappeared has been clear-cut (logged), and there were no remains found in the area. The property belonged to the state of Washington at the time.

Officials searched Harry's truck, and there was nothing noted in the report that would indicate anything unusual.

Ancestry.com stated that the name "March" was from England, Wales, or Scotland; then they had this statement: "from anglo-norman French marche boundary (of Germanic origin; compare Mark 2)." As a huge coincidence, the other mushroom picker missing just east of where Harry vanished was also German.

I often get asked if I believe in coincidences. There have been hundreds of times during my research into missing people that I have been overwhelmed by the coincidences. Are these all a fluke? I can honestly say I do not think I am gullible. I can also say there has to be some underlying connection to all these cases that is deeper and more important than what I have identified to this point.

William Tietjen
Missing: 06/20/99 at 5:30 p.m.—Muir Snowfield, Mount Rainier, WA
Age at Disappearance: 27 years
• Cluster Zone, National Park, Medical Professional, Weather

Doctor William Tietjen was a brilliant young physician. He had just graduated as the valedictorian from his medical school at Emory University. William had just arrived from his home in Georgia and was scheduled to start his job in internal medicine at Harborview Medical Center in Seattle.

On June 20, 1999, William decided to take a hike and do some snowboarding. He drove to the Paradise Ranger Station on the south side of Mount Rainier and started up the trail to the Muir Snowfield. He made it to the Muir Hut, as is explained in the July 21, 2001, article in the *Pantagraph*: "Tietjen, a 27 year old doctor, left Camp Muir at the 10,000 foot level on June 20, 1999. Despite drizzle, fog and 42- degree temperature, Tietjen declined an invitation from a park ranger to join a group hiking down from the camp because he wanted to snowboard, park officials said." There were other articles that described the conditions as "whiteout." William never made it to Paradise, and a search was initiated.

The National Park Service used every resource available in their attempt to find the physician. One article stated that it snowed six inches near Camp Muir, and this restricted search efforts. After seven days of looking through the snowfield for the doctor, the effort to locate him was terminated. NPS had committed eight teams of rangers, and many volunteers had looked through twelve square miles and found nothing to show he was on the mountain. Rain and fog caused very limited use of helicopters during the search effort.

Nothing new happened with regard to William until two climbers went missing on Mount Rainier. A helicopter crew flying the area happened to see a body beneath a waterfall on the edge of the Nisqually Glacier, which sits just west of the snowfield. The body was recovered at a 5,800-foot elevation, but William was last seen at ten thousand feet. The trailhead at Paradise is at 5,400 feet. How did he manage to get almost the entire way down to the trailhead and then fall victim to something deadly? It's possible that more than two years of drainage water dragged him down the mountain, I guess.

One ranger stated in a newspaper article that if Mount Rainier had a Bermuda Triangle, it would be the Muir Snowfield.

Chris Hartonas
Age at Disappearance: 40 years
Raymond Vakili
Age at Disappearance: 48 years
Missing: 11/05/99—Camp Muir, Mount Rainier, WA
- Cluster Zone, National Park, Weather, Canines

The area of this incident is the Muir Snowfield and the Muir Hut on the south side of Mount Rainier. The route to the hut starts at

Paradise, and the bottom portion of the trail was used in the 1930s as a golf course and in the 1970s as a ski area. The trail starts at fifty-four hundred feet, and the hut is located at 10,188 feet. The hut sits near the base of giant crags. It is a beautiful location.

If the dictionary held a definition of someone who had experience traveling to the Muir Hut on Mount Rainier, the page would be just a photo of forty-year-old Chris Hartonas next to his biography. The National Park Service said he had made the trip in all types of weather one hundred times. Chris was a Federal Aviation Agency (FAA) engineer living in Seattle. He had invited a fellow FAA engineer from Long Beach, California, Raymond Vakili, who was forty-eight years old. Another friend of Chris's was also joining the friends, Frank Van Leynseele, a sixty-eight-year-old FAA aerospace engineer from Edmonds, Washington. Frank was known as a slow, methodical, and safety-oriented mountaineer who had summited Mount Rainier five times. This team was very, very experienced.

Chris had obtained a National Park Service climbing permit to hike above the hut and practice the group's technical mountaineering skills. The group had planned on staying at the rock-constructed hut, as they had not brought tents. The group left Paradise on November 5 on the south side of the mountain and embarked on the eight- to ten-hour climb. Chris and Raymond had modern, sleek sleds, which they used to pull their stored behind them. Frank had an older, cumbersome sled that he pulled up the trail.

At approximately noon, as the trio hiked up the snowy trail, Frank made a note in his head that he'd never make the hut at the rate he was going. He was having problems managing the sled. He made the decision to head back to Paradise. Chris and Raymond believed that without Frank slowing them down, they could easily make the hut. Frank said goodbye and last saw the pair ascending Panorama Point. This was the last time anyone ever saw Chris Hartonas and Raymond Vakili again.

When the pair didn't return from their trip, the National Park Service got involved. They immediately started to organize teams of climbers and canines to make their way to the hut. A November 10, 1999, article in the *Centralia Chronicle* had this statement from National Park spokesman Mark Morgan: "Hartonas is probably one of the most experienced people in the world on the Muir Snowfield."

When an NPS employee makes a statement like that, I pay attention. This headline appeared in the November 12, 1999, edition of the *Walla Walla Bulletin*: "Bad Weather Hampers Search for Rainier Climbers." The article stated that storms continued to hit the search zone and keep rescuers out of the area.

The ten-day search to find Chris and Raymond included NPS rangers, Rainier Mountaineering guides, volunteers, and several teams of search dogs. The US Army sent helicopters, and the park service contracted with private helicopters to fly the area when weather permitted.

National Park Service and search-and-rescue ranger Mark Gauthier made the following statement on the National Park Service's search-and-rescue report site: "This was the fourth serious incident on the Muir Snowfield in 1999. It's difficult to speculate what exactly happened to the men. It's perplexing when two experienced, cautious and mature climbers just disappear. They were well equipped and Hartonas was very familiar with the area. Both men have a history of good decision making in the mountains and neither had a reputation for 'pushing it.' Efforts to locate them will resume this summer when the winter snowfalls begin to melt. It is hoped that clues will be revealed." The park service lists both men as "presumed deceased" by hypothermia. They list the date of incident as November 7, the day they were supposed to be back and didn't arrive.

I place the date of disappearance as November 5, the last day anyone saw the pair. It was obvious to everyone in the search that Chris and Raymond never made the hut. Whatever happened occurred between where Frank last saw them and the hut.

The facts I want you to focus on are nothing new: The incident happened after the point of separation. Bad weather inundated the search zone and compromised rescuers' efforts. Tracking canines brought to the area could not locate a scent. Efforts to find the pair the following summer were futile. I can understand that bodies deteriorate over time, but sleds don't. Where were the sleds?

I have read the statement from National Park Ranger Mark Gauthier several times. You can tell by the tone of his message that he is as confused as I am. It has now been almost two decades, and there is not one clue as to what happened to Chris Hartonas and Raymond Vakili.

Karen Sykes
Missing: 06/18/14 at 10:30 p.m.—Mount Rainier National Park
Age at Disappearance: 70 years

- National Park, Marathon Runner, Weather, Dogs, Cluster Zone

I pondered for several days how to introduce this case. When I first heard of the victim's disappearance, I read her bio and was shocked to hear someone with her experience, stamina, and background had disappeared. The more I read, the more confused I became.

I seriously doubt there is any writer in Washington with more knowledge on Mount Rainier National Park than Karen Sykes. Even though Karen was seventy years old, friends stated that she had the energy of a twenty-year-old. She was a marathon runner who split her time between running, working part-time in a pet store, writing articles for various sites, and hiking. She authored the book *Hidden Hikes in Western Washington* and actually wrote a lengthy article about trail safety for visitrainier.com. Karen was also an outdoor writer for several decades for the *Seattle Post Intelligencer.* In the small amount of spare time she had, she led hikes for the Mountaineer Club on Mount Rainier. This woman knew Mount Rainier National Park like you know your neighborhood.

On June 18, 2014, Karen and her longtime partner, Bob Morthorst, decided to take a day hike on the Owyhigh Lakes Trail inside Mount Rainier National Park. This was planned to be an easy day hike. According to Bob, Karen was well equipped in case of an emergency and was carrying a survival blanket and food. The pair hiked the trail until near noon, when they reached snow on the trail. Bob said he didn't want to go any farther, but Karen said she'd go a little farther and would be back in an hour (Point of separation). Bob sat near the trail and ate his lunch. It was now noon.

Karen didn't return to Bob, and he made his way back down the trail to contact the National Park Service. At 10:30 p.m., he notified the park service of the disappearance. The June 25, 2014, edition of *The Morning Report* had this information about where Bob and Karen stopped on the trail: "She went ahead when the party of two encountered snow at approximately 4500–5000 feet." This is an important part of the puzzle in understanding where she vanished.

As news of the disappearance started to make its way to Seattle, Karen's friends and work associates started to make interesting comments. The June 19, 2014, edition of the *Seattle Times* had this statement from Karen's longtime friend Don Geyer: "She couldn't go far, Geyer said, because the trail was covered in snow." Here is where you need to apply common sense: there is no doubt the trail was covered in snow, but shouldn't SAR be able to follow her tracks, especially if she went off trail? In the same article, Lois Kemp, a friend who hiked with Karen on weekends, mentioned Karen's expertise: "'She is the guru of the trails,' said Kemp, adding that Sykes hikes at least twice a week." Later in the same article, Kemp continues: "'I find it difficult to imagine that she would get lost. I think it's more likely she's injured and waiting perhaps impatiently to be rescued,' Kemp said. Greg Johnston, a former outdoors writer for the *Seattle Post Intelligencer*, said Sykes is an avid strong hiker who knows the mountain extremely well: 'If anybody can survive it, it's her. She's really tough and really savvy.'"

The park service threw everything possible at the effort to find Karen. At one point, they put 110 searchers on the trail. They also recruited resources from North Cascades and Olympic National Parks. Multiple canine teams were used, including the German Shepherd Search and Rescue Team of Washington, Kittias County Canine Team, and various county SAR teams. A private helicopter was used when weather permitted. The air support was restricted for part of the search, because of cloudy weather.

On June 21, at approximately 3:00 p.m., a search helicopter found a body partially down the summit above Boundary Creek in an area of rocks and little ground cover. This was on the other side of the ridge from where Karen was hiking. The coroner later confirmed it was Karen.

The location where Karen was located is beyond unbelievable. The press in the area never mentioned the extremely odd place she was found. The only unusual statement made about the spot Karen was found was documented in the June 22 article on Oregon Live: "The body found Saturday was off trail, about half way down a steep hillside above Boundary Creek, park spokeswoman Patti Wold said. She didn't know whether it was apparent that the woman had fallen or what caused the death. The investigation is ongoing."

The June 21, 2014, edition of the *Seattle Times* had this description of the location: "'It's really steep, rough terrain that's not easy to travel in,' said Mount Rainier spokeswoman Patti Wold. 'Hardly anyone goes there.'" Yeah, hardly anyone goes there, because hardly anyone could *get* there, even without snow.

To get to the location where she was found, Karen would have had to hike through deep snow at the 4,500-foot level and make her way up the Owyhigh Lakes. Directly east of the lakes is Governors Ridge, rising to 6,200 feet in elevation. The lakes have an elevation of 5,200 feet, meaning Karen had to climb 1,000 feet in deep snow directly east up and over the top of the ridge to get to the area where her body was located.

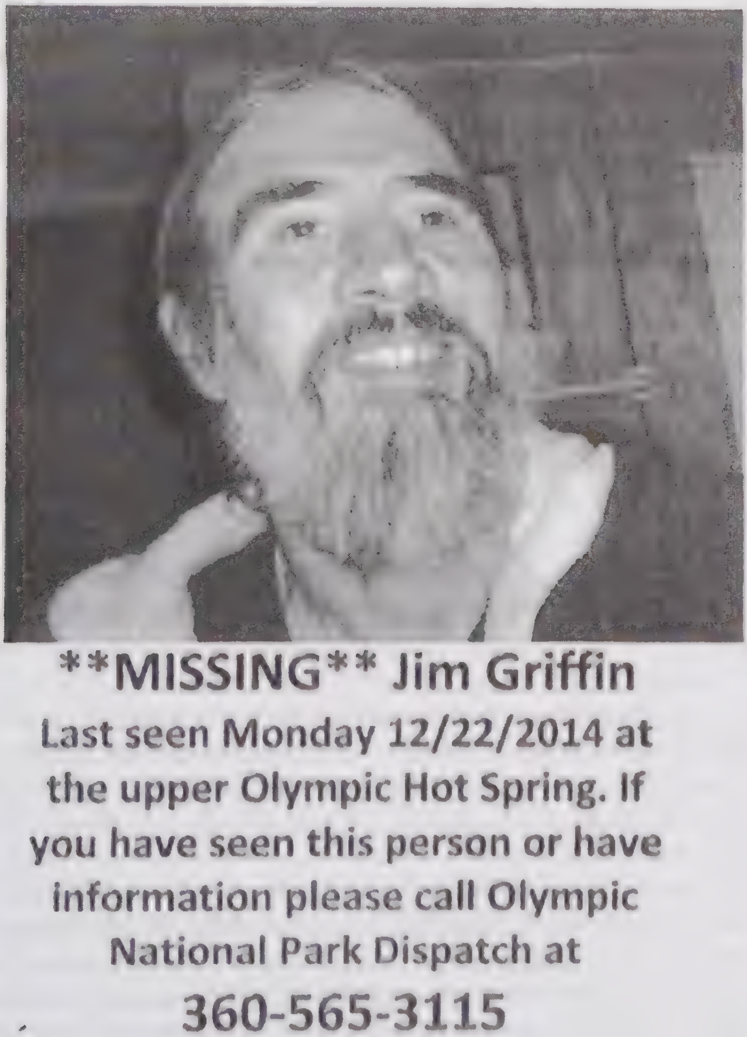
Go back to the beginning of the article and read what outdoor writers, friends, and associates said about this woman. I read many statements that all claimed she knew the trails better than anyone. Others stated that she was the last person anyone would believe to get lost in the park. It's hard for anyone to explain to me how she made it over the top of Governors Ridge. The better question is this: Why go over the top of the ridge? She knew Bob was waiting for her downhill on the trail.

The Pierce County Coroner ruled that Karen died of hypothermia. Multiple articles stated that she was carrying adequate emergency supplies to survive a cold night on the mountain. She had written a book about trail survival and safety. Kim Brown, who had hiked with Karen many times in the past, made the following statement in a June 23, 2014, article of the *Seattle Times*: "She was very careful, very cautious." The path that Karen would've taken had she hiked would have been a treacherous, dangerous, and hazard-filled path that makes no logical sense.

I encourage readers to review summitpost.org and looking at the topographic map for this area. Then go to Google and look at photos for Governors Ridge. It is a rocky, craggy, dangerous place to cross the mountain. I have deep compassion for Karen's friends and family over the loss of a great writer, friend, and mother.

Until reporters stop accepting casual explanations for nearly impossible situations, continue to expect the same treatment from the National Park Service. Be smart, reporters; be inquisitive and know the area before you start asking questions.

James Griffin
Missing: 12/22/14 at 4:00 p.m.—Olympic National Park, WA
Age at Disappearance: 60 years
- National Park, Weather, Canines, Disability, Cluster Zone



****MISSING** Jim Griffin**

Last seen Monday 12/22/2014 at the upper Olympic Hot Spring. If you have seen this person or have information please call Olympic National Park Dispatch at

360-565-3115

James Griffin

Olympic National Park has to be one of the most beautiful and least visited parks in the United States. It sits on the far western edge of Washington State on the coast. It has high volumes of precipitation and thus has extremely lush vegetation. The mountains are extremely steep and make hiking to peaks a huge challenge.

One of the most visited spots inside Olympic National Park is the hot springs. These are a series of natural occurring pools that are accessed by hiking two and a half miles from a parking lot. Most of the trail is paved and is described on several hiking sites as an easy walk. There is overnight camping available near the pools that is by reservation only.

James Griffin was a sixty-year-old laborer from Port Angeles, Washington, a location just eight miles from the Olympic Hot Springs Trailhead. He was born in Midland, Michigan (Ten miles west of Lake Huron), and had a bachelor's degree. He lived alone and was on disability due to a job injury to his foot. He truly enjoyed Olympic National Park and had an annual pass for his regular trips to the Hot Springs.

On December 22, 2014, at approximately 10:30 a.m., James left his residence and drove to a Safeway store just a few blocks away. A receipt later found in his car was time-stamped at 10:48 a.m. on December 22, 2014, for Tootsie Rolls and Folgers Instant Coffee. At 10:51 a.m., he texted an acquaintance, stating that he was going for a hike at "U know where." This person knew he was heading for the hot springs.

The investigation revealed that James had driven his Subaru Outback from Safeway to the Olympic Hot Springs Trailhead; parked the car; and put the coffee he'd purchased, along with his Tootsie Rolls and other supplies, in his backpack; and headed for the hot springs via the trail.

The Olympic National Park official report on the incident shows that investigators later found other vehicles parked in the same parking lot, ran the registration information, and were able to contact the owners. These people confirmed that they had engaged James in lengthy conversations in the pools from approximately 2:00 p.m. till somewhere near 3:00 or 4:00 p.m., at which point they had gone back to their campground and James had started walking toward his vehicle.

It is an uphill hike from the parking lot to the pools. The path is paved and impossible to miss. The people James met at the pools indicated that he was in a great mood and acted normal. They shared nonalcoholic drinks. James was last seen on the trail headed back toward the parking lot.

James's friends and family told investigators that he was a slow and methodical hiker because of an injury to his foot. Keep this fact in mind as the story goes on.

On December 24, James's brother and sister were expecting to see him for a special Mongolian Christmas Eve dinner. He didn't show up. They went to his residence, where they found his dog inside and his vehicle gone. At 10:15 p.m., James Griffin was reported as a missing person.

The National Park Service was contacted by the PENCOM law-enforcement system in this area of Washington and advised that James was probably inside Olympic National Park, probably on the Olympic Hot Springs Trail. One of the rangers who was advised of his vehicle stated that he remembered seeing a car of that description at the trailhead on December 23 at 8:50 a.m. Rangers checked the backcountry permits for the park and could not locate one for James; this indicated that he was intending to take only a day hike.

On December 25, National Park Rangers went to the trailhead and located James's vehicle. They gathered several rangers and entered the trail to search for James.

At 12:30 p.m., one search team found something unusual. Half a mile up the trail from the parking lot, they located a red and black backpack that was not visible from the trail. It was adjacent to a small stream and leaning against a log with a towel draped over the top of the bag. There was a Mountain House food bag that had been opened and filled with water, indicating that someone had heated the water to consume the contents. A Coke can and a mug sat on top of the log, and searchers found a cigarette butt on the ground of the type James smoked. There was no stove outside the bag, but they found a stove and fuel inside the bag. Rangers photographed the scene, recovered the contents, and showed it to family and friends, who confirmed it belonged to James. SAR personnel thoroughly searched the area around the backpack and found nothing of value.

Page 4 of the official National Park Service report indicated the following: "Encountered difficult searching due to reduced visibility with fog. Areas intended to be searched were not covered thoroughly due to fog and darkness."

Once the backpack was taken back to NPS headquarters, it was searched. Investigators found a camera with film that was later developed. There were two photos of interest. One picture appeared to show a dried creek bed with a series of large boulders. The other was a very dark photo that appeared to be looking into the thick forest. Both of these pictures were odd, and it didn't seem that someone would be taking just the picture of what was plainly observed.

As one of the final acts of December 25, rangers requested canine search teams from various areas of Washington.

On December 26, friends and family of James responded to the search location to assist. One of these people brought James's dog, Bud. Searchers brought Bud to where they'd found the backpack in the hopes he would lead them to James, but this did not work. At 12:20 p.m., three canine search teams arrived and were deployed into the primary search zone around the backpack. The day ended with no new evidence found.

On December 27, two canine teams arrived at the search command center. They were deployed into the same search area as it widened around the area of the backpack. At 9:24 a.m., one searcher located a Tootsie Roll wrapper fifty feet uphill from the backpack. The area around this location was searched further, and nothing else was located. All search efforts were terminated early for what the NPS reported referred to as "inclement weather."

You can tell from reading the report that searchers were getting frustrated. They must've searched every area around the backpack where they thought he might conceivably travel. They were finding nothing.

On December 28, efforts were scaled back. Only six searchers in three teams were deployed. They searched five hundred feet north and west of the backpack. They found nothing. The formal search for James was terminated at this point.

Almost a month elapsed before the next notation was made in the report. Here is what is written on page 7 of the official NPS report:

> Cheshier working with search dog Ellie finds Griffin at approximately 2900', .3 mile uphill from where Griffin's pack was found. Griffin's wallet contained his WA state drivers license, $95, credit cards, library card, ONP Annual pass card, other club cards, and what looked to be receipts which had faded due to dampness are found on his person. No headlamp or supply of food is found with him. He is found lying adjacent to a downed tree with no obvious traumatic injury. He is clothed in cotton jeans, shirt and coat. No rain coat, pants or warm weather clothing is found with him.

I had to read the previous statement several times to realize its importance. He was wearing a coat; isn't that clothing for cold weather? The most important item to me is that there is no notation that he was wearing shoes. There is no mention of the position of the body—how his head, hands, or feet are positioned. I made a request for all photographs associated with the investigation, and no photos were sent of the body. There is no mention anywhere in the report of photographs taken of the body or the area around the body. There is also no mention that a search was conducted in the area around the body.

NPS investigators questioned family members and the people who James had met at the pool regarding his mental outlook and stability. Everyone questioned indicated that James was stable, and it was the feeling of NPS personnel that James did not commit suicide.

The body was sent to a mortuary and later to the coroner for an autopsy. Various blood and urine tests were sent to a laboratory for analysis. There was no alcohol or drugs found in James's system. It was the coroner's opinion that James had died of hypothermia, and he deemed the death accidental. The very peculiar aspect to the coroner's ruling is that he stated that the date of death was January 25, 2015. I can go only by facts that are presented to me, and it is a fact that the coroner stated that James died January 25, 2015—the day he was found. If the coroner truly meant this, where was James for a month? How did he survive? The majority of the coroner's report was redacted by NPS, and I was unable to understand other facets of the body's condition. I've read quite a few coroners' reports in my history as a police officer and investigator, however; if a coroner can determine the date and time of death from decomposition, this date is then placed as the date of death.

In all the articles and reports I reviewed for this segment, I found repeated mentions of how much James loved hiking the Olympic Hot Springs trail. He must've hiked it dozens, maybe hundreds, of times. This specific hike would've been a slow one because of his injured foot. Here is a description of where James was located from a January 26, 2015, *Reuters* article: "A 60-year old Washington state hiker reported missing Christmas Eve has been found dead in steep, densely forested terrain of the Olympic National Park, a park official said on Monday." Barb Maynes was the park spokesman interviewed for the Reuters article. So James has an injured foot, and it is claimed that he decides to climb "in steep densely forested terrain."

Later in the same article is this: "As to why he climbed the steep hill, where his body was found, Maynes said, 'If it's dark and you can't see anything, it's easier to walk uphill. You're more in control.'"

SAR teams searched the area around the backpack where they believed James would be. They obviously never believed that he'd be 1,700 feet uphill from the backpack in steep, dense terrain, or they would've searched it. Multiple canine teams searched the area around the backpack for several days and never picked up a scent. Almost a month after the initial search was terminated, his body was located.

James was probably sitting on a log ready to eat his Mountain House meal. He obviously wasn't in a hurry; he had stopped to prepare a meal. He was just half a mile from the parking lot. If he was cold, why not continue hiking back to the car? He probably could've made it to the parking lot in the time it took him to prepare his meal. The idea that he was hypothermic at this point is ludicrous. When you are severely hypothermic, you will be shaking, almost uncontrollably. James left the paved trail by choice. He probably knew this spot next to a creek because of its serenity. He stopped and prepared a meal. He had a smoke while he got the meal ready. Something interrupted his eating of the meal, causing him to disappear. The Tootsie Roll wrapper found on the hillside is an intriguing piece to the puzzle. The man was just about to consume a meal, so why would he eat a piece of candy on a wooded hillside? *Did* he consume the candy?

In *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*, I document cases where high levels of GHB were found in victims' systems. GHB is not something coroners normally screen for in drug tests. Families paying for secondary autopsies found these results. If James had somehow ingested high levels of GHB, he would have been immobile. He would have been cognizant of his surroundings but unable to move. If this were the case, he might have died from hypothermia from his inability to obtain warmth.

According to reports inside the NPS case file, James was cremated.

Dr. John Marshall
Missing: 01/25/15 at 5:33 a.m.—Spokane, WA
Age at Disappearance: 49 years
• Medical Professional, Drowning, Previously Searched, Runner, Floating Face Up

This case fits perfectly into the dozens of others I have documented. The profile is a highly educated, athletic male who disappears near water. The person sometimes goes missing in the middle of a city with hundreds of people in the surrounding area. There is never a witness to these disappearances. Sometime later, the victim is found in the water under unexplained circumstances. The county autopsy says the victim died from freshwater drowning. In many cases, the victim's family doesn't believe the results and has a second autopsy performed by their own professionals. In the second autopsy, it is found that the victim wasn't in the water the entire time he was missing and that there were debilitating drugs in the victim's system that were never tested for by authorities. These cases were identified in multiple countries, all with nearly identical facts. I could not locate one case of a vagrant or homeless person who was found under these conditions; it was nearly always a highly educated and athletic male.

John Marshall was a man with a very interesting background that included clinical care, residency, and tours of duty in war zones. He was a father, a husband, and the head of surgery in a Veterans Affair facility.

John spent five years in the US Marines, where he was assigned to the Ninth Marines at Fort Pendleton and left as a captain. He obtained his medical degree from the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine and went on as a general surgery resident in York, Pennsylvania. He joined the army and did a stint as a combat surgeon in Asadabad, Afghanistan. He left the army as a lieutenant colonel.

In 2005 John joined the Veterans Administration as a physician. He lived in rural Spokane with his wife, Suzan, also a physician, and their two children.

On January 25, 2015, John woke up early and started his normal morning routine. He got into his car and drove to the YMCA at 1126 N. Monroe in downtown Spokane, parked his 2012 Infiniti on the north side of the building, and entered at 5:19 a.m. He was seen carrying a backpack with his work clothes. He changed into a pair of shorts, running shoes, a coat, and gloves. He had his iPod and earphones and was caught on CCTV going out the front door a little after 5:33 a.m. for a morning run. The weather, according to the US Weather Service, was freezing fog and rain. Spokane Police later stated that the streets and sidewalks were not icy.

At 9:00 a.m., staff at the Veterans Administration Hospital were running in circles trying to find John for his scheduled surgeries. His friends and staff described him as extremely reliable and always on time. He had just recently been promoted to chief of surgery at the hospital. One of the staff members at the facility called Suzan at home at 10:16 a.m. and asked why John wasn't at work. She was surprised he wasn't there, as he always arrived by 7:00 a.m. She drove to the YMCA and contacted the staff. They reviewed the exit tapes on the building and saw him going out the south doors for a run at 5:33 a.m. Suzan called Spokane police at 11:06 a.m. and reported her husband as a missing person.

Suzan told the police that she had recovered her husband's backpack from the YMCA. Inside the bag, she found his cell phone, wallet, and work clothes. She said he normally ran with his phone, and she had no idea why he didn't that day. This is a key point: many victims don't have their phones when they vanish.

Spokane police checked the Centennial Trail, contacted the county helicopter air unit, and asked for assistance in the search. The helicopter was grounded because of the heavy fog and freezing rain. The police contacted local hospitals, the jail, and the medical examiner and found John was not at any of these locations. Later in the day, investigators called the military and asked if their chopper could search the Spokane River, which flows through the city's core, for a body.

Police started to look into all aspects of John's life, as they had no idea what had happened to the man. They looked at John's phone and found that the last text sent was January 20 to Suzan. The last dialed call was January 24 to Suzan at 4:22 p.m. He had thirteen missed calls on January 25 from 8:36 a.m. to 2:44 p.m.

On January 26 at 8:58 a.m., Spokane Emergency Services received a call from Carl Warring, who worked at 1116 Riverside #1 and had an office that looked over the Spokane River. On page 2 of Detective Cestnik's report are the following details: "He advised that directly below his office and on the north side of the river appeared to be a body in the water. He could see bare legs on the body. He said the body appears trapped. It was located just west of the Monroe Street Bridge." Spokane Fire and Police Services responded. Later in the same report were these details: "The body was located in the water near the north bank of the river approximately four hundred yards west of the Monroe Street Bridge." From the clothing on the victim, it was confirmed to be John. Later on the same page of the report was this critical detail: "He [Sergeant Storment] told me that the deceased was face up in the water." This same statement was repeated later on the same page of the report. Why is the fact that John's body was face up important? Almost all male bodies float face down in water. Finding a male's body floating face up is highly unusual, yet that fact matches the vast majority of all cases I identified in *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*. There are no answers for why few bodies float face up.

Spokane police called the coroner, who sent investigator Elizabeth Nelson to the scene. She arrived at 10:36 a.m. Page 2 of Detective Lesser's report had this detail listed just after the coroner investigator arrived: "I also took photos of the device (probably a device used to listen to music) that was protruding out of the victims left jacket pocket." Keep in mind that Lesser documented this, as it comes into play later. Also make note that it was sticking out of the pocket in plain view.

The coroner's investigator took John's body to their office for autopsy. Dr. Howard of the coroner's office did the autopsy. He found that John had a broken sternum and two broken ribs. He had a few other scratches but no other injuries. Dr. Howard did not release a cause of death for several weeks until he had drug and alcohol results. John's wife contacted Dr. Howard on several occasions, and the primary detective on the case appeared to have had multiple communications with him as well. The general course of the conversations dealt with the ruling on the cause of death. The coroner eventually ruled that John had died from asphyxia due to drowning, and the secondary cause was pulmonary edema.

Detectives were asking many questions, as they appeared to be confused as to why John was in the river and what had caused him to die. They searched the embankments, bridge railings, and every other conceivable area where someone may go in the river several times. They never found a location where they were convinced he fell or stumbled in. Detective Cestnik wrote a report on February 16, 2015, that stated the following:

> On 2/15/15 I responded to the Spokane Police Property facility and again examined John's clothing. I was again looking to see if there was any evidence that he may have hit any rocks or concrete in the river. As mentioned in a previous report, I would expect to see some mud or vegetation/moss on his clothing if this had occurred. I did not see

> anything to indicate this had happened. If he did go over the falls in the Spokane River, he did so without hitting or touching any rocks that had been in the water for an extended period of time.

You can tell the detective is baffled he didn't find the vegetation. He went on to say that, at the point where people may have stumbled into the river, the water is shallow, and people would just stand up. In an e-mail February 16, 2015, Detective Cestnik said to Suzan Marshall, "There is more that doesn't make sense in this case than does."

On February 16, 2015, Detective Cestnik told Suzan's brother, "As I have told Suzan, my concern is that there was nothing on his clothing to indicate he went over the falls (moss, mud, scrapes, etc.). I have worked many of these and this would be the first time I hadn't seen that. Also, his earbuds were still attached to his iPod in his pocket. I would have expected them to detach going over the falls."

The detectives continued to scour the neighborhood between where John started his run and the area around the river. They could never find one witness who saw anything related to John's going in the river. This is a recurring fact in every case I researched for *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence.*

In another report authored by Detective Cestnik was this: "On 04/14/2015 I did check the iPod out from SPD property and I took it to Ofc Sniker in TARU. He found that the iPod was able to be examined, but it was completely frozen. He was able to do a Celebraite Extraction of the device, and he confirmed that this was only a MP3 player. It did not have a GPS, did not have a history button to show how long it had been running previously, and it did not have any personal information on it."

John's wife was a trained physician and believed her husband had not fallen into the water and died on his own. She hired private investigator Ted Pulver to investigate.

Ted Pulver was a former sheriff's deputy and detective and had the background Suzan needed to dig deep into John's death. When I heard Ted had been hired, I called him, and we had multiple conversations. One of the first times we talked, he told me that this was one of the strangest cases he had ever worked. The circumstances of the event didn't make sense to him, and the facts weren't adding up.

The episode of the TV show "Crime Watch" aired December 13, 2016, focused on John's death. The show's team presented a balanced approach to the story but seemed to lean on the side of Ted and Suzan indicating that something unusual had happened. They interviewed forensic examiner Josiah Ruloff, whom Ted had hired to research the MP3 player John had been carrying in his pocket. Ruloff stated that he had taken the player apart and had not found any water in it; he could find no evidence that it had been submerged in water. Think about this statement. The player was sticking out of his pocket. How could the player be sticking out of his pocket and not be soaked if he had tumbled down the river or falls?

Mr. Pulver claimed evidence shows that John was put in the place where he was found. He said it appeared that this had been a professional military-type hit. In a December 31, 2016, article in the *Spokesman Review*, reporters compared Pulver's findings with those of the police: "Ted Pulver, the private investigator, said the findings of the police investigation 'defy common sense.' He added, 'common sense dictates our findings are more in line with logic and deduction.'"

The medical examiner claimed that John had died from accidental drowning. He believed John's body was in the river for twenty-seven hours, yet the MP3 player never got wet. How would this happen in a rough river? The headline for the article I quoted above was this: "VA doctor's death remains unsolved mystery."

In the same article quoted above is this note that Detective Brian Cestnik wrote in his final report: "As of this time, I cannot say for certain what caused the death of John Marshall. I cannot eliminate accident or suicide as the cause of death. Though I have not found any evidence that anyone else was involved in the death of Marshall, I also cannot definitively eliminate the possibility that he was the victim of foul play."

If you have never read *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence*, this case may not seem totally relevant to my work. This case could come from the same cookie cutter as every other case in that book. Imagine you were John's killer. Who in their right mind would risk being identified walking down the bank of the river and putting John's body in while in the center of the city? He was found in the middle of the downtown area, yet nobody saw his body anywhere in the city during the previous twenty-seven hours. The area where the body was found had been walked and searched many times in the hours before he was located. As hundreds of readers in the past have said, and as Ted Pulver claimed in this case, the body was placed in the position where it was found. How did John disappear off the streets of Spokane without anybody seeing him? Where was he for twenty-seven hours?

On April 14, 2016, Detective Cestnik wrote this in his report: "I have not found any evidence at this time indicating where or why John Marshall entered the Spokane River." The detective stated that he had found no evidence that anyone on the periphery of the investigation was involved in John's death. He investigated John's wife, acquaintances, and friends. It is very difficult to have a wide-eyed perspective on circumstances in a death if you have worked many similar cases in the past. I give credit to Cestnik for continuing to dig when he could've easily claimed John fell into the river and died. Cestnik knew there was something missing in this puzzle.

I want readers to keep these relevant facts in their minds when they think about this case:

- Inclement weather—fog and freezing rain kept the sheriff's helicopter on the ground and out of the search.
- For some unknown reason, John left his cell phone in the gym.
- He was found in a location that had been searched previously.
- He was found floating face up.
- The MP3 player was dry.
- Police could not find a definitive location where it appeared he had gone in the water.
- He had no alcohol or drugs in his system.

One item Detective Cestnik left on the table for a cause of death was suicide, but I don't agree. If someone wanted to jump off a bridge into the river, why change into running gear, take out your

MP3 player, plug in your earbuds, and go out for a run? John was doing exactly what was part of his daily routine. The reports indicated police interviewed nearly everyone associated with him at work. There wasn't one person who stated that John was suicidal or depressed. It was true that he and Suzan were going through marriage counseling, but that's pretty normal. Millions of couples go through counseling daily. Marriage counseling does not equal suicide. The police also spoke at length in their reports about the Marshalls' financial issues. Again, financial issues don't equal suicide. John had just been promoted to chief of surgery and had received a substantial raise. He was the father of two young kids and was involved in their lives. If there was one item I had issue with in the police report, it was the possibility that this was suicide—no way.

West Virginia

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Michael Camilletti	05/27/11 • 56 • WV

Michael Camilletti
Missing: 05/27/11—Cranberry Wilderness, Marlinton, WV
Age at Disappearance: 56 years
• Canine, Wilderness

Imagine you spent a lifetime honing a skill. You became one of the best in the world at this skill and then went to a government agency to teach what you knew. This is exactly the track this victim took, and to imagine he disappeared in the woods is disturbing.

The Cranberry Wilderness in West Virginia surrounds the small city of Marlinton. SAR teams have described this area as extremely rugged and nearly impossible to search from the air.

In 2011, Michael Camilletti was a retired US Military Special Forces colonel. He had advanced skills in wilderness survival. He was so skilled that in the months prior to his disappearance, he went to Texas and lived in the woods for four days without food and water.

On May 23, 2011, Michael drove from his home in Stanardsville, Virginia, approximately one hundred miles west and parked his vehicle on Williams River Road outside Marlinton. He took the time to write a note indicating that he was leaving on May 23 for a four-day hike along the North-South Trail.

On June 12, 2011, Mark Camilletti couldn't contact his brother Michael. He knew his brother might be hiking somewhere in the mountains and notified the West Virginia State Police. On June 27, West Virginia State Trooper Mark Agee stumbled upon Michael's vehicle, ran the license number, and found he was a missing person. He searched the car and found the note Michael had written. The state trooper contacted local SAR teams and towed the victim's car.

On June 28, several two-man search teams hit the North-South Trail looking for evidence of the retired colonel. On June 29, cadaver canine teams from the Department of Homeland Security joined Pocahontas County Search and Rescue in searching the trail. On June 30, the SAR teams and dogs again went into the wilderness looking for some evidence of where Michael might be located. The effort went on for four days and was temporarily suspended. SAR teams went back into the wilderness the following week for one day and again found nothing.

Searchers had a very thick forest of forty-seven thousand acres to search in the Yew Mountains. Elevations in the wilderness ranged from 2,400 feet to 4,456 feet.

The effort to locate Michael was terminated on the second attempt. Mark Camilletti expressed his appreciation to SAR teams and had to go on with life without knowing what happened to his brother.

If there were one person in this world who could probably survive this environment, it would've been Michael. This is the risk inherent in entering any forest without a personal locator beacon. All you have to do is go several hundred yards off trail, be far enough from the trail that nobody could hear your screams, and break your leg, and you're dead. It's been several years since Michael vanished, and nobody has found anything to explain what happened.

Wyoming

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /J. R. Piper	07/30/1900 at 7:00 p.m. • 35 • WY

J. R. Piper
Missing: 07/30/1900 at 7:00 p.m.—Yellowstone National Park, WY
Age at Disappearance: 35 years
• National Park

The central point of this incident was the Fountain Hotel inside the border of Yellowstone National Park. The hotel was built between 1890 and 1891 for a cost of $100,000. It served as the luxury stop for stagecoach travelers wanting a wilderness and geyser experience. The facility was advanced for its time: It had 133 rooms, 141 beds, steamed heat from the geysers, and piped hot water to the rooms. It also had a wine and dining room and a large kitchen. The chefs needed a constant flow of food to feed visitors, and this was supplied by a large herd of cattle kept in the park. A side note to all the tourists visiting the hotel was the issue of garbage. The hotel made a huge garbage pit away from the location that turned into a major tourist attraction, as it attracted huge bears.

As time passed, tourists heard about Old Faithful, and slowly, the crowds moved from Fountain to the bigger, bolder geyser. As the crowds left, the hotel lost money and eventually completely closed in 1916. It stood as a large, vacant reminder of better times at the Fountain Geyser until 1927, when it was torn down. If you go to the area and look very hard, you will find vague remnants of the foundation.

J. R. Piper was a thirty-five-year-old cashier for First National Bank. Where he was from varies from article to article; some say he was from St. Mary, Montana, and others say St. Mary's, Ohio. All articles state that he was single and on a stagecoach trip of the west. The group he was traveling with had made several stops, and it was noted that J. R. was always one of the last people to join the coach before it left. Some of the city stops indicated that he would arrive so late that some believed he was lost, as it could be the only reason he was so late.

During the week of July 23, 1900, the stagecoach left Monida, Montana, and headed toward Yellowstone Park. J. R. was riding in the coach, and according to reports, he had a bad cough during much of the trip. It was apparent to the group that he was a somewhat wealthy man, as he didn't seem too concerned about cash. There was one interesting description about J. R. in the August 3, 1900, edition of *The Anaconda Standard*: "Piper is a single stone Mason, a member of the mystic Shriners and the order is taking an active interest in the search."

The stagecoach arrived at the Fountain Hotel, and people got settled. J. R. was a social guy who did many things alone. Some called him eccentric, while others called him mentally unstable.

On July 30, 1900, at 6:00 p.m., J. R went to the hotel's dining room and had dinner. After he finished his meal, he stopped at the hotel newsstand, purchased a cigar, and stepped onto the balcony. He was wearing his black derby hat and a blue suit. He was seen walking into the woods (Point of separation), and that was the last anyone saw of the man.

The following morning, hotel staff realized J. R. had never returned to his room. They summoned nearby soldiers, who, along with hotel staff and guests, began to scour the region in an effort to find him. Articles stated that a "Mr. Buehler" from Saint Mary's responded to the park to assist in searching for his friend. J. R.'s brother-in-law, Dr. Sheets, made the trip from San Francisco to search for J. R. He actually slept under the stairs outside at night, trying to listen for howling coyotes that might lead him to the body. The formal and informal searches for J. R. went on for weeks.

Approximately three weeks after J. R. vanished, Dr. Sheets made a public statement that still stands true today: "J. R. will never be found." Many at the hotel believed he fell into one of the hot pools, although there was no proof of this. Others thought he got lost or was attacked by a predator. There was never any evidence that an animal took J. R. down. In the same article I quoted above was this quote: "It seems as if the earth opened and swallowed him." Later in the same article was this: "His disappearance is as complete and mystifying as if he had suddenly dropped from earth." I've read similar quotes hundreds of times.

I have never seen anything anywhere in modern times about this disappearance. Why? Why would the park service care about a disappearance that happened over one hundred years ago? Well, maybe it's not that one disappearance concerns them; maybe it's the language and circumstances researchers will read about time after time explaining circumstances of other cases.

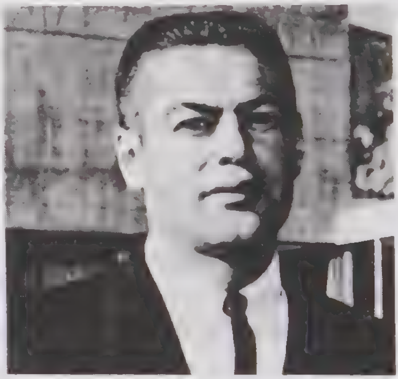
I have outlined requests from families to the National Park Service about asking for additional searchers, asking for the use of helicopters, and so on. Those requests were routinely denied in the articles I have documented. Unbelievably, even in 1900, families were denied resources when asked for assistance in searching for J. R. The September 9, 1900, edition of *The Anaconda Standard* had these details: "The men that were in Butte last night had a story to tell of Captain Good, the commander of the fort at Yellowstone Park. They said that he denied their request for a scouting party and it was only after applying to his superior at Washington that their very reasonable request was granted, and this after a four weeks delay." Think about this fiasco. J. R. disappeared and locals asked the fort for assistance in searching for him by way of a scouting party. The fort initially refused, and family members appealed to Washington. Officials sat on the request for a remarkable four weeks, ample time for J. R. to be long gone and dead via predation, if he'd been in the area. J. R. was never found, nor were his personal belongings or his cigar.

INTERNATIONAL

Antarctica

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • Location
M /Carl Disch	05/08/65 at 9:15.a.m. • 26 • Antarctica

Carl Robert Disch
Missing: 05/08/65 at 9:15 a.m.—Antarctica
Age at Disappearance: 26 years
• Weather, Canine, Intellect, German Ancestry, Physicist


Carl Robert Disch

In my Missing 411 books, I have stated that in the vast majority of disappearances, articles do not state the victim's heritage. When the heritage *is* named, however, the nationality mentioned most often is German. This story is about the disappearance of Carl Robert Disch. Here is a quote from Ancestry.com about the name *Disch*: "Disch name meaning German: from the Germanic personal name Teuzo (see Dietz)."

Carl was born and raised in Monroe, Wisconsin, which has a large settlement of residents from Germany and is known as the Swiss cheese capital of the United States.

Carl spent his life making headlines in the local newspaper. The earliest notation I could find was in 1953, when he was given a special Boy Scout award. He was later in several articles for his track-and-field ability in running the hurdles, and he also played football. He went on to the University of Wisconsin. Carl was not only adept at athletics but was also a very social person and was voted president of his fraternity.

In 1964, Carl was hired by Boulder Laboratories in Colorado. He agreed to a stint at the Byrd Ice Station in Antarctica and arrived there on February 9, 1965. On May 2, 1965, Carl called his family in Wisconsin. He indicated that everything was fine and that the weather at the station was horrible. The following quote from the website www.boulder.nist.gov explains what happened:

> Carl R. Disch, ionospheric physicist for the National Bureau of Standards Boulder Labs, disappeared May 8, 1965 from the Ionosphere-Forward Scatter station near Byrd Station in the Antarctic. Disch was a member of the Boulder Laboratories' 1954–1956 Antarctic Research Team. The team was spending the year as part of NBS's contribution to the Year of the Quiet Sun (the period of low ebb for solar activity). Disch was returning to the main station after a visit to the radio noise installation when he apparently missed a handline. The temperature at the time was -45 F, with strong winds. In spite of severe weather conditions the station personnel mounted a lengthy and thorough search for Carl. Not a trace was ever found.

The article goes on to explain that there were nineteen members of the military, eight scientists, and one dog who wintered at the station. On August 18, 1965, there was another disappearance at the station, the team's husky, Gus, who was also never found. It was stated in several articles that Gus was closest to Carl. I have included this lengthy quote directly from the Boulder National Institute of Science website so there would be no wiggle room on the facts. Carl was not only a great athlete and socially adept; he was also a brilliant scientist.

Carl left his facility at 9:15 a.m., called the main station, and told them he was coming back, a seven-thousand-foot trip with a handline so he wouldn't get lost. He was dressed in full winter gear. At 10:00 a.m., he had not returned, and two men went out looking for him. One left from the location he departed from, and the other came from the main station. They both arrived at a center point and found no sign of the scientist. The pair went back for reinforcements. At 11:30 a.m., searchers found tracks leading west away from the handline and the station. Again searchers went back for more assistance and went into the field to see if they could follow the tracks. At 7:00 p.m., another group went into the field and still could not find anything.

A website titled southpolestation.com had significant details on the search for Carl. Here was one of their statements: "Another vehicle search party was launched at 1800 (6:00 p.m.) hours on May 9. It covered a 1-mile-wide by 9-mile long area running south of the skyway. The party found occasional tracks and followed them to about 4 miles south of the station where they disappeared. There was no noticeable shortening of stride in these tracks." This means that Carl allegedly had hiked in a raging blizzard for four miles in -45-degree Fahrenheit temperatures and never slowed down, a truly remarkable feat. The team searched until May 12 and then terminated their efforts to locate the physicist.

In the book *Our Haunted Planet*, author John Keel writes, "The search went on for three days and covered a thirty-five-mile area around the hut. Disch's own dog, a Husky named Gus, disappeared shortly afterward. Some of the searchers claimed they saw mysterious lights and heard engine noises in the distance. Antarctica is of course uninhabited except for a handful of international scientists who work very closely with one another."

The mention of weird lights in the sky caught my attention, and I dug deeper. A November 24, 1966, article in the *Indianapolis Star* had many more details about this alleged sighting: "It's a good Antarctic story, said Ron Sefton, the scientific leader at Byrd Station. I've heard a number of versions myself, embellished with weird stories about the possibilities of the scientist and the dog being snatched up by UFO's, or the possibility of their heading for a hidden lush valley where folklore says the skuas (birds) go during the long Antarctic winter. But it didn't quite happen that way." Sefton essentially downplayed and refuted the comments about the lights and engine noises. He said there was a raging blizzard for days, and nobody could see anything in the sky.

The same article also contained this statement about why Carl wasn't found: "If Disch had fallen and was lying on the snow, the husky would have seen him long before the searchers would, Sefton stated. Similarly, if he had fallen and was covered by drifting snow, the dog would have sighted the mound and rushed out to investigate it. That's the way Huskies are." Gus was one of the dogs who searched for Carl. Multiple articles said Carl had made this trip between the two buildings at least twenty-five times. He probably could've walked it with his eyes closed.

It's been more than fifty years since Carl vanished, and his body has never been found. The journal *Nature* ran an article on its website titled "Antarctica is Shrinking" on March 2, 2006. The main idea of this article is that ice is disappearing on the continent, causing it to shrink. If we take this statement as fact, Carl should've been a frozen block of ice for decades. Because the location is warming and ice disappearing, Carl should've been found by now.

Why is this case important to the Missing 411 profile?

- German heritage
- Brilliant scientist
- Missing physicist
- Athlete
- Canines couldn't track scent
- Disappears during inclement weather
- Never found

There are unsubstantiated Internet rumors that various research facilities on the continent have received radio communications in years since the disappearance claiming to be Carl. I looked into this and could not find a viable, trusted source for these claims.

If Carl *wanted* to disappear, he could not have chosen a more remote and isolated location than Antarctica. He also could not have chosen a location that had such extreme living conditions. The biggest question I have about this incident is this: Where would Carl have found shelter? Also, there isn't an abundance of wildlife to enable him to live off the land. How would he have survived, if he did? What would cause a man to voluntarily walk into oblivion and certain death, unless he was meeting someone? What happened to Carl's dog? With the depletion of ice, the dog and Carl should've been located.

AUSTRALIA

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Nicholas Frousheger	07/10/1916 • 4 • Queensland
M /Edward Jeffries	03/30/33 • 8 • NSW
M /Alan Went	11/04/52 • 6 • WA
M /Peter Giacommetti	06/13/56 at 3:00 p.m. • 52 • Victoria
M /Mark Beaton	01/05/68 at 4:20 p.m. • 9 • Victoria
M /Costa Mezentseh	08/27/72 • 5 • Victoria
M /Damian McKenzie	09/04/74 • 10 • Victoria
M /Justin O'Malley	06/15/75 at 2:30 p.m. • 3 • NSW
M /William Tyrell	09/12/14 at 10:30 a.m. • 3 • NSW
F /Gaida Coote	12/03/14 • 84 •NSW
F /Elizabeth O'Pray	03/07/16 • 77 • NSW
M /Tiemuzhen Chalaer	08/07/16 • 24 • NSW
M /Kim Mackell	12/18/16 at 10:00 p.m. • 64 • NSW

Nicholas Frousheger
Missing: 07/10/1916—Charleville, Queensland, Australia
Age at Disappearance: 4 years
• Barefoot, Distance Traveled, German Ancestry

When I'm asked to give a presentation in front of a large group, I usually ask the audience how many of them are parents. I follow that by asking how far a four-year-old can walk if lost in a hilly area. The answers vary from one block to a mile. I usually then bring up one of the incredible stories I've researched that are so far outside the realm of possibility that most audience members leave the presentation and have to look the facts up for themselves.

In June 2016, I traveled to the east coast of Australia to make a series of presentations on Missing 411. The people were extremely hospitable and the country gorgeous. I found the residents of Australia just like Americans, Canadians, and people from the

United Kingdom. They have the same concerns, worries, and family issues. What's interesting is that the majority of all disappearances I document come from those four countries.

On July 10, 1916, four-year-old Nicholas Frousheger disappeared from his home on the outskirts of Charleville, Queensland, approximately 420 miles directly west of Brisbane on the east coast of Australia. Fascinatingly, nearly every case I have ever documented from Australia has come from the eastern side of the country.

Ask yourself this: How far could a four-year-old wander through the outback of Australia? How far could he travel without shoes? Nicholas was barefoot. A July 14, 1916, article in *The Age* had these details: "His tracks, which have been picked up, show that he walked 30 miles yesterday, crossing a fence on Arabella run four times. He is without boots and is limping. Police, trackers and 150 civilians are searching for him now. He is now in rocky country on the run." Is thirty miles in one day in bare feet even possible for a four-year-old boy? I seriously doubt *I* could do thirty miles in *two* days.

Looking at the topography between where Nicholas vanished in Charleville and where he was eventually found, he had to cross two rivers, climb over mountains, and walk through an area that has ten of Australia's deadliest snakes and crocodiles. Is this believable?

Nicholas was found on July 17 in the city of Alice Downs, ninety miles north of Charleville. This means that Nicholas averaged almost 13 miles per day in his travels. I seriously doubt most adults could manage this. Authorities believed the boy didn't eat anything, and they had no idea where he got his water. The boy was extremely frightened when found, but articles explained that the boy was driven home and was doing fine. Search-and-rescue guidelines state that a four- to six-year-old will be found in 4.1 miles or less on flat ground and 2.3 miles or less in mountain areas 95 percent of the time.

Either readers believe this occurred and the boy did it without some type of assistance, or the boy did it with something or someone helping him. Maybe it wasn't the boy's tracks that search-and-rescue personnel were following.

One question: Why wasn't he wearing shoes?

Edward Jeffries
Missing: 03/30/33—Moona Plains, NSW
Age at Disappearance: 8 years
• Weather, Distance Traveled

Eight-year-old Edward Jeffries was living at his aunt's home in Moona Plains in New South Wales, Australia, a small city just two miles north of Oxley Wild Rivers National Park. Edward's dad was deceased, and his mom was in Sydney.

On March 3, 1933, Edward's aunt asked him to round up cattle that had wandered from the ranch. He had done this job in the past, and though he got lost occasionally, he always made it back before dark. On this day, however, Edward *didn't* make it back, and his aunt notified neighbors and asked for assistance.

Local Constable Worrall arrived Saturday morning and immediately took charge of the search. He obtained the assistance of up to ninety locals, who were assigned areas to look. He was also able to obtain the assistance of someone famous in the territory for finding people, a tracker named William Christie.

Searchers were in the bush for five straight days and nights. William Christie reported that he found what he believed to be a small hut Edward may have slept in. This was the only indication the famous tracker could find of the young boy.

Weather during the search was frigid. Many people stated that they didn't believe the boy could survive the frigid nights.

Another local stepped up almost immediately to assist in the search. Mr. C. Dunn was said to know the area better than anyone. He posted scouts on the cliffs at the only exit points of the valley and told them to watch for anyone moving in the area. Nobody was ever observed, even though the strategy was sound.

After five days and six nights, the search for Edward was terminated, though his family members and some locals continued the effort.

The last media mention I found of Edward's disappearance was a small note in the April 22, 1933, edition of the *Sydney Morning Herald* stating he still hadn't been found. In a valley surrounded by large cliffs and mountains, one questions where a small boy could go.

Alan Went
Missing: 11/04/52—a.m.—Wilga, Western Australia
Age at Disappearance: 6 years
• Distance Traveled, Found Near Water, Barefoot, Area Previously Searched

Wilga is a small city 120 miles south of Perth, Australia. It sits on the southern border of Preston National Park in a rural setting. This is one of very few cases I have ever chronicled from this region of the country.

In the morning hours of November 4, 1952, six-year-old Alan Went was playing in the front yard of his home in Wilga. He told his mom he was going to pick wildflowers and then maybe visit his grandmother. When Alan didn't return, his mom contacted locals to help in the search effort.

As word reached outlying communities that a small boy was missing, volunteers started to drive to Wilga to assist in the SAR effort.

As many as three thousand searchers on foot and seventy on horseback combed the area around Wilga in an effort to find Alan. Native trackers reported finding what they believed to be the boys tracks in an area six miles from his home. This find was never confirmed, but the trackers claimed they were ninety minutes behind the boy.

Searchers worked through the nights with lamps, calling the boy's name and looking for any evidence of him.

Four days after Alan vanished, one searcher made an amazing find, as is described in a November 8, 1952, article in the *Sydney Morning Herald*: "He was found by Alan Osborne, a carpenter, one of five men who had strayed away from their party. He was examining a footprint when he saw Alan lying under a bush. He was in an area that had previously been combed by searchers." Later in the same article was this about the location where he was found: "The place is a small island in the middle of a creek." Alan was found deceased.

An autopsy was completed, and the coroner said that Alan had died of starvation. This is an amazing claim, as people can live for days without food but not without water. Remember, he was found on an island in the middle of a creek.

According to Robert Koester's grid patterns for searching, four- to six-year-old children will be found on flat ground in 4.1 miles or less 95 percent of the time. Alan was found a remarkable thirteen miles from his home.

Searchers said they found the boy barefoot, but there were few other details about his physical condition. I think it is important to note that the person who found the boy was not staying within the confines of the area that was to be searched but went outside that region and found Alan. Even though the searcher wasn't supposed to be in that specific area, the articles did state that the place where Alan was found had been searched previously, a common factor in many of the cases I've documented.

I can't imagine the grief Alan's relatives suffered from his death.

Peter Giacommetti
Missing: 06/13/56 at 3:00 p.m.—Eastern Warburton, Victoria
Age at Disappearance: 52 years
• Loss of Clothing, Canines

In this instance, it is important to know a few relevant facts. This incident occurred approximately forty miles northeast of Melbourne and near the city of East Warburton. The specific spot is just two miles south of the Yarra Ranges National Park. The average daily temperature for June in this area is sixty-eight degrees.

On June 13, 1956, the Metropolitan Board of Works employed fifty-two-year-old Peter Giacommetti to patrol the pipelines. He was working the line when he vanished. The last reported sighting of him was at 3:00 p.m. on June 13.

The search for the pipeline walker didn't get started until June 15, though I was unable to find any explanation for the delay. Searchers had canines with them and could not find a scent that first day. They started again the following day. The dogs never hit on any scent until searchers, who were far from the pipeline, found Peter's coat in the bush. A June 18, 1956, article in *The Age* had details on what happened next: "The dogs led the party along a trail of discarded clothing until they reached a tree under which the naked body lay." The article stated he was found between Mount Little Joe and Starvation Creek. If you go to Google Maps and type in those names, you will find the location. It is an area that is very dense.

I specifically put the average temperature for June in this section, because I want readers to know it wasn't extremely hot or extremely cold. There was a creek nearby for water. I could not find an article that stated why Peter died or what the hypothesis was for why he was so far from the pipeline.

I've written many stories over the years that mimic the circumstances of Peter's. Many theories are floated in an effort to quell local concern. In this instance, officials stated that Peter may have had some mental stress that caused him to strip naked. Does that make any sense? Even if someone going through immense stress just decided to strip naked, it would take days to die while sitting under a tree. Peter was found on June 16, just three days after he was seen alive.

I don't know what killed Peter, but it wasn't starvation, and I seriously doubt it was a lack of water, especially with a creek nearby. Every adult who spends the majority of his or her life in the outdoors knows that all he or she needs to do is follow the path of water downhill, and it will eventually lead to homesteads. Why didn't Peter follow the creek, if he was able to do so?

Mark Beaton
Missing: 01/05/68 at 4:20 p.m.—Toorongo Falls, Victoria
Age at Disappearance: 9 years
• Distance Traveled, Wilderness, Boulders

This story starts an unusual string of incidents in Australia: Three young boys—nine, five, and ten years of age—all go missing while visiting an area known for waterfalls. Two of the boys disappear at the same location fifty-five months apart. Two of the three boys are never found, and there is evidence that they traveled away from water and possibly into the woods.

Mark Beaton was a healthy nine-year-old boy from the Caves Grove area of Nunawading on the eastern side of Melbourne. On January 4, he traveled with his family approximately sixty miles east to a friend's home in Neerim South, a small city adjacent to the giant Tarago Reservoir. The family was staying in the friends' farmhouse and enjoying the countryside.

On January 5, the two families drove to Toorongo Falls in Gippsland for a family picnic and a tour of the area. They drove to the picnic area and established their lunch area.

Toorongo Falls Reserve is a protected region that has two separate waterfalls in its confines, the Toorongo River and Little Toorongo River. The falls are not huge, but they are picturesque. They are a slow, tumbling-type fall with multiple levels as the rivers cascade.

At approximately 4:20 p.m., Mark and his fourteen-year-old sister, Lorraine, walked slightly away from the picnic area. Somehow, the two got separated, and Mark was lost. Almost immediately, the family started looking and hollering for the boy, but they received no response. Local firefighters organized search teams and called on local farmers and their families to assist in the effort. The January 6, 1968, edition of *The Age* supplied these details: "But they had to move with great care because of the great number of tiger snakes which infest the region. Police said the country included some of the densest bush in Victoria." The tiger snake lives in the southeast regions of Australia and used to be the snake that caused the most fatalities in the country, though the deadliest snake now is the eastern brown. Various snake sites state that the fatality rate from a tiger snake's bite is between 40 and 60 percent.

Searchers stayed on roads at night looking for Mark, as they were worried about running into the snakes in the bush. They knew Mark was wearing shorts, a thin shirt, and sandals.

The established search grids for a nine-year-old boy in the wilderness show he would be found 95 percent of the time at a distance of seven miles or less. The guidelines state that the child would stay mobile 95 percent of the time for 5.7 hours.

As the sun started to rise on January 6, Mark's parents were getting extremely nervous. Searchers now numbered over one hundred and had reentered the bush to look for the boy.

A January 6 article in *The Age* had these shocking details of what happened next: "And lost Mark Beaton, only nine years old, did keep walking—for 17 hours and through 20 miles of the roughest country in the Gippsland hills. His sandaled feet stopped at 9:00 a.m. yesterday, ending a search that started at 4:20 p.m. Thursday and involved more than 100 men." You read that correctly—twenty miles in seventeen hours for a nine-year-old boy over the "roughest country in the Gippsland hills."

In many of these cases, SAR members talk about the risks of snakes in densely wooded areas; however, I have never found one instance in which a small child was ever bitten, though I *do* remember times when searchers were (e.g., Mike Herdman's case).

While I reviewed various articles on this incident, I came across photos of the rivers that feed the falls. Some of the photos showed huge boulders that were in and around the area and in the river.

This case by itself is highly unusual. Coupled with the disappearances of two other boys from waterfall areas—all on the eastern side of Australia—it's quite a coincidence. The next case in the series of disappearances was a little more than four years after Mark's disappearance and from the exact same location.

The Beaton family reunited with their son the morning he was found, and they drove home to eastern Melbourne. Mark was in good condition.

Costa (a.k.a. Kostya) Mezentseh
Missing: 08/27/72—Toorongo Falls, Victoria
Age at Disappearance: 5 years
• Boulders, Weather, Loss of Clothing

Costa Mezentseh came from a family of Russian immigrants. The spelling of Costa's first name in his native language is Kostya.

On August 27, 1972, Costa went with his family and other members of the Russian community to the area of Dandenong. In a very strange coincidence, Dandenong is just six miles south of the community of Caves Grove, the location where Mark Beaton lived. I started paying attention to this detail about a year ago. It seems that many people come from areas where there is also a clustering effect. The case that follows this one has the victim living in west Melbourne. Three victims all living in or adjacent to Melbourne is quite a coincidence.

The group of friends went to the picnic area of Tooroongo Falls and established their camp—yes, the exact same picnic area from which Mark Beaton vanished. They weren't there long before Costa vanished. The group looked for the boy and then contacted authorities.

Firefighters from the falls area and local citizens all pitched in to look for the boy, and local bushmen helped track. An August 29, 1972, article in the *Sydney Morning Herald* said searchers found Costa's green jumper and located two footprints the same size as the boy's feet. There was no indication exactly where these items were found. Temperatures in the mountains started to nose-dive, and rain started to fall. Costa was now without the majority of his clothing.

Four days after the disappearance, the SAR teams got a boost in assistance, as is described by an August 31 headline in *The Age*: "4 Dogs hold last hope for boy." Here were the details in the article: "The dogs- three German Shepherds and a Greyhound were scheduled to leave at first light with an article of Costa Mezentseff's (sic) clothing. Searchers and police now fear that the boy- if alive- is at best immobile and near the end of his strength." The numbers of searchers had increased to over three hundred. In the same article were these statements: "The trainer of the tracking dogs, Klaus Muller (German), of Cranbourne, said yesterday that if anyone could find the boy, alive or dead, the dogs would. Even the rain or the delay should not stop them too much, Mr. Muller said."

On September 4, bushmen followed what they believed were the boy's prints in the mountains. They believed the prints were fresh, as they still existed even though it had rained in previous days. Not soon after they found the prints, however, they lost them.

On September 11, two weeks after Costa disappeared, officials terminated the search for his body. SAR teams determined there were no additional scents or tracks to follow and had hit a roadblock on where to search. Costa's family was grief-stricken.

In the days after the search ended, Costa's mother employed a clairvoyant to find her son. In response to the information received, in late November 1972, searchers went back to the falls and searched again, as is stated in a November 20, 1972, article in *The*

Age: "He [the clairvoyant] is believed to have told the parents of three possible places Costa's body could be found. Only two of the spots were reached on Saturday before torrential rain forced the search to be abandoned." SAR commanders at the scene said they had never spoken to the person giving Costa's mom information and had no idea where else they might search. The SAR effort was again terminated because of horrific weather. At the time the article was written, commanders stated they didn't know if any other searches would be done. I could not locate any information or additional articles about Costa.

I've documented many disappearances over the years; the coincidences between Costa and Mark are substantial. Two young boys, four years apart and living six miles apart, disappear from the same picnic area fifty-five months apart. The case following this details the disappearance of Damian McKenzie, who vanished twenty-five months after Costa and twenty-five miles northwest of the falls where Costa and Mark disappeared. At this point in my research, this is the only location in Australia where three young boys have vanished in such close proximity, both in terms of date and geography.

Australia is not alone in its cluster of missing boys. Crater Lake National Park in southern Oregon has three boys who vanished in or around the park and were never found. Northern Colorado also has three young boys who vanished. One of those boys disappeared in Rocky Mountain National Park, and the two others vanished in the region outside. Two of the three boys in the Colorado cases were never found, and the one boy who was located had some very unusual facts associated with his case that leave it unexplainable. (See *Missing 411: Western United States* and *Missing 411: North America and Beyond* for details.) I think it's really odd that there are no clusters of young girls who have vanished. The closest thing I have ever found to girls missing is in the state of Pennsylvania, where many girls have disappeared, but the dates are scattered from the early 1900s to the 1950s. (*See Missing 411: Eastern United States* for more about these cases.)

Costa's relatives established a website to explain the family's grief. They wrote that Costa's mother had his picture on her mantel until she died. The family has never recovered from his loss, which is very understandable.

Damian McKenzie
Missing: 09/04/74 at 11:30 a.m.—Steavenson Falls Reserve, Victoria
Age at Disappearance: 10 years
- Weather, Boulders, Water

Steavenson Falls is a beautiful location approximately seventy miles northeast of Melbourne, just two miles north of Yarra Ranges National Park.

Damian McKenzie was a ten-year-old Cub Scout from Cobden, a city west of Melbourne. He was trained in wilderness survival. On September 4, 1974, Damian and forty other youngsters traveled with the Young Australia League for a five-day camping trip. On September 4, the kids were bused to the falls from Taggery, and they intended to hike 270 feet to the top through brush and trails. Damian was one hundred feet in front of the group when he was last seen (Point of Separation). Some boys state he was last seen on the trail going uphill, while others state they saw him heading out toward the bush. When they eventually got back to the bus, the leader of the group did a head count and determined that Damian was missing. A search party was immediately formed. When searchers couldn't find him quickly, the group notified local police.

Searchers immediately faced obstacles in finding Damian, as is noted in a September 5, 1974, article in *The Age*: "Heavy rain was falling in the area last night as police search and rescue teams combed the bush for a trace of him." Weather continued to deteriorate as the days plodded on. At one point, police said they had to chain up their vehicles to get to the back of the falls, because of freezing rain, snow, and other weather-related issues.

Reporters and Damian's family struggled to understand how the boy could have disappeared while with a group of forty kids. The article described above contained this quote from Chief Superintendent Duffy: "One minute he was with them, the next he was gone." At one point, police took two of Damian's friends up the side of the falls and asked the boys to show what had happened. Greg Murfitt and Chris Malden took the police to where they last had seen Damian. The location was one-third of the way up the falls. Each boy stated that Damian had been just a hundred feet above them when he'd just vanished. Police initially theorized that Damian might have fallen into the water, but they quickly eliminated that idea.

After just four intense days of searching, police abandoned the effort to locate the boy. This effort would never work in today's search-and-rescue environment, the effort would've gone on for many more days. Weather was a huge obstacle to SAR teams, and it wreaked havoc on the efforts to arrive at locations to search.

People who are either in the front of a line of people hiking or at the back of the line tend to be the individuals who vanish. In this instance, Damian was in front of the other hikers. His friends said they called for him to come back, but he didn't. Some said Damian went into the bush, while others claimed he continued on the trail. One thing is for certain: Damian has never been found. This is another case where the victim was wearing something bright; Damian had on a red ski hat, something that should have stuck out and been seen by searchers.

Damian's parents were on scene for the majority of the search effort. Articles explained that they were devastated over the loss of their boy.

Justin Peter O'Malley
Missing: 06/15/75 at 2:30 p.m.—Girraween National Park, NSW
Age at Disappearance: 3 years
• National Park, Weather, Barefoot, Granite

Girraween National Park sits in Queensland and New South Wales, Australia. It is approximately one hundred miles southwest of Brisbane and seventy-five miles west of the Coral Sea. The description of the park under the Queensland government's website for national parks states, "Girraween, meaning 'place of flowers,' is a park of massive granite outcrops, large angular tors and balanced boulders. Spectacular wildflower displays splash color among the granite in spring."

In past Missing 411 books, I have explained in detail how granite and boulders play a prominent role in many of the disappearances matching our profile. The largest geographical cluster of missing people in the world matching our profile just happens to be Yosemite National Park, a place with a lot of granite!

On June 15, 1975, in the early afternoon hours, the O'Malley family was having a picnic in Girraween National Park, though the exact location of the event varies according to the source. The family had driven to the park from their home in a suburb of Brisbane called Lota. Justin; his eleven-year-old brother, Fred; their mom and dad; and four other neighborhood friends had traveled to the park that Saturday. At approximately 2:30 p.m., Justin somehow got out of the adults' view and vanished.

Once the family searched and could not find the three-year-old, they contacted authorities. When darkness hit the area, there were 150 police officers and forty soldiers from local jurisdictions participating in the search.

The family and searchers were concerned that Justin may have walked toward a watering hole just 150 feet from where he was last seen. Authorities brought in canines and floodlights, and they used boats to check watering holes. As the night went on, concern for the boy deepened as temperatures got down to four degrees below zero Celsius. Canines were unable to find a scent, and temperatures continued to fall.

Early Sunday morning, searchers made an astounding find. A June 16, 1975, article in the *Sydney Morning Herald* reports, "A search party heard him cry out at 7:30 a.m. today. They found him perched on a 15 meter (approximately 45 feet) high rock outcrop where he had slept the night." In the same article, Justin's mother was interviewed about what the boy might have said and what he was wearing: "His mother said he was dressed in a red jumper and long pants but he had lost his shoes and socks. He told me he met a big Kangaroo and the kangaroo took them. That's all I can get out of him." The boy was said to be in good condition.

The fact that Justin was wearing a red jumper is interesting. Many of the cases of missing children involve them disappearing with brightly colored clothing. You'd think brighter clothing would make it easier to find the victim.

The eastern Australian coastal region has the vast majority of cases I have documented in this great country. Why aren't there more cases matching this profile on the western coast?

William Tyrell
Missing: 09/12/14 at 10:30 a.m.—Kendall, NSW, Australia
Age at Disappearance: 3 years
• Canines, Proximity to Water, FLIR

WHERE'S WILLIAM?
HELP BRING WILLIAM HOME
CRIME STOPPERS .com.au 1800 333 000
Somebody saw something. Somebody knows something.
Somebody can help bring William home. Is that somebody you?

William Tyrell

I have followed this disappearance from the day it happened. One of the first reports I read said the boy was visiting his grandparents' home, which backed up to a forest and was on a dead-end street. That little information had me hooked.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyrell lived on the outskirts of Sydney with their son (William) and daughter. On September 11, 2014, the family made the four-hour drive to Kendall, a quiet community located six miles from the ocean, one mile from Middle Brother National Park, and one mile west of Dooragan National Park. The small city has the Camden Haven River, which loops around its perimeter from the west, circles around the north, and passes it on the south and out to sea.

On September 12, Mr. Tyrell had traveled to Lakewood earlier in the morning on business. William and his sister were first playing in the front yard and later moved around to the backyard. Mrs. Tyrell and her mother, Natalie Collins, were sitting on the porch watching the kids play hide-and-seek. Between 10:00 and 10:25 a.m., Mrs. Tyrell heard William growling like a tiger and moving around the side of the residence. She went into the house to make a cup of tea.

Natalie Collins's home sat on a small hill above and back from the roadway. All the homes on the street had a commanding view of cars that came down their road. Natalie lived alone in the home, having lost her husband the year prior. The Kendall State Forest was across the street from her residence, and thick bush was behind it.

As Mrs. Tyrell got something to drink, she realized she hadn't seen William in several minutes and started to search the yard. She couldn't find the boy and called for her mom and daughter. Simple inquiry turned to pure fear, as they couldn't locate the boy. The adults started to knock on neighbors' doors when Mr. Tyrell returned. At 10:56 a.m., the Tyrells called local authorities and reported William missing. At 11:06 a.m., the police arrived at the home on Benaroon Drive. Readers of past books know that many of the kids I've written about disappear when the father is not at the residence.

Local police understood the urgency to search and came with a plethora of resources, including multiple helicopters with FLIR and canine teams. Divers searched lakes, ponds, and rivers, and investigators interviewed neighbors. They located one older neighbor who watched the neighborhood intently; she said she never saw anything suspicious on the street. The headline in the September 15, 2014, edition of the *Daily Mail* was "We Can't Find a Scent: Police Baffled That Sniffer Dogs Can't Find a Trace of Missing Boy William Tyrell."

In one of the stranger aspects of this case, the police never allowed Mr. and Mrs. Tyrell to make their faces public, for fear their daughter would be identified. Newspapers reported that the Tyrells had a "complicated family history," but this claim was never explained.

There were many highs and lows to the search effort. Police interviewed every registered sex offender for miles, and at least two hundred searchers pounded the bush every day looking for William.

On September 15, the police put their sex-crimes task force on the case. The search was expanded to a three-kilometer radius but still found nothing.

There were many twists and turns in the investigation. Officials questioned business owners and searched some buildings. The police executed search warrants and indicated that certain people were "persons of interest." At one point, one of Natalie Collins's female friends was even questioned. I believe the police were chasing anything they could find—the police and the family were desperate for information, and I'd probably employ the same method under similar circumstances.

On September 21, nine days after William vanished, the police announced they were scaling back search efforts. They continued to investigate and did execute other search warrants they claimed might be related to William's case.

On February 19, 2015, the police asked anyone who had been within one kilometer of Natalie Collins's home on the morning of the event to make contact with the police. They were attempting to find any possible witness.

On September 12, 2016, two years after William vanished, the Australian government issued the biggest reward in its history for information leading to the conviction of people involved in William's disappearance. I tend to believe this shows that the police had no solid leads.

In my history with law enforcement, I have read several FBI profiles done on various suspects and crimes. Natalie Collins's home would be one of the last residences a criminal would victimize, based on the circumstances. Two women were sitting outside the home watching the kids. Who in their right mind would try to remove a child under those conditions? The homes in the neighborhood sit on bluffs above and back from the roadway. These residences have a perfect view of any vehicles coming down the dead-end street, and criminals hate committing crimes on courts or dead-end streets. Mrs. Tyrell told the police that when the kids were playing in the front yard, she did see one vehicle that seemed suspicious to her. Police could never identify the vehicle, and nobody was ever seen around it. Mrs. Tyrell, Natalie, and William's sister never heard or saw anything in the yard.

William's disappearance occurred during an extremely narrow window of time, giving a kidnapper little opportunity to take the child without being seen. How would he or she so successfully stop a child from fighting or screaming to the point that nothing was seen? Again, none of the neighbors saw anyone suspicious on the street and never saw the boy on the street.

One of the last items I found about William was critical to my assessment of this incident: law enforcement stated that the boy had lifelong asthma. Many of the victims I write about have or had lifelong disabilities or illnesses, such as diabetes or asthma.

Natalie Collins's property is in very close proximity to a river, a forest, and the ocean. Each of these locations would be something we would look for in confirming the incident is related to Missing 411.

William was wearing a bright red and blue Spiderman outfit when he disappeared.

Seven hundred people were interviewed in this incident, and the police have never named a suspect.

Gaida Coote
Missing: 12/03/14—Ku Ring Gai Gardens, St. Ives, NSW, Australia
Age at Disappearance: 84 years
• Canines, Weather, Adjacent to National Park, Cluster Zone

Of the thousands of places I have been to in my life, the location of the disappearance will forever be etched in my mind. During the summer of 2016, I was on a sponsored tour of the Brisbane and Sydney regions of Australia. I was traveling with a friend, and we brought gear to film footage of as many disappearances as we could during the little time we had available. (These videos are available on YouTube under "CanAm Missing Project.") One of the cases we documented was Gaida Coote's.

The location of this disappearance is the Ku Ring Gai Gardens in St. Ives, NSW, just north of Sydney. This would remind you of a public park where people hike the trails. The area goes from huge boulders and waterfalls to a dry landscape and to a lush environment. A running creek separates the gardens from Ku Ring Gai Chase National Park.

It had rained the night before we arrived. On the day we visited, skies were clear, and the landscape was gorgeous. We loaded up our video gear and took off down the trail. We didn't get far before we met three maintenance workers and a ranger. I asked if they had known Gaida, and they all had. They said she was a very helpful person who walked the park regularly and seemed to enjoy the weeding and maintenance the volunteers did. They said they had been part of her search and literally had no idea where she was or what might have happened to her. We walked deeper into the park.

Gaida was a retired laboratory manager who lived in the Greater St. Ives area. She lived alone with her cats and was known as a very mobile, athletic, and energized woman. She regularly volunteered at the garden and enjoyed the time outside.

The timeline of what happened to Gaida started when one of her daughters, Karen, went to Gaida's home on November 28, 2014. She came by to show Gaida photos of her recent trip to China and to generally keep tabs on her mom. Karen later told police she believed her mother had seemed confused at times during the visit.

On December 1, Marilyn Mason, who organizes the volunteers at the garden, sent an e-mail to all volunteers about a weeding session on December 3. She suggested that everyone meet at 8:55 a.m. Gaida received the e-mail and made a note of the session in her diary.

On the afternoon of December 2, Gaida's other daughter, Anne, saw her mom. On December 3, Anne spoke to her mom at 8:50 a.m. by phone, and all appeared normal. This was the last confirmed contact anyone had with Gaida.

On December 3, at approximately 9:15 a.m., CCTV of a street in Gaida's neighborhood shows a car matching Gaida's driving in the direction of the gardens.

On December 4, Anne called her moms phone at her residence. There was no answer. When Gaida failed to arrive at 7:30 p.m. for a preplanned dinner at Anne's, she got worried and went to the house. She found that her mom's car was gone, the house's lights were off, and the cats hadn't been fed in a few days. At 8:20 p.m., Anne drove to the Chatswood Police, where she tried to file a missing-person report. She was told they would make a note to casually look for her mom and tell units to look for her car, but no formal report was filed.

On December 5, Anne went back to the house and still didn't find Gaida. This time she drove to the Gordon Police Station, and they did file a formal missing-person report. After completing paperwork, Anne contacted the gardens, spoke to one of the employees, and asked if they'd look for her mom's car. Ten minutes later, she received a call that it had been found.

Karen told the police that when she saw her mom on November 28, she had seemed confused; however, Anne saw and spoke to her mother after Karen's visit and never made any statement about her mom acting unusual. There was also conversation about how Gaida had a urinary tract infection, and Gaida's daughters wondered if this may be causing confusion. Urinary infections are treated immediately, and the drugs associated with such illnesses have a quick effect.

We never met anybody in the park who implied Gaida had been getting senile or had displayed indications of confusion. If people said anything, it was that Gaida had been very energetic for a woman her age.

Formal searches started on December 5. Reports indicated that severe electrical storms in the St. Ives area forced the police helicopter to stay on the ground and not participate in the search. There were foot patrols and searches that first day, and everyone was out of the park by 8:10 p.m. because of darkness.

Police immediately converged on the gardens. They determined after talking with organizers that Gaida often would arrive late for the volunteer meetings. She would sometimes not check in, and people would go off and do their own work. Nobody could remember seeing Gaida the morning of December 3.

Sergeant Burvill of the Gordon Police took charge of the SAR efforts. The formal search lasted from December 5 to 11. Reports noted that there were heavy downpours during this time period.

In the months following the search, the police dog squad went back to the gardens numerous times to train and to look for Gaida. Nothing related has ever been found.

Officials suggested they felt Gaida may have wandered into the national park and gotten lost; I see this as impossible. She would have needed to cross a deep stream with steep embankments to get to the other side. I don't see her doing that for any reason. Authorities stated that there was no evidence from anyone that she was suicidal. The only other conclusion was that she had some type of medical event, fell into rushing water, and got swept away during a summer storm. That's a stretch.

There is a loop trail where you can walk the circumference of the park, which we did during our visit. Approximately two-thirds of the way through the trek, I was holding a very expensive camera rig and going over a large boulder when my friend and I heard a loud crack. I fell to the ground and immediately knew something was wrong. My left ankle started to swell, and there was serious pain with the swelling. We had no idea how far out we were, but we understood there was no other options than to hike.

Approximately three miles later, I made it back to the parking lot where we had left our vehicle. Something was very wrong with my foot. We had another eight days left in our trip, two presentations to complete, and hundreds of miles to cover. I decided not to go to a physician and just get a cane. When we eventually made it back to the States, I saw a doctor who said it couldn't be broken because I had been walking on it for days. Well, they took an X-ray, and I had completely broken my fibula. Yes, trail accidents can happen anywhere to anyone.

Gaida's case has all the classic elements of a Missing 411 case. It happened in a park adjacent to a national park. At one point in our hike, we were just feet from the national park boundary. Bad weather hit the search area multiple times while rescuers were looking for Gaida. There were many areas with huge boulders, rock formations, and dangerous regions—heck, I broke my leg going over one of those boulders. Multiple canine teams worked the park for days during the initial search and afterward and never found her.

The disappearances of Gaida and Elizabeth O'Pray seem very similar to me. The women had facial features that could be construed to be close to each other, were both in exceptional physical condition, and both disappeared alone while hiking in an area they knew well. There are just forty air miles between the disappearances.

Elizabeth O'Pray
Missing: 03/07/16—Medlow Bath, NSW, Australia
Age at Disappearance: 77 years
• National Park, Medication, Canines, Cluster Zone, Weather

The area of this disappearance is the Blue Mountains National Park. This region has a history of strange disappearances with unusual facts involved. The disappearance of Elizabeth O'Pray is directly on the opposite side of the Great Western Highway from where Kim Mackell vanished.

Elizabeth spent the early part of her life in Scotland and came to Australia when she was 22 years old. For the last several years before her disappearance, she lived in the small, quiet community of Medlow Bath. It sits directly on the Great Western Highway with the local firehouse as one of few landmarks.

In June 2016, I did a speaking tour of Western Australia and ensured we went to the Blue Mountains to investigate a series of disappearances. As we pulled off the great highway, we saw the garages were open on the New South Wales Rural Fire Department. We stopped to speak with them.

Elizabeth was a very spry seventy-seven-year-old woman who lived alone in Medlow Bath. Her daughter is Kate Pellegrini and also lived in the community. Almost every day, Elizabeth would take a lengthy walk of up to ten miles. Numerous people stated she was in phenomenal shape.

On the morning of March 7, 2016, Elizabeth left her home (Delmonte Ave, Medlow Bath) at approximately 11:00 a.m. and was walking her normal route. A relative confirmed they spoke with her at 11:00 a.m. when she picked up the landline at her home. When she didn't return home by 11:00 that night, local police were called.

Various reports confirm Elizabeth was walking on Grand Canyon Road adjacent to Blue Mountains National Park. This road goes by Katoomba Airfield and eventually leads to a location called "Peckman's Plateau." The vista overlooks a valley that's reminiscent of a very lush view of the Grand Canyon. The area below is huge and gorgeous.

We made our way to the firehouse and were fortunate to meet the fire captain. He asked that his name or image not be used but did speak freely about Elizabeth. He confirmed that he had been on the search, which he said was one of the most frustrating of his career. He said firefighters in the station knew her as an athletic and intelligent older woman. I told him that various articles speculated that Elizabeth might have had early onset dementia. Several firefighters said this was not true. I did confirm that she was in excellent health, but taking medication for s stroke related issue. They said the disappearance didn't make a lot of sense to them, and they were very disappointed she hadn't been found. The firefighters confirmed the search had to be stopped on two occasions because of weather issues.

I told the first responders I had been giving a talk earlier in the week when a member of the search-and-rescue team looking for Elizabeth heard her screaming for help two times. The fire captain confirmed this was heard. He said they couldn't triangulate her location, even though they'd searched the valley below the plateau for two weeks. They also confirmed that the day after she was reported missing (March 7, 2016), a SAR commander called her cell phone, and she answered. She said she was OK but didn't know where she was located. It was through cell phone triangulation that searchers determined she was somewhere in the valley below the lookout. Until you've seen the vastness of that valley, it's hard to understand how huge it is.

The last confirmed unusual circumstance in conjunction with Elizabeth's vanishing was documented in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of March 12, 2016: "A Blue Mountains resident said they heard cries from below Peckman's Plateau about 6:45 p.m. on March

11." Searchers again converged on this area and found nothing. There were several notes in various articles that rain and thunderstorms hit the search area multiple times during the effort to locate Elizabeth.

Two hundred searchers, multiple helicopters with FLIR, and several canine teams all failed to find any trace of Ms. O'Pray.

As someone who considers himself a very athletic person and who would hike just about anywhere, after looking at the valley below Peckman's Plateau, I'd never go there alone. I cannot imagine a scenario that would take Elizabeth down to that valley.

I have documented other cases where people have called friends for assistance and not known where they were located. In each of those instances, the victims were not found. I find it hard to comprehend that searchers could hear a woman screaming for assistance on multiple occasions but couldn't find her. They yelled back and did not receive a response. The facts surrounding this case don't make sense until you realize they have been involved in other cases.

In the section on Kim Mackell, I note that he lived at 169 Shipley Road in Blackheath, NSW. I pulled up Elizabeth's street on a map and checked the distance between her residence and Kim's. I have the distance under two miles. I believe it is incredibly coincidental that Elizabeth and Kim lived on the same side of the Great Western Highway and within two miles of each other. Both people vanished and were never found. As a side note, Elizabeth's residence was just under three miles from the point where Gary Tweddle vanished. (See my YouTube page for details.)

If you wish to get an excellent visual representation of the area in which Elizabeth vanished, please go to my YouTube site, "CanAm Missing." We filmed the facts surrounding this disappearance with visits to the fire station, the airport in Katoomba, and a panoramic shot of Peckman's Plateau and Blue Mountains National Park.

Tiemuzhen (a.k.a. Tim) Chalaer
Missing: 08/07/16 between 6:30 and 9:00 a.m.—Maroota, NSW, Australia
Age at Disappearance: 24 years

- Diabetic, Canines, Cluster Zone, Missing Shoes

As with every other Australian disappearance I have documented, this case occurred on the eastern side of the country. This incident happened just outside Sydney, near the small community of Maroota. The victim was camping near the confluence of the Hawkesbury and Colo Rivers adjacent to Dharug National Park.

In August 2016, Tiemuzhen Chalaer had been in Australia for eighteen months. He was a resident of China and in the country to attend the Blue Mountains Hotel Management School to obtain his master's degree. Tiemuzhen was called Tim by his friends, and he had many.

On August 6, 2016, Tim had gone with his buddies to the Doof music and camping festival outside of Maroota. On August 7, sometime between 6:30 and 9:00 a.m., Tim got up to go to the restroom (Point of Separation). Nobody went with the young man, and nobody thought much of it when he didn't return.

On August 8, friends of Tim's couldn't locate him at school. They realized he had gone missing at the festival and notified police.

From the beginning of the search, friends and family were worried, because Tim was a type-one diabetic who needed insulin regularly to survive. Police went into the area of the festival and determined where the group had camped. Four hundred feet from the point where Tim was camping, they located his Adidas tennis shoes with his socks tucked inside. Police used the tennis shoes as the center point of the search and placed their helicopters in the air, along with dozens of ground searchers. SAR commanders requested and received multiple searching canines that participated daily in the search.

Tim's mom and dad traveled from China to monitor the five-day search. Local police explained to the media that the area he disappeared is very dense bush land. They said they doubted there was foul play involved, but Tim's parents they believed foul play might be an issue, because their son could not travel far without his medicine. Since police searched a six-square-kilometer area and found nothing, the parents believed something else must've happened. The one question I had at this point was about what would've caused him to remove his shoes four hundred feet from his campsite?

The police explained to the community that there had been a delay in reporting Tim missing because buddies thought he was with other friends. After they realized he never returned, they got law enforcement involved.

I think it's an odd coincidence that the school Tim was attending is the center point for many of the missing-person cases I have documented from the Blue Mountains area. The location where he vanished is adjacent to a national park and two major rivers. The festival was just thirty air miles from Leura, with Blue Mountains National Park separating the two locations.

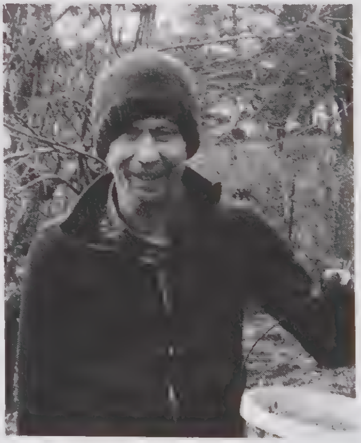
The circumstances of Tim's disappearance are nearly identical to many people I have documented in the past. He had a serious medical condition (Type one diabetic), he lost his shoes, canines could not pick up a scent, and he went missing adjacent to a river and a national park. These are all factors readers cannot ignore. Facts are facts.

Tim's parents were given his valuables from his school, and they flew home not knowing what happened to their son.

Kim Mackell
Missing: 12/18/16 at 10:00 p.m.—Blackheath, NSW, Australia
Age at Disappearance: 64 years
• Medical, Canines, Cluster Zone

If you haven't noticed by now, this region of New South Wales is a hotspot for unusual disappearances. Blackheath is just across the highway from Medlow Bath and another disappearance of an elderly resident.

Kim Mackell was a successful painter living in a rural residence in Blackheath. A long dirt road led to his house, and large trees and bushes surround the area.



Kim Mackell

On December 18, 2016, a family member picked Kim up at his residence and drove him to a barbecue in Ultimo, a suburb of Sydney. Kim was a very humble, quiet, and sensitive man, who also had a heart condition that needed medication. By all accounts, Kim had a great time at the barbecue and was driven by family to the central station for the railroad in Sydney at approximately 6:30 p.m. He obtained his ticket for the two-hour ride to the station in Blackheath.

Closed-circuit television verifies that Kim arrived in Blackheath at approximately 8:50 p.m. He had to cross the roadway to make a phone call for a cab and then walked 350 yards down the roadway to the Ivanhoe Hotel, where he waited. A female cab driver picked him up and drove him to his residence at 169 Shipley Road. The driver was later interviewed by police and said Kim had left the cab carrying a bag he had brought with him and a one-pound bag of sugar he'd bought in Sydney.

The dirt road to Kim's residence must've been very dark. This should not have been an issue, as he had made the walk hundreds, if not thousands, of times. The area around his home was a farm, a property he loved. Over the following two days, friends tried to contact Kim and couldn't reach him. They contacted family, who confirmed something was wrong and called police.

Family and police searched Kim's residence and could not locate the sugar he purchased in Sydney, meaning he never got to his home. They also found his work boots, shoes he wore every day to go into the yard. The family told police that Kim was a very routine-oriented person. He had told them he wished to get back to his farm and go to bed, as he was tired.

The days following the report that Kim was missing had local police sending helicopters and canines into the area to search the bush. Hundreds of professional and volunteer searchers canvassed the neighborhood and scoured the surrounding properties, finding nothing. The police eventually called off the search. Family and friends still continued to look around the area, even after the formal search ended.

The police returned in following weeks and again searched the region around the house with cadaver dogs, under the belief Kim may have had a medical event and collapsed on or near his property. Canines can smell the odors associated with death, even when the dogs are many miles from the odors' sources. The dogs picked up nothing.

This case sat dormant for many months until a bushwalker came across human remains off of Shipley Road in Blackheath. The body was in a very desolate and hard to walk to the location. Local police made a recovery and shipped for forensic analysis. Weeks after the recovery, police notified Kim's relatives that the remains were him. There was never a statement as to the cause of death. The *Blue Mountains Gazette* of June 5, 2017, had these statements from Kim's niece, "Today, Mrs. Windsor said while the body has been found, mystery still surrounds exactly what happened to him. "Where his body was in the valley was very deep and it's a bit of a mystery how he could get to an edge." Kim

never showed signs of dementia, becoming lost or being unable to care for himself. He had just finished a lengthy car and train ride from the coast and was left on his driveway. How his life ended in a lonely valley is a troubling question that will probably never be answered.

CANADA

British Columbia

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /David Koch	05/25/05 at 8:00 p.m. • 36 • BC
F /Sylvia Apps	07/13/14 at 4:00 p.m. • 69 • BC
M /Sukhjeet Saggu	06/05/15 at 4:00 p.m. • 20 • BC
F /Deanna Wertz	07/19/16 • 46 • BC
M /Gordon Sagoo	08/14/16 at 2:00 p.m. • 50 • BC
F /Debbie Blair	09/29/16 at noon • 65 • BC

David Koch
Missing: 05/25/05 at 8:00 p.m.—Grouse Mountain, BC
Age at Disappearance: 36 years
• German, Canines, Weather, Area Previously Searched

The location of this incident is approximately fifteen minutes north of the city of Vancouver, Canada. Sometimes called the "Peak of Vancouver," it is a ski resort in the winter months and a destination for hiking and dining in the summer. Various locations on the mountain boast giant wood carvings, and the area gets very desolate very quickly.

The first summit of the mountain was documented in 1894. It became a noted destination for travelers wanting a wilderness escape and later became a very popular ski resort. The first double chairlift was placed there in 1949.

In 1998, Mertland, Wisconsin, couple Suzanne and David Koch traveled to Vancouver on vacation. They made their way to Grouse Mountain and viewed the mountains and lush atmosphere that surrounded the area. They didn't get a chance to hike that day but told themselves they wanted to tour the mountain if they ever came back.

In 2005, thirty-six-year-old David was the sales manager and associate publisher for a magazine, *DM Review.* On May 25, 2005, David was taking a business trip from Wisconsin to Vancouver, Canada. David couldn't get a flight directly into Vancouver, so he landed in Seattle, rented a car, and drove into Canada. It was late in the day when he arrived in the Vancouver area, and he decided to drive to Grouse Mountain and see if he could tour it before dark.

David drove his rental car into the parking lot of the mountain, parked, and left his cell phone, computer, and luggage inside. It was 8:00 p.m. when he used his credit card to purchase a tram ticket up the mountainside. There were between twenty-four and twenty-eight people on the tram with David when he disembarked at the summit.

When David didn't call his wife and didn't make his business appointments, he was reported as a missing person. David was last observed wearing sandals and not dressed for a lengthy hike. He was seen leaving the tram and taking a brief ten-minute walk and then returning to the atrium at the top of the mountain. Two minutes later, he left and wasn't seen again. It was the opinion of everyone involved that he was just going up for a quick visit.

The official search started on May 27. The RCMP and local police committed significant resources to finding David. There were multiple canine teams used, as well as several helicopters; hundreds of professional and volunteer searchers scoured the mountain and the surrounding area. David's wife, Suzanne, arrived at the search location on May 27 and monitored searchers' activity.

At one point, ten canine teams were on the mountain trying to find David's scent. Weather cooperated with search efforts for a while, but the skies opened up on June 5 with heavy rains. After ten days, officials terminated the search effort to locate David. A June 7 article in the *Milwaukee Sentinel* had these details: "The search was the longest ever conducted by North Shore Rescue, a Vancouver based volunteer group that's considered the leading search and rescue operation." This was not a quick search. A June 6 article in the *Daily Globe* had these additional details: "'After ten days of searching and not turning up any clues whatsoever, no tracks, no broken branches, no articles of clothing, no threads of clothing, there's no tangible likelihood we will find Mr. Koch,' Royal Canadian Mounted Police Constable John MacAdam told the Associated Press." Imagine you are the family and get this notification from the head of the search effort. How devastated would you be?

The formal search was terminated, but volunteers from throughout the area stayed on the scene and continued to look for David. To the shock of every searcher on the scene, David's body was found on June 7, one day after the formal search ended. This June 8, 2005, article in the *Capitol Times* had extensive details: "'where he was found was not where he perished,' MacAdam said. 'He might have been underwater at some time,' he also said. George Zilahi of Vancouver's North Shore Search and Rescue said the area is one frequented by expert hikers. The body was at the base of two cliffs where waterfalls are located, he said. 'We searched that [area] extensively the first couple of days of the search,' he said, adding that heavy rainfall Sunday may have washed the body out of pools of water in the steep drainage of the area." I'm sure the police were shocked by the find, especially because it was in an area that had been searched previously. Initial reports stated that the body showed no obvious signs of trauma. As if this information wasn't disturbing enough, the coroner's report was about to shock the community.

A October 6, 2005, article in the *Daily Tribune* exposed some disturbing facts: "A Hartland man who died while hiking in a Vancouver Canada suburb was alive for several days while rescuers looked for him, according to a coroners report. David Koch, 36, the son of Merrill resident Ardell Koch and the late J. Stewart Koch; was found dead by a searcher June 7, in a creek bed on Grouse Mountain 10 days after employees discovered Koch's rental car in the parking lot at the bottom of the mountain." Later in the same article was this: "Koch had been the subject of an intense search using helicopters, search dogs, infrared devices and trained personnel. According to the coroners report, he died of hypothermia around May 31, six days after he was last seen."

This is one of the rare times I have found coroners, police, and other legal sources to be surprisingly honest and straightforward. It was absolutely shocking news. The family and the search–and-rescue team must've asked themselves where David was for six days.

There were no significant injuries to David's body. He didn't die from blunt trauma, broken bones, or a fractured skull. There was also no mention of David being in water for an extensive period of time.

In a truly amazing coincidence, many of these cases were also from Wisconsin.

Coroners and medical examiners in the public spectrum are given a budget they must follow. That budget includes screening for drugs and alcohol but restricts the number of drugs that are screened for. One drug that is almost never screened for is GHB. I have no idea how the victims were given the GHB.

I am not stating that David Koch was given GHB; I am stating that to understand what is happening in these cases, we need to explore all scientifically proven avenues.

It's a fact that David didn't lie in the water for the entire time he was missing. If he had been in that creek, his body and skin would exhibit obvious signs. If search-and-rescue personnel combed the area as they stated (and I believe they did), and search dogs were combing the same area, I do not believe they would've missed him.

David wasn't incapacitated. He could've walked, talked, or yelled for help. Searchers regularly call victims' names as they search, and no one ever heard David. Finally, the victims I write about are never found by helicopters with FLIR (heat-seeking radar). When I was a police officer, I spent a night as the observer in our helicopter and saw firsthand how well FLIR works. If someone is alive in the woods, you should be able to see their heat, especially if he or she is moving and staying out of the canopy. All these facts lead to only one conclusion: where he was found was not where he died. How did he end up in the creek bed? The formal search ended, and the following day, he arrived in the water. Where was he for six days? This case is a stellar example of how to methodically show the facts surrounding these disappearances. There are only a few conclusions that can be drawn.

Sylvia Apps

Sylvia Apps
Missing: 07/13/14 at 4:00 p.m.—Strathcona Provincial Park, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada
Age at Disappearance: 69 years
• Canines, Provincial Park, Loss of Clothing, Wilderness

Certain headlines grab and hold my attention. On July 22, 2014, the headline on CBC Canada was this: "Search for missing hiker Sylvia Apps baffles searchers in Strathcona Park." The park is located on Vancouver Island, a gorgeous and wild location off the coast of British Columbia. I've been to the island several times and am constantly amazed how wild it gets when you move slightly outside of any city. I've documented several highly unusual disappearances from this location.

This case got my attention for several reasons. I had just completed researching the disappearance of Karen Sykes, an extremely fit seventy-year-old outdoor writer, from Mount Rainier National Park. As unusual as Karen's case was, this case would challenge the best search-and-rescue folks in Canada.

Sylvia Apps, like Karen Sykes, was a fit older female out on the trails. Her sons commented that Sylvia was "tough as nails" and would walk for fifteen miles if the situation called for it.

On July 8, 2014, Sylvia left her North Courtenay home on the east side of Vancouver Island near the geographical center and went to the Paradise Meadows Trailhead approximately ten miles west of her residence. She had called her relatives and told them of her plans, the date she would be out, and the place she was going. She did everything right.

Many hikers make critical mistakes in not being adequately equipped for their journey. Sylvia had two cell phones with extra batteries, a navigational trail guide, and more. A July 26, 2014, article in the *Huffington Post* had a statement from the head of the Comox Search and Rescue group, Paul Berry, who said Sylvia had been properly equipped for her trip.

Nobody really knows where Sylvia was from the day she left, July 8 at 11:00 a.m., until she summited Castle Crag in Strathcona Park on July 10. We have confirmation she did summit, because she signed the logbook at the top, and officials have a confirmed sighting of her in the area of the mountain on July 11.

I encourage readers to get on the Internet and look at YouTube and Google images of the Castle Crag. This is a gorgeous but extremely rocky, boulder-ridden crag. The area can be very desolate, but the views are breathtaking.

Sylvia's trip was supposed to end on July 13 at 4:00 p.m. When she didn't contact friends and relatives, the RCMP was called, and she was listed as a missing person.

The Comox SAR group was one of the primary organizations that started the effort to locate Sylvia. The RCMP put their search dogs, as well as search-and-rescue dogs, on the mountain. The effort rallied six different SAR teams from throughout Canada. Two helicopters equipped with FLIR flew the skies for several days.

The seven-day search effort did produce some very intriguing evidence. A July 22, 2014, article on CBC Canada had this information: "Searchers found her backpack in one location, her walking sticks and camera in another, and her name in the logbook on one of the peaks, but not Apps herself." On July 26, 2014, CBC Canada reported, "Paul Berry, president of Comox Valley Ground search and rescue said it was the first time they had failed to find someone despite finding all of their belongings."

I've had several discussions with people about the fact that the backpack was in a different location than the walking sticks and camera. It's possible she put down the backpack to take a few photos. It would make sense that she would have walking sticks in her hands with her camera. For Sylvia to drop all three items simultaneously indicates complete incapacitation, but articles indicated that she was an extremely fit and experienced hiker and backpacker.

As I wrote this story, I was thinking about the disappearance of Karen Sykes from Mount Rainier National Park. Both ladies were older, highly experienced, fit, and extremely knowledgeable of hiking protocol. Both vanished. Coincidence? There are 285 air miles between the location where Sylvia vanished and the one where Karen disappeared. Two hundred and eighty-five air miles and twenty-five days separate two women and their stories.

If search-and-rescue workers were able to find Sylvia's property but not her, was she there? Here is a partial list of the groups that searched:

- Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) Canine
- Port Alberni SAR
- Parksville SAR
- Nanaimo SAR
- Lake Cowichan SAR
- Comox Valley RCMP
- Grizzly Helicopters
- West Coast Helicopters
- RCMP Aircraft
- 442 Squadron CFB Comox
- Provincial Emergency Air Support

Where is Sylvia Apps?

Sukhjeet Saggu
Missing: 06/05/15 at 4:00 p.m.—Lindeman Lake, Chilliwack Provincial Park
Age at Disappearance: 20
• Canines, Boulder Field

I receive thousands of e-mails a year. Many readers send me their thoughts and ideas about cases. One of the most common responses I get is that many of the victims are dropped into their positions. Some say this is blatantly obvious, and others are more subtle.

When you read this story, I want you to read the statements of the searchers and people involved carefully. It is rare in the world of SAR or law enforcement that you get them being upfront and straightforward with their comments.

Sukhjeet Saggu was a recent graduate of Enver Creek Secondary School in Surrey, British Columbia. Surrey is almost directly west of Chilliwack Provincial Park, a location he visited on June 5, 2015, with a few friends.

Sukhjeet was walking from the parking lot of the trail to Lindeman Lake with two friends. For a reason that has never been made clear, the following happened and is described in the June 7, 2015, article in the CBC.CA: "Chilliwack Search and Rescue was called to the area early Friday after a young man went jogging ahead of his two friends on the trail to Lindeman Lake. When the friends arrived at the lake, the man couldn't be found. They searched up and down the two kilometer trail, but turned up nothing."

Chilliwack SAR arrived on scene, searched till dark, and found nothing. Doug Fraser, the SAR manager for the group, made several appearances on local channels, expressing his shock that the young man couldn't be found. Nothing about the incident made sense.

SAR arrived early on June 6 and started to cover all areas on the ground. An RCMP helicopter arrived on the scene later in the day and started their search. At 2:00 p.m., they made a very unusual discovery that shocked everyone. North from Lindeman Lake is the trail to Greendrop Lake. The pilot was flying along this path. The *Van City Buzz* of June 7, 2015, had these details: "An RCMP helicopter spotted the mans body within a boulder field Saturday afternoon. At this time, the cause of death has not been released, but circumstances of the disappearance have been deemed highly unusual as he was found away from the meeting point with his friends- far away from the lake and any trail."

Several articles showed the boulder field, and the gradient looks very slight and appears to be hard to fall from.

The June 9, 2015, edition of the *Now* newspaper had these additional details: "Liana Wright of the BC Coroners service said Saggu's body was found 'at the foot of a loose rock incline.'" She made it clear he hadn't fallen down a cliff.

Doug Fraser was interviewed for the June 7, 2015, edition of the CBC.CA: "'It was very, very strange and difficult to explain why he ended up where he did,' said Fraser, adding that the boulder field is quite a bit of elevation above the lake, and a fair distance from the trail."

I actually saw two of the interviews with Doug Fraser. He looked upset. The wording he used to describe what happened was much the same as is used above. It appears that everyone involved in this incident had a difficult time trying to explain away the odd circumstances under which Sukhjeet vanished and where he was found. I searched for hours to see if the British Columbia Coroner's Service ever released a cause of death; I could not locate one.

If Sukhjeet ran off and continued running, as some may believe, why didn't canine teams follow the scent to the body? Why would a young man who was having a fun afternoon with friends run off miles down the trail, go off trail, climb up in elevation, and end up in a boulder field?

This incident is just eight air miles southeast from the disappearance of Gordon Sagoo. Look at the size of British Columbia and think about what an odd coincidence it is that these two cases happened to be so close in geographical terms. Is this mere coincidence?

Doug Fraser knows his mountains like you know the neighborhood where you live. If this professional is confused about how this happened, you should be concerned.

Deanna Wertz
Missing: 07/19/16—Salmon Arm, British Columbia
Age at Disappearance: 46 years
- Canines, German Ancestry

I almost dismissed this case for its association with two other women missing from the Okanagan region. Deanna Wertz lived on Yankee Flats Road in Salmon Arm, the same road from which thirty-one-year-old Ashley Simpson disappeared on April 28, 2016. In the Simpson case, RCMP went through the residence the victim shared with her boyfriend and took many personal articles from each person. The Mounties stated that the cases were not related, and it would appear they are treating the Simpson case as a crime and the Wertz case as a missing person. The RCMP made an incorrect statement when they said there is nothing to link the two cases, however. How about two women missing off the same rural road? In spite of the coincidence, I think there is much on the Wertz incident that deserves to be here. The third woman missing from Salmon Arm in that same six-month cycle took a ride from an individual and was never seen again.

Deanna Wertz was a wife and sister. She and her husband lived on Yankee Flats Road, between Vernon and Salmon Arm, British Columbia. Vernon is the northern edge of the giant Okanagan Lake, and Salmon Arm has the equally large Shuswap Lake.

The Wertz home sits in a beautiful area on a dirt road that crosses a rough mountain region known for its beauty. On July 19, 2016, in the morning hours, Deanna's husband was going to work, said goodbye to his wife, and asked what she was going to do with her day. She said she was going to take a hike. After Mr. Wertz left, Deanna called friends, discussed local issues, and again told them she was going for a hike. This was the last contact anyone had with the forty-six-year-old Salmon Arm resident.

Mr. Wertz came home, found his wife missing, and made some calls to friends and family. She was eventually formally reported missing on July 22.

The *Saint Catherine's Standard* of January 14, 2017, ran an article that included a segment about Deanna's disappearance. Here are some details about her heritage: "The First Nations label wasn't an issue. Deanna Wertz carries aboriginal and German blood in her veins." This is important to our research, as an unusually large number of Germans seem to go missing. Considering this area of Salmon Arm has a high concentration of First Nations people, finding someone with German blood would seem like finding a needle in the haystack.

The RCMP mounted a huge search for Deanna, which is described in the *Salmon Arm Observer* of August 18, 2016: "Many areas were searched again, by ground search and rescue teams, RCMP Police Service Dogs and RCMP aircraft resources." They also put up roadblocks on Yankee Flats Road and interviewed drivers. They found nothing, and canines never found a scent trail. RCMP search managers stated they were focusing their efforts on Spa Creek, Spa Lake, Williams Road, Lionel Road, and Watson Road.

Deanna was known to take many long hikes. One of the unusual facts of her disappearance is that she usually took her dog. When her husband returned home, however, the dog was in the house.

Three women missing in a six-month cycle is an outrageous number, and law enforcement would be fools to not look for an association. Two women missing off the same road within three months of each other is almost a slap in the face. As I stated earlier, you need to dig into the facts. I find these three cases incredibly odd. In case readers do not know, one of the biggest cases in British Columbia history is still ongoing with the "Highway of Tears." This is a series of murders and disappearances on a section of Highway 16 extending between Prince Rupert and Prince George. Many of the victims were First Nations Women. Some investigators estimate that there are as many as twenty victims, while First Nations communities say that number could be over forty. Two suspects have been associated with two cases; nobody has been arrested for the majority of the cases.

Gordon Sagoo
Missing: 08/14/16 at 2:00 p.m.—Baby Mundy Peak, Chilliwack, BC
Age at Disappearance: 50 years
• Runner, Canines, Wilderness

MISSING

Gordon Sagoo last seen Aug 14" Cheam Mountain Range – Baby Munday Peak

If you have any information please contact:

Gordon Sagoo

I don't think I've ever written about someone who went through such a profound life change as Gordon Sagoo did. When Gordon was in his forties, family members said he knew he was obese and took up running. He turned into an outstanding trail runner who posted great times. It was during this life transformation that he left his job as general manager of Apollo Signs in Vancouver and became a life coach and personal fitness trainer. He made his new passion for fitness his career.

Gordon spent significant time in the mountains running trails and enjoying his passion with family and friends. On August 14, 2016, Gordon; his friend, Sherril Budai and another unidentified friend went hiking in the area of Baby Mundy Peak in the Cheam Mountain range. This location is just ten miles north of the US border and Northern Cascades National Park. The website desibuzzbc.com had the following details from an August 18, 2016, article: "Sherril Budai was hiking the trail with Sagoo and another hiker at the time. She said Sagoo separated from the group to explore some other peaks, and planned on meeting them before returning to the trailhead, reported CBC News. 'We thought that Gordon was ahead of us on the trail, we could see him in the distance,' said Budai. 'When we got to the trailhead he wasn't there, so the other hiker went back looking for him.'" From other sources, I gleaned that the other mountain he might have been exploring was Mount Knight.

It was the night of August 14 that Gordon was reported as a missing person to RCMP. There were officers on-site the first evening.

The following morning started an all-out blitz to look for the trail runner. Friends told RCMP that Gordon had at least three liters of water with him and a cell phone.

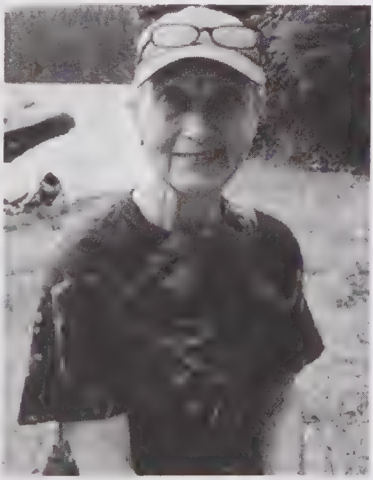
The RCMP obtained SAR assistance from Chilliwack, Coquitlam, Surrey, and Lions SAR Units. They received air support from the RCMP Comox 442 Transport and Rescue Squadron and from Talon and Valley helicopters. They had canine ground searching done by the Lower Mainland Integrated Police Dog Service and the Canadian Search and Disaster Dog Association. The RCMP also put up a specially designed radio-controlled plane to search. SAR commanders met and decided there was nothing else they could do to find Gordon. The search was terminated on August 22.

Gordon's family started a GoFundMe that earned more than $30,000 to extend the search, but the extended effort found nothing of value.

When you review the facts of this case, the classic elements are present. Gordon is fine until there is a separation point between him and his friends. Something very unusual happened that we might never understand. Gordon had his cell phone with him. If he were down the side of the mountain or in a gully, the phone transmission would not hit a cell tower. Gordon was a trail runner; he wasn't using ropes and pitons and was known to be in phenomenal shape. Trail runners usually stay on trails and aren't taking extraordinary risks, such as hanging off the sides of ledges. Even if Gordon was in a precarious area, one of the helicopters used in the search effort was equipped with FLIR. He would have put off a profound heat signature, which would have led to his being located.

Everyone who commented on Gordon's personal traits stated that he was mentally and physically strong. I hope Gordon's family members possess those same personal attributes.

Debbie Blair
Missing: 09/29/16 at noon—Cypress Mountain, North Vancouver, British Columbia
Age at Disappearance: 65 years
• Weather, Canines, Wilderness



Debbie Blair

In the last few years, I have started to pay close attention to reports from the media on people missing with dementia or early onset dementia. In the times I hear from a friend, emergency services worker, or relative about one of these cases, 100 percent of the time they state that the reports are completely false—the person never had dementia.

On November 3, 2016, I received an e-mail from a close friend of Debbie Blair. She stated that Debbie had disappeared off the Baden Powell Trail in Cypress Provincial Park north of Vancouver. She said a continuous and almost nonstop series of storms had hit the area and asked if I would look into it. When I did research on Ms. Blair, I found that she was a clown and dancer for a local band and enjoyed performing.

Every article I researched on this case said Debbie was an active hiker who met friends to hike Cypress Mountain Provincial Park on

September 29, 2016. The friends split into two groups, one fast and one a bit slower. Debbie went with the faster group as they headed into thick woods.

It was approximately noon when Debbie realized she was having difficulty keeping up with the faster group. An October 1, 2016, article in the *Vancouver Sun* explained what happened, as told by SAR leader Mike Banks: "He said Blair had been traveling with a faster group of hikers but had hurt her knee so she went to find a slower group to continue the journey. He believes while looking for the other group, Blair hit a junction and went off trail." Many of the stories I've documented involve a person that who gets ill or has an injury. The person decides to leave the group (point of separation) and disappears. Banks went on to say that SAR was confronted with heavy rain on Saturday. My contact that sent me the e-mail wrote that it rained twenty-eight of thirty-one days in October in this area.

It was confirmed that Debbie was last seen on Donut Rock Trail junction on Cypress Mountain, leading toward Eagle Bluffs at noon on September 29. There was a three-day search for Debbie. Officials found tracks in the Dick Creek area, where searchers had to push their way through extremely thick brush; they never confirmed if the tracks were from her.

SAR commanders stated that the three-day search effort utilized one hundred searchers, multiple dog teams, and two helicopter searches with FLIR, and volunteer searchers went back multiple times in October. They said Debbie was in very good physical condition but wasn't dressed for subfreezing temperatures.

One of the last items in the e-mail sent to me was an interesting note. Debbie's friend said a West Vancouver Police detective has this case and told friends of the victim that this is one of the strangest cases he has seen in his twenty-year career.

The area around greater Vancouver has a significant number of unusual disappearances in its mountains. Where are these victims going?

Manitoba

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
F /Florence Spence	08/05/34 at 3:00 p.m. • 3 • Manitoba
M /Frank Goy	08/07/34 • 7 • Manitoba
F /Thelma Krull	07/11/15 at 7:23 a.m. • 57 • Manitoba

For readers who are not familiar with the location of Manitoba, you can visualize that it is the longitudinal center of Canada. It is located just above North Dakota and Minnesota.

Florence Spence
Missing: 08/05/34 at 3:00 p.m.—Central Manitoba
Age at Disappearance: 3 years
• Distance, Missing Clothing

Manitoba had something highly unusual happening in August 1934. Two small children disappeared in a span of forty-eight hours and weren't immediately found.

Florence Spence was a First Nations member. Her family lived in the Central Manitoba mining area in a log cabin. On August 5, 1934, Mr. and Mrs. Spence went to the Oro Grande mine three miles from the cabin to do shopping. They left the three kids at the cabin, and Florence was last seen playing in the front yard.

The Spence's returned from their trip in a few hours, and nobody knew where Florence was. The kids said they had just seen her in the front yard, and she couldn't be far away. The family went into the bush calling for the girl and didn't get a response. It wasn't long before neighbors and the RCMP were contacted. Constable Carswell responded from San Antonio and took charge of the search.

The region around the Spence's rallied, and they received neighbors' assistance from far away and got up to one hundred searchers looking for the young girl. They also got the assistance of a man named Roy Brown, who was president of Wings Limited. He flew his plane low over the countryside looking for any sign of the girl and found none.

Ground searchers saw what they stated were large bear tracks around the residence. They never found anything that would indicate that Florence had been attacked but were at a loss to explain why they found no sign of her for many days.

I have written before about miraculous recoveries of missing people made by individuals they never knew. The people claimed they had a dream that told them where the victim was located, and they headed out to find them. This is what happened with Florence and is described in the August 13, 1934 edition of the *Winnipeg Tribune*: "M. Blair, diamond-drill setter who found the child Friday on a hunch following a dream that night before, discovered her lying almost naked and semi-conscious between two rocks. As soon as he was able to arouse the child, she moaned, 'water.' Blair immediately gave her a small drink and sprinkled her face with ice-cold water from a nearby pool." Blair picked up Florence and carried her for forty minutes until he could get her to a mining-company physician. Later in the same article was this: "Experienced Bushmen of the district shake their heads in wonder. They cannot understand how the little girl survived. They would not have believed it they said, had they not seen the proof." Articles vary on how far away Florence was located by Blair. The common number was three miles from her cabin. It was said she was found in an area with no trails and no easy way in, and nobody thought she'd be there.

In the same *Winnipeg Tribune* article were these interesting facts: "The night before she was found, wolves and coyotes were heard howling in the vicinity of the mine. Residents shook their head and felt sure there was no chance of the child being found alive."

The day Florence was found, this headline ran in the *Winnipeg Tribune*: "Searchers Abandon All Hope For Child Missing Five Days." The article stated that everyone believed a bear had consumed the girl and there was no hope she was alive. This was claimed even though there was no evidence she had been attacked by a bear.

There have been several instances I have written about a victim being found semiconscious. It seems strange that Florence asked for water almost immediately, but fresh water was within reach. You have to ask the question: Was she there the entire time, or had she just arrived somehow at that location? There have been too many times I have written about people getting some type of subconscious signal telling them where the victim is located. How does this happen? I know some readers will discount this and consider it unethical to even write about, but I don't believe so. Blair told friends of his dream, and they laughed at him. He was so confident in his dream that he took a day off work without salary and walked directly to the girl. Something is at play in these cases that we don't understand.

Frank Goy
Missing: 08/07/34—Dallas, Manitoba
Age at Disappearance: 7 years
- Distance Traveled, Mini Cluster

Details about this event were few. The dates, locations, and ages of the victims were too close and coincidental to ignore. They were both found on the same day. On August 7, 1934, seven-year-old Frank Goy somehow managed to wander away from his home in Dallas, Manitoba. Peter Goy, his father, searched for the boy for several hours before contacting authorities and asking for assistance.

The small community was able to muster only twenty searchers. An August 11 article in the *Winnipeg Tribune* had these key details: "Seven-year old Frank Goy was found at 3:00 p.m. Friday wandering in the bush 13 miles from his home. He was found by a search party of some 20 men organized by Constable S. Hull, RCMP of the Hodgson District." It went on to say that Frank was suffering from exhaustion and hunger and had been taken to a local clinic. He was in good condition.

Articles stated that the searchers were going through swampland looking for the boy, making his thirteen-mile journey truly remarkable and shocking. This area of Manitoba is very flat. SAR manuals state that a seven- to nine-year-old child lost in a flat environment will be found 95 percent of the time in five miles or fewer. Frank was found outside the established search grid by more than double the distance. It was a miracle the boy was located.

Is it only a coincidence that a boy and girl went missing in the same region, on close to the same day, and then were missing for three days in common and found on the same day? In this instance, both kids were found and lived, another coincidence. I could not find a similar disappearance in this region for an entire decade.

Thelma Krull
Missing: 07/11/15 at 7:23 a.m.—Harborview South, Winnipeg
Age at Disappearance: 57 years
- Weather, Canines

The location of this incident is in a neighborhood of Winnipeg called Harborview South. It is located in the northeastern section of the city. To put in perspective how unusual a disappearance or even a murder is in this city of 718,000 people, here are some statistics. This is a listing of how large American cities compared to Winnipeg (homicides are per 100,000 in population):

City	Year	Homicides per 100k
Winnipeg	2015	2.72
San Jose, CA	2015	3.0
Los Angeles, CA	2015	6.6
Chicago, IL	2015	7.6
Detroit, MI	2015	44

By almost any barometer, Winnipeg is a very safe big city in North America. If you take into account that this incident happened not in the core of the city but in a suburb, it makes this that much more baffling.

Thelma Krull was a married mother of two who lived in Harborview South in northeast Winnipeg. She was married to Robert Krull, a longtime bus driver for the Amalgamated Transit. The couple use to own a Mr. Sub store, where Thelma spent a majority of her time. She then went to work for S.P.I.K.E, a provider of supported living for people with disabilities. She was an administrative assistant who monitored the financials of the people the organization was supporting and was also involved with fundraising.

In early July 2015, Thelma was in the process of training for a long-distance hike she was taking on the Pacific Rim National Park Trail. She was going on vacation soon and needed to get in shape for the twenty-seven-mile journey.

On July 11, 2015, Thelma rose early in the morning and put on her hiking boots, black pants, and a reddish-orange top. She left her home for a lengthy hike through her larger neighborhood. Robert was still in bed asleep as she left. This wasn't an unusual morning endeavor. Thelma did this a lot. At 7:23 a.m., a neighbor's CCTV camera caught her walking down the sidewalk just as everyone would expect.

Later that morning, Thelma's daughter, Lisa, texted her mom about her son's birthday party later in the day. She didn't get a response, which concerned her. Thelma was an attentive grandmother, and not responding to her daughter was highly unusual. When Thelma didn't make it back to Canadian Tire and the agreed-upon meeting location with Robert, everyone knew there was trouble. Thelma Krull officially became a missing person in the city of Winnipeg.

According to weather reports for Winnipeg on July 11, it rained slightly and was cloudy. Multiple reports indicated that it rained during the following five days of the search. The police brought in canines to look for Thelma's scent; they couldn't find her. On July 13, volunteers scoured the Chief Peguis Trail adjacent to the Red River. On July 14, Winnipeg SAR combed through brush and the water of Bunn's Creek. On July 15, police told the public that they'd found Thelma's glasses and iPhone 4 in the Valley Gardens Civic Center area.

The civic center is a place where the community goes to play sports. On July 15, Sergeant Shaunna Neufeld of the Winnipeg Police addressed the press about finding the glasses and phone. She stated that on the Saturday morning Thelma vanished, the civic area had people playing tennis and football, and there were lots of people out in that area. It was a normal summer weekend in Canada with parents and kids going to the local park to play sports. I looked at the park from an aerial view and counted more than fifty homes surrounding it. There were rumors that the police had found Thelma's earbuds in the park; this was not confirmed.

On July 16, Robert's transit union posted a $5,000 reward for information leading to Thelma. This was later raised to $20,000. On July 17, Thelma's case was given to the Winnipeg Police homicide unit.

The headline in the *Canadian Press* on July 11, 2016, was amazing: "People Just Don't Disappear: Family Asks For Help to Find Woman Missing One Year." In this same article was this quote: "Police say they believe Krull walked to a nearby park where 'she experienced some type of distress,' Sgt. Wes Rommel said the evidence suggests Krull either had a medical emergency or was abducted by a stranger." She had a medical emergency? If she had been abducted by someone, Thelma would've fought back. At five feet and four inches and 170 pounds, nobody was going to drag her off without screaming and a fight. Though the park had been filled with adults and kids that weekend, nobody ever came forward saying they had seen anything that could add to the case—nobody.

When you examine a Winnipeg map of the relevant locations of this event, it shows that Thelma had to have walked approximately half a mile east from her home to get to the park. It was just one mile farther to the mighty Red River. All indications show that something happened at the park. She was separated from her phone and glasses, a key point that reminds me of many cases I documented in *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence.* I find it unusual that her glasses and phone weren't found for four days; it would seem that someone in the park or one of the searchers would've found these things sooner. It's possible they *were* found earlier, and police withheld this information.

The Valley Gardens Park or Civic Center is fairly large. It contains the Terry Sawchuk Memorial arena and a very large patch of grass. There are a few photos of police placing evidence flags in the middle of a high spot of the grass. I have no idea what happened there, but abducting someone in the middle of a large patch of field seems highly unlikely.

The neighborhood from which Thelma disappeared had a very low crime rate, lower than the majority of Winnipeg. Picking the park as an abduction point, a park with essentially no ground cover, would not be the best location from which to take someone. Many readers sent me information on this case and recognized facts that match our profile.

There were many articles claiming Thelma had been seen with a larger, aboriginal man after she disappeared. These types of claims are normal in high-publicity cases. The police came out and stated that they could never confirm any of the sightings.

The police initially had a difficult time determining the route Thelma took that Saturday morning. It probably wasn't until the finding of the glasses and phone that they knew they had their point of interest. She was known to take many different routes on her hikes. There wasn't one friend or relative who didn't state that Thelma was an extremely stable woman who would never leave her family and would never miss her grandchild's birthday party.

I find this case very disturbing with no easy answers. There are several facts that match our profile. The one point that matches many cases I have documented is this: this woman seemed to disappear while in the midst of hundreds of people, and nobody saw anything.

Newfoundland

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
F /Anne Abraham	08/05/76 at 3:00 p.m. • 22 • Newfoundland
M /Andrew Sexton	02/25/06 • 21 • Newfoundland

Anne Abraham
Missing: 08/05/76 at 3:00 p.m.—Torngat Mountain National Park, Ramah Bay, Newfoundland
Age at Disappearance: 22 years
• National Park, Weather, Intellect

When you read a description of the location where someone disappears and it's as follows in this August 13, 1976, edition of the *Morning News*, you pay attention: "The Royal Mounties searched yesterday for a 22- year old woman archaeologist from Washington, DC, who has been missing 6 days in an area of Labrador prowled by polar bears and described as 'so bleak it's called the land God gave Cain.'" How could someone disappear in a landscape so bleak?

Anne Abraham was a twenty-two-year-old archaeologist for the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, DC. She was exploring an area in the far northern region of Labrador in Torngat Mountain National Park, specifically the region around Ramah Bay. This was Anne's eighth year making the trip north for the summer. The teams were looking for five-hundred-million-year-old fossils.

Anne's partner for the journey was thirty-year-old geologist Richard Gramley, a professor at New York University at Stony Brook.

Anne wouldn't be lonely during this trip; her boyfriend, Stephen Loring, had made the journey with her. On August 5, 1976, Anne and Gramley had traveled twenty-five miles north of the other expedition team members and were working an area near Ramah Bay. The August 13, 1976, edition of the *Schenectady Gazette* had these details (Point of Separation): "'Gramley told police that last Friday that he and Miss Abraham had split up and taken different routes to a campsite occupied by another team of diggers. The last he saw of her she was climbing the face of the mountain to go across the top. When he returned there was no sign of her and he presumed she had gone over the top,' Halloran said. 'She hasn't been seen since.'"

During the initial hours after Anne vanished, the teams had a difficult time rallying resources to assist. They were finally able to get the RCMP to send a Sea Ranger helicopter hundreds of miles north to help. During those first few days, only four members of the team were looking for the woman, including her boyfriend. Later in the search, two civilian helicopters were added, along with Eskimo searchers from Sagick and two Canadian military choppers from Labrador. Here is one detail about the search that was in the August 13, 1976, edition of the *Schenectady Gazette:* "Dense fog and rain hampered the search Thursday."

In the middle of the search effort, Anne's brother, Edward, flew in from attending Harvard Medical School. He was later interviewed and was devastated by the loss of his sister. He made statements about how desolate and bleak the region was.

There was no significant ground cover in this area. Helicopters could see for miles. The mountain Anne was last seen climbing was described as very rocky. She was not using ropes and carabiners, as it wasn't a cliff-type climb. This was Anne's eighth year in the great north. She was very experienced and well aware of the dangers associated with being in that area. She knew that if you took unnecessary risks, help probably wouldn't arrive quickly. Gramley even believed that Anne had gone over the top of the mountain easily and told investigators as much.

There were a few theories on what happened to Anne. One article stated that a polar bear had been seen in the area in the days before the incident. Polar bears are known as killers of people, and great caution needs to be exercised around them. The other theory was that Anne fell off the mountain and into the water. There was never a mention of any of her belongings being found and no evidence she fell off the mountain. Articles stated that the bay was filled with frozen ice at the time, meaning there should've been a break in the ice sheet.

There were some rumors of foul play, but I couldn't find anything to validate the claim. Anne was never found.

Andrew Sexton
Missing: 02/25/06—Goose Cove, Newfoundland
Age at Disappearance: 21 years
• Canines, Weather

There is an old saying in the world that we study history for a reason. If you have read my past Missing 411 books, this story is going to sound very reminiscent of another disappearance.

Andrew Sexton was a twenty-one-year-old native of St. Anthony, Newfoundland. The location is northeast of Maine and sits on the Atlantic Ocean. Andrew was born and raised in community, loved the outdoors, and knew the area extremely well.

On February 25, 2006, Andrew and his friends got onto their snowmobiles and planned a trip to a cabin in Goose Cove. It would be a short four-mile trip with everyone knowing the route well. The group left at 10:00–10:30 a.m. with Andrew by himself on his snowmobile. It didn't take long to reach the cabin, and the group didn't stay long. They realized there was a big incoming storm, and they needed to get back.

Two other teenagers were traveling on snowmobiles with Andrew. They arrived in St. Anthony at approximately noon. They thought their friend would be behind them, but he wasn't.

The St. Anthony RCMP was notified, and a search was started. The storm that hit the area was strong and hindered search efforts and their ability to keep aircraft in the sky. The effort to find Andrew didn't get started until the following day.

The search-and-rescue effort to find Andrew included multiple canine teams, helicopters, Newfoundland Rangers, RCMP, multiple fire departments, and volunteers. Teams did find Andrew's snowmobile. The vehicle was pointed in the wrong direction to get home, yet had half a tank of gas, had keys in the ignition, and was operable.

The May 5, 2006, edition of the CBC News had these details about what the RCMP did with Andrew's companions: "He said they were both interviewed multiple times by RCMP, and even took a lie detector test. RCMP Constable Mike Babstock said the two men accompanying Sexton were never considered suspects in his disappearance. The two men maintain that Sexton got lost in the storm. The RCMP said they believe the same."

After the RCMP closed down their five-day search because they stated there were no possible leads to follow, Andrew's family got two additional bloodhounds to look for the man. None of these efforts produced Andrew.

There were many claims that his body would be found during the following spring and summer. Nothing was ever found.

Let's review the basic elements of the case:

- Man traveling with friends on snowmobile alone
- Group was visiting a cabin
- Man gets separated from group
- Snowstorm hits the area
- Search efforts inhibited by bad weather
- Snowmobile is eventually found
- Vehicle is pointing in a direction away from their intended destination
- Man is never found

In *Missing 411: North America and Beyond* (page 422), I document the case of an Alaska man who disappeared under circumstances identical to those identified above. When news agencies contacted SAR coordinators about what may have happened to the snowmobiler and asked why he wasn't found, one of the SAR leaders at the time stated, "He says that he is sticking to his original alien abduction theory because he cannot come up with another scenario."

Andrew grew up in the outdoors in this area of Newfoundland. The cabin was approximately four miles from St. Anthony, and he would have known anything within a four-mile radius of his house very well.

The RCMP did everything possible to find the man; they even put divers in the water in the middle of the winter to clear any possibility that he had been accidentally submerged. People who live around snowmobiles know that these vehicles can save your life. They provide a big target for helicopters to find. They can offer shelter and warmth, especially if they're operational. Why would Andrew have left the security of his vehicle? Why wasn't his body found? You could ask the exact same questions about the Alaska incident. After ten springs and summers, Andrew hasn't been found, and nothing associated with him has ever been recovered.

Nova Scotia

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Marty Leger	05/29/14 at 4:00 p.m. • 30 • NS

Marty Leger

Marty Leger
Missing: 05/29/14 at 4:00 p.m.—Spider Lake, Waverley, NS
Age at Disappearance: 30 years
• Weather, Canines

Nova Scotia is a small piece of land off the southeastern side of New Brunswick, Canada. It sits just east of the northern section of Maine. To a casual observer, this land may look like an island, but it is attached to the mainland. This is also the same place where the hit show *The Curse of Oak Island* is filmed. What I find fascinating about this region is that there are far more people missing from this small piece of land than from New Brunswick, especially since there are approximately 30 percent more people in New Brunswick.

On May 29, 2014, thirty-year-old Marty Leger left his home in Halifax and traveled north to a remote region northeast of Waverley. He drove out Spider Lake Road and parked at the dead end. At six feet tall and 260 pounds, he was a big man. He got out his mountain bike and rode off into the bush. He had told friends when he left at noon that he'd be back by 4:00 p.m. When he hadn't returned, his family drove out to the site and found his vehicle. At 8:30 p.m., they reported Marty as a missing person.

This area is a combination of extremely thick bush, swamps, and lakes that are marked by a one-hour and two-hour circular path.

On May 30, 2014, the RCMP organized a search and started to deploy resources. One of the biggest searches in the history of Nova Scotia was put into motion. Three helicopters, 450 searchers, boats, planes, search dogs—everything was thrown at the effort to find Marty. The June 3, 2014, edition of the *Chronicle Herald* had these important details: “He said the ground search covered more than 60 square kilometers, and a number of helicopters have gone over lakes, which are remarkably clear because of dry weather. Search dogs scoured the area, and helicopters equipped with thermal imaging technology also failed to locate Leger. Dogs and helicopters will be brought back to the site at some point to resume the search, Wells said.” One helicopter pilot said to a reporter it was the largest search he’d ever seen in his life. Even the Canadian military sent two hundred soldiers to train and search.

At the end of five days, one of the lead searchers stated that the extreme heat of near ninety degrees had exhausted searchers and dogs. That is an unusually high heat for that part of the world. After a huge effort, search coordinators terminated the effort to locate Marty. They had found nothing related to his disappearance. There were random efforts to search for the man after this major effort; they also did not locate anything.

Sometimes it’s difficult to understand how a body the size of Marty’s can be missed. If you couple the body with the bike, it makes not finding anything extremely puzzling. If that bike is anywhere in the sun, it absorbs heat during the day and slowly emits it as night moves on. If SAR had put a helicopter with FLIR up at night, that bike should have stuck out. Why haven’t they found it?

Ontario

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Edward Boreham	10/11/26 at 9:00 a.m. • 2 • Ontario

Edward Boreham
Missing: 10/11/26 at 9:00 a.m.—Eastview, Ontario
Age at Disappearance: 2 years
• Weather, Previously Searched

I have documented many unusual disappearances in Ontario, Canada, over the years. This incident happened in the city of Ottawa in an area called Eastview. It appears to have happened right on the border with the United States, and both police departments shared in the search.

On October 11, 1926, two-year-old Edward Boreham was playing in front of his house at 11 Park View with two other boys, Ronald Tomlinson and another boy named Anson. The two boys had to go on to school and claim they told Edward to go home. This was the last time the child was seen. The police were notified, and a search was started. From every indication in the articles reviewed, this area was remote, and some of it was quite wild.

There weren't a lot of details on the search other than an explanation that Eastview and Ottawa Police responded to at least alleged sightings of the boy and a variety of locations throughout the city. On each incident, the police arrived, and the boy wasn't there, or they found the supposed boy, and it was not Edward.

Nothing happened on this case for forty-six hours. On Wednesday morning, October 13, George Allan was leaving for work. The October 13 edition of the *Ottawa Citizen* had these details:

> I was just leaving for work and had entered the path through the bush to get to the street car at the Patrick Street bridge when, about 150 feet from my house, I heard the whimper of a child. I circled around endeavoring to locate where the sound came from and I soon came upon a boy sitting under a cedar tree and holding a Boy Scout belt in his hand. He

> was crying for his parents and sister, Betty. I picked him up and took him to my house where I called Rev. Mr. Weary of St. Margaret's Church and when he arrived we proceeded to the home of Mrs. Boreham to who I restored the child.

Edward was found just a quarter mile from his home. Later in the same article were these additional details: "An explanation of the course of his wanderings is very difficult. Seemingly he has been on the move most of the time since his disappearance, and it is not thought by any of the searchers that he had been in the same bush in which he was found since he disappeared. The bush was thoroughly combed Monday and last night by Boy Scouts and others searchers without success." The October 13, 1926, edition of the *Ottawa Journal* had these additional facts: "The area around this spot was thoroughly combed last evening by hundreds of searchers, police, residents of Eastview and Clarkstown, Eastview and Ottawa Boy Scouts, school children and others. In addition, children of Mr. Allan had been at the identical spot last evening playing with a dog. If the child was there, it is believed he could not have escaped notice." What is very interesting about the last article is the fact that Mr. Allan's kids were playing on the property the prior night. If a small child is missing and hears other kids, there is a very high likelihood the missing child would approach the other children.

One article did state that it rained in the area of the disappearance while Edward was missing and was raining as recently as fifteen minutes before he was found.

The October 13 edition of the *Ottawa Citizen* had this information about Edward's condition after he was found: "Little Edward, suffering from a severe cold, had lost considerable flesh about the legs and arms, while his cheeks, although rosy had sunk slightly. How he lived through his wandering experience is beyond the comprehension of his parents and friends. He is confined to be and is being attended by Dr. Robert Law." It was reported that Edward did have a fever.

While kids may not be a good indicator of sensing someone in the woods near them, dogs are. If the Allan kids were in the exact area where Edward was found the night prior and the dog never indicated anything unusual, I do not believe Edward was anywhere in the area. I also think it's important to remember Edward was found adjacent to the Rideau River. How he was able to avoid going in the river for two days, we will never know.

If you couple the Allan kids, hundreds of searchers, and a dog, all in the same area where Edward was found, you can come only to the conclusion that something highly unusual happened. His parents questioned Edward in the days after he was found. They said the only thing they could get out of him was something about a car, nothing else. There was no other clarity offered about the incident.

Saskatchewan

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Freddie Mollenbeck	05/22/37—p.m. • 2 • Sask
F /Lena Shkraba	05/23/37 at 3:00 p.m. • 9 • Sask
F /Hazel Machican	05/23/37 at 3:00 p.m. • 7 • Sask

Freddie Mollenbeck
Missing: 05/22/37—p.m.—St. Gregor, Sask
Age at Disappearance: 2 years
• Loss of Shoes, Distance, Weather, Cluster Zone

On very rare occasions, multiple disappearances happen in a short period of time and close in geographical proximity. Pay close attention to this case and the following incident. The disappearances happened on back-to-back days in the same general area, with their children missing for multiple days.

Freddie Mollenbeck was a two-year-old living in St. Gregor, Saskatchewan, approximately seventy miles east of Saskatoon. The village of St. Gregor has a population of only one hundred today. This is predominantly a ranching and farming area with many swamps, sloughs, and waterways.

Freddie disappeared on Saturday, May 22, 1937, in the afternoon from his home. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police and local residents from the surrounding area all joined in the search effort. Here is what the May 26, 1937, edition of the *Winnipeg Free Press* stated about the incident: "He was found unconscious in bush lining a slough several miles distance by searchers at 4:00 p.m. Monday. The child was taken to Humboldt Hospital where he is making a recovery. Some 450 men and boys, 80 of them mounted on horses, searched 48 hours under leadership of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Barefoot and clad in light summer clothes only, the child was exposed to heavy rain storm Saturday night."

I did an extensive search on this incident, attempting to determine how far Freddie traveled. I could not find anything indicating the distance the young boy was found from his home, other than "several miles." Finding a two-year-old several miles from his home is unusual.

This disappearance may seem mundane at first glance; be patient. The next two disappearances happened the following day one hundred miles almost exactly east of St. Gregor.

Lena Shkraba
Age at Disappearance: 9 years
Hazel Machican
Age at Disappearance: 7 years
Missing: 05/23/37 at 3:00 p.m.—Norquay, Sask

- Water, Distance Traveled, Cluster, Weather, Tracking Cattle

The small town of Norquay sits just fifteen miles west of the Manitoba border and is the headquarters for the Salteau First Nations People. The region is filled with many bodies of water, swamps, and so on. Articles at the time of this incident described the exact area as thirty miles north of Norquay and fifteen miles west of the Manitoba border.

Lena and Hazel left their home on the outskirts of Norquay at approximately noon on May 23 to look for stray cattle. I have written several stories about young children looking for missing cattle who have then disappeared themselves. This fact needs more exploration: Is there an association between missing cattle and the missing children?

The girls didn't return that afternoon, and a search was undertaken. Many articles stated that continuous heavy rains, rains so bad they washed out roads into the Porcupine region, inhibited the search. The articles addressed the concerns of searchers that the girls must've been drenched and cold and that black bears in the area may attack the youngsters.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police and two hundred local ranchers and farmers all dropped their normal duties to search for the girls. They were tracked though swamps and rough land for almost two days. The first break came in the case when Hazel wandered into a First Nations camp and asked for assistance. She was given food and water and driven to officials. There was no explanation on how the two girls got separated or where Lena might be. This appeared in a May 27, 1937, article in the *Gazette and Daily*: "Seven Year old Hazel Machican, one of two girls missing from their home since Sunday when they set out to look for strayed cattle, was found alive by a band of Indians today. She was found in dense bush country 20 miles northwest of the point where the two had last been seen." In Robert Koester's book, *Lost Person Behavior*, he states that 95 percent of all children ages seven to nine years old will be found on flat terrain in under five miles. Hazel was found so far outside those search-and-rescue parameters as to make them irrelevant.

You can imagine that searchers were now occupying every foot of ground around where Hazel had been located, expecting to find Lena any second. On Thursday, on the banks of the Swan River, there was another interesting find, as is explained in the June 4, 1937, article in the *Roglin Review*: "Lena Shkraba struggled through the bush to the bank of the Swan River late Thursday. Her weak cries were heard by Margaret Anderson, young daughter of T.A. Anderson, former MLA and now a porcupine rancher. The Anderson girl ran to the river and found Lena nearly exhausted but able to walk to the Anderson home where she was given first aid." None of the articles I could find indicated the distances between where the girls were found or the distance Lena had traveled from the point where she vanished to where she was found. Both girls were taken to Humboldt hospital and found to be in good condition.

The fact that two young girls and one toddler disappeared in a two- day span of time within one hundred miles of one another is very unusual.

The fact that hundreds of searchers were looking for the two girls and neither was found by them is also unique. It's not believable that the girls could've outpaced professional trackers and searchers, so how did they avoid being seen?

ISRAEL

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M / James Pike	09/01/69 • 56 • Israel

James Pike
Missing: 09/01/69—Judean Wilderness, Israel
Age at Disappearance: 56 years
• Religion, Loss of Clothing, Elevation, Unknown Cause of Death

James Pike

If one tale of the hundreds I've written should be a movie, the life story of James Pike might be it. Decades filled with controversy, news headlines, breaking new religious ground, multiple marriages, and a mysterious death all offer great intrigue.

James Pike was initially raised in the liberal atmosphere of Berkeley, California, and in the shadows of high learning at the University of California. When he was still young, the family moved to Los Angeles, and James showed at a young age he was brilliant. The intellect became evident when he went to college and was eventually accepted to Yale Law School. He graduated and became a lawyer for the US Securities and Exchange Commission.

As James got older, he started to focus his attention on religion and attended the Union Theological Seminary in New York. In 1949 Dwight D. Eisenhower was president of Columbia University and appointed James the chaplain of the school. He went on to become the elected bishop in 1958 of the Episcopal Diocese of California. In 1966 he invited Dr. Martin Luther King to come to Grace Cathedral in San Francisco to speak.

While in California, James promoted many beliefs that were cutting-edge for their time. He went public with the belief people needed a living wage in San Francisco, the acceptance of lesbian and gay people, and the need for civil-rights reform. He even tried promoting a female as a first-order deacon toward the ordination in the priesthood. The church withheld the promotion until James died.

James Pike's son committed suicide in a hotel room in New York. After the young man's death, James claimed he had unusual occurrences in his life that he attributed to paranormal activity related to his son. He became more interested in the topic and eventually got involved with an organization that studied life after death. The head of that organization was thirty-one-year-old Diane Kennedy, with whom James developed a strong relationship. He told his church he wanted to marry the woman and was denied authority to do so. James and Diane had worked together to publish a book, *The Other Side: An Account of My Experience with Psychic Phenomena*, which focused on Pike's communication with his son after death.

The couple became extremely close. James went on to marry Diane and was barred from preaching in the Episcopal Church.

In late August 1969, James and Diane decided to go to Israel and conduct research for a book they were writing on the life of Christ. They wanted to go to the Judean Wilderness and understand why Christ went to this area when he wanted to be left alone.

On September 1, 1969, the Pikes were driving their rental car along a rocky dirt road. The vehicle became stuck In the Judean Wilderness eight miles west of the Dead Sea. Local Bedouins helped them move the car, and they continued the trip. A very short time later, they got stuck again, and nobody was around. The pair left the car and started hiking. After two hours, James told his wife he couldn't continue, as he didn't feel well. They found a small cave, and he said he'd wait there while his wife walked on for help.

Diane eventually made her way over hills and gullies and found assistance the following day. She obtained help from Israeli police and border guards to go back and help her husband. A headline on September 4 in the *Gettysburg Times* stated, "Army Gives up

Search for Bishop Pike; Hold Little Hope He's Alive." The military had put planes, ground troops, and vehicles into the area and found nothing. The article stated the following:

"There were four theories to explain Pike's disappearance.

- That he had taken refuge in one of the many caves in the area to escape daytime temperatures more than one hundred degrees Fahrenheit.
- That he had fallen victim to a beast of prey.
- That he had succumbed to the heat and that his body was beneath some overhanging cliff.
- That he had been found by Bedouin nomads and taken to one of their camps."

Unfortunately for James Pike, none of these scenarios was true. He wasn't in the cave where Diane had left him, and they didn't see anything near the car or anywhere in the area.

Israeli border policemen continued the hunt for Pike, despite the fact the formal search had been terminated. On September 8, Diane was with a group of searchers when they made a find. A September 8 article in the *Daytona Beach Journal* had this: "The body of James A. Pike, former Episcopal Bishop of California was found Sunday on a ledge where he had fallen after leaving two pools of fresh water in the sun-baked Judean desert." Later in the same article was this: "The ledge where the corpse lay was inaccessible from the ground. The helicopter finally lifted it off on a stretcher dangling from a 60-foot rope." James's body was approximately two miles from the vehicle he had abandoned.

As time went on, more details about the discovery of the body started to emerge. It was a confusing scenario. It was reported that Pike's passport and wallet were found in a dry riverbed one mile from his vehicle. Searchers expected to find his body in that area, but they did not. A September 8 article in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* had this disturbing information: "One item of Pike's clothing, a pair of undershorts was found yesterday not far from the spot where the Pike's had abandoned their automobile." Many of these details emerged only after someone dug for details.

A September 8, 1969, article in the *Montreal Gazette* explained how Pike's body was found: "The body of James A. Pike was found in a kneeling position and with his head resting on a rock 25 yards below a steep cliff- a mere five-minute walk from a well containing life giving water." All indications state that Pike had to have walked directly by the pools of water to get to his location. Various articles indicated there were pieces of clothing that were intact and strewn through the area.

The facts behind James Pike's death were not consistent. A September 8 article in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette stated*: "An Israeli Pathologist said Pike apparently died instantly from the fall, from two to five days ago." An article in the *Prescott Evening Courier* of the same date cited above had this: "Dr. James A. Pike, the former Episcopal bishop of California could have died from a fall, thirst, heat exhaustion, a heart attack or a combination of factors, police sources stated today. The assessment was based on a report by pathologists at Tel Aviv's Institute of Forensic Medicine." As someone who has read hundreds of these types of reports, I know these statements mean they had no idea why he died. With pools of fresh water directly below and above him, it's doubtful he died of thirst.

One case doesn't show patterns, but hundreds will. James was exhausted, and his legs had pains in them, thus the reason he didn't walk out with his wife. The claim is that he climbed a mountain naked. He then fell down a cliff, not breaking any bones, and died kneeling with his head on a rock. The fall didn't break any bones. How did he get there? Why was he naked? How did the Israeli aircraft miss him on days of flying over the area? Why can't coroners determine the cause of death? There was a statement that James died two to five days after he last saw his wife, meaning he was allegedly in that position during the majority of the search.

I know of so many cases where missing people are found in areas that are described as "inaccessible." Other incidents can't explain how or why the victim was in the area where they were found. I really cannot find any rational reason James's underpants would be found in close proximity to his car or why this wasn't seen during the initial search.

There was never any mention of whether James was found wearing shoes. If he wasn't wearing any clothes, we could probably surmise there were no shoes. Logic tells us that none of this makes any sense. The mind goes to a place where we try to force this into one of the "responsible" boxes we have in our mind, but we can't. He didn't die from dehydration, hypothermia, heart attack, and so on; we don't know what took James's life, just as we don't know the cause of many of the deaths I've chronicled. This is not normal for coroners or medical examiners.

Regardless of whether you believed James's religious views, practices, or lifestyle, he was a brilliant man of the cloth. He devoted the vast majority of his life to religion, and he was on that journey of discovery when he perished. Many readers have made the association of religion and the cases I highlight. I can't argue that religious practices played a huge role in this disappearance. He died in the Holy Land, a place befitting James Pike.

NEW ZEALAND

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Ray Cassidy	09/02/01 • 73 • Mount Gray, NZ
M /Edward Reynolds	02/23/09 • 39 • NZ
M /Christian Prehn	02/25/14 • 19 • NZ

Ray Cassidy
Missing: 09/02/01—Mount Gray, New Zealand
Age at Disappearance: 73 years
• Canines

Some people may ask why this case is in the book. It may not fit every profile point, but the statements from searchers and the circumstances warrant its being here.

Ray Cassidy was an extremely fit seventy-three-year-old (some reports indicate he was seventy-four) who went hiking with a group of friends to Mount Grey, a 3,064-foot-high mountain nine miles west of Amberley. A better description puts the mountain on the southern island of New Zealand approximately twenty miles north of Christchurch and eight miles from the ocean on the western coast.

One of the searchers was questioned about Ray's disappearance in the July 1, 2012, edition of the *Wilderness Magazine of New Zealand*: "Ray Cassidy was one of those, 'seen one minute and gone the next,' Saunders said. 'He just completely vanished off the face of the earth. I've been involved with SAR for fifty years and every now and again one of these cases pops up where you're completely baffled because there's no logical explanation for it.'" Later in the same article, Arch Fiddler was quoted: "It was just as though someone had come down from up above and zapped him up into a flying saucer, Fiddler says. For at least three months after that I kept going up there on weekends or when I had a day off."

Multiple reports indicated that the search included up to eighty searchers, helicopters, and canines. Nothing related to Ray was ever found.

Ray's son, Steve Cassidy, was interviewed in the September 28 edition of the *Press Reader*: "Steve said that his father was an experienced tramper and 'extremely fit for his age,' an unlikely person to go missing."

Arch Fiddler did clarify that Ray disappeared when he got two hundred meters ahead of the group he was walking with (Point of separation). They lost sight of him, expecting to see him soon, and he never showed up. Just for clarity.

I encourage readers to go to the Internet and look up photos of the mountain. The landscape is desolate and without significant ground cover. Where could Ray have gone?

Some people may make light of the statements of SAR readers in regard to where victims may have gone. I have found SAR personnel to be very conservative with their statements and protective of their thoughts. In private, many of these people open up and state their true feelings. The thoughts of Arch Fiddler and Dave Saunders don't sit by themselves in the world of SAR. I have documented many searchers who have unusual beliefs about what happens to some missing people. It would be negligent of me not to include their statements.

It does appear seemingly impossible to understand what can happen to someone when there is no place to hide.

Edward Reynolds
Missing: 02/23/09—Nelson Lakes National Park, NZ
Age at Disappearance: 39 years
• Weather, Canines, National Park

Note: The date Edward was last seen varies between February 23 and 24. The police are using the date of February 23.

People appearing in my stories have come from all walks of life and from all educational and socioeconomic backgrounds. Edward Reynolds was a healthy, gregarious, funny, and outgoing computer programmer from Pennsylvania. In 2008 he was hiking the Pacific

Crest Trail in the western United States and met two teachers who were in the States visiting and hiking. The trio had a great time together, and the women invited Ed to their home country, New Zealand, to hike with them. Ed agreed and met them in February 2009.

The trio hiked together for several days, and then both of the women were offered teaching jobs. Ed said his goodbyes and went off to trek Nelson Lakes National Park, which is located on the southern island approximately one hundred miles north of Christchurch and eighty miles north of Mount Grey.

A man and his son relayed the following story in the April 6, 2009, issue of the *Nelson Mail*: "Auckland forensic accountant Murray Lazelle was tramping with his 25-year-old son, Andre, when they met Mr. Reynolds on the night of February 22 at West Sabine Hut. Mr. Lazelle said today Mr. Reynolds had an inspirational story to tell of how he had been severely overweight to the point of being obese, and had lost more than 30kg through walking, which had become a passion in his life. He likened it to the Forrest Gump story, in which Gump kept running across the USA for three years."

Ed was known as a lightweight trekker who went to lengthy means to keep the weight he was carrying very low. He wore sneakers, cut down items on his pack, and even cut the straps off his Casio watch to reduce weight. He was known to move very fast and cover a lot of ground in a short period. The morning following the meeting with the Lazelles, Ed had breakfast in the hut with other hikers, as explained in the April 2009 edition of *Backpacker Magazine*: "The hikers breakfasted with Reynolds described the weather as steady rain with thunderstorms predicted, a new snow on the alpine ridges. Authorities note Reynolds usually carried about 20–22 pounds of gear, wearing running shoes and light clothing." This was the last time Ed was seen.

Ed missed a flight back to the United States in late March, and this triggered a missing-person investigation. The huts in this area have logbooks where hikers can write short messages. It was through these notes that SAR personnel and police were able to find people who were staying in the area at the same time as Ed.

Ed was not carrying a locator beacon and didn't have firm plans on where he was going on his hike. The difficult task of determining where to search would turn out to be monumental.

There was an extensive five-day search that was thwarted multiple times by inclement weather. The SAR teams were able to put up a helicopter and use multiple dog teams. There were a total of fifteen different SAR teams used. There were claims they found his strapless watch: this turned out not to be true, as it was found by his dad at home. There were also claims they found one footprint and a supposed encounter with a rural farmer. None of these issues could be confirmed.

Weather was a familiar theme throughout the case involving Ed. There was bad weather when he left the hut the morning of February 23, and there was bad weather present when the search started.

With a five-week delay in the start of the search for Ed, this may seem to be a huge deterrent in finding him. I think this is true if the search team had planned to find him alive. If SAR was using cadaver dogs, however, the five weeks should've worked in their favor. All the searches produced nothing.

Some individuals made statements that Ed took unnecessary risks. I think every hiker takes risks when in the woods, and Ed may have taken too many. The fact that he left in bad weather and was supposed to cross a summit later in the day caused me concern. I still believe they should've found his body.

A reminder: Ed disappeared after being separated from hiking companions. Coincidence?

Christian Prehn
Missing: 02/25/14—Nelson Lakes National Park, NZ
Age at Disappearance: 19 years
• National Park, German Ancestry, Bloodhounds, Weather

Readers new to the Missing 411 books may believe the disappearances are just confined to national parks in North America. I have documented missing cases matching our profile in many, many cases throughout the world. One of the odd coincidences is that many of these cases are in national parks and not just in rural areas.

One of the most beautiful countries in the world has to be New Zealand, and that is what prompted Christian Prehn to put off college for one year to travel their two islands. The nineteen-year-old was a backpacker, loved to talk with people, and enjoyed the outdoors.

In late February 2014, Christian decided he was going to hike Nelson Lakes National Park on New Zealand's southern island. He called his parents in early February, and it appeared that his trip was going well. He explained he was continuing on. His goal was to finish his year of travel, return to his hometown of Frefeld, and study naval sciences. Upon that return, he would probably return to his musical quartet, where he played baritone saxophone. The quartet had toured Europe and actually won awards. The last tour they performed was in Portugal in 2013.

The location where Christian was last known to be hiking was Nelson Lakes National park. A March 2, 2014, article in *ETurbo News* had these details about the park: "The Nelson Lakes National Park is in New Zealand and was formed in 1956 and cover some 1,020 square kilometers. It is centered at two large lakes, Rotoiti and Rotoroa. The park also includes valleys (including Travers, Sabine, and D'Urville, upper reaches of the Matalitaki) and mountain ranges (Saint Arnaud Range, Mount Robert). The park is a popular area for camping, tramping and fishing."

In early March of 2014, when Christian's parents hadn't heard from him, people started to get concerned. After significant follow-up by New Zealand officials, it was determined that Christian had last been seen by a female German tourist while in the Travers Saddle area in the park. They sent searchers into the area, but they knew he'd been gone and missing for a significant time at that point.

To show how good SAR teams are at searching areas, the group found Christian's backpack in an area near Travers Saddle. Officials reported it was a Lowe Alpine backpack carrying several days of food, a sleeping bag, clothing, and items showing a German sports team. The search group decided to focus on the area where they'd found the pack. Search officials described the area where the backpack was found as just off the trail in "tortuous terrain." Helicopters and multiple canine teams were flown into the area and found nothing. Officials stated that they believed the backpack had been there since February 25. A March 6, 2014, article in the *Nelson Mail* had these details that SAR teams faced: "The saddle is 1787 meters above sea level, and subject to extreme weather conditions. Snow, rain and severe gale-force winds have prevented search and rescue teams led by Nelson Bays Search and Rescue Senior Constable Dave Colville from entering the area since Sunday."

After a lengthy search effort with follow-up attempts in subsequent months, Christian was never found. Many times people who are lost or struggling for life will strip items they are carrying and drop them on the ground as they get weak and attempt to get back to civilization. The oddity of this incident is that Christian had everything he needed to survive in his backpack. This would've been the last item he'd want to leave behind. If he were weak, sick, or injured, it would be natural to presume his body would be in the area near the pack. Multiple canine teams came into this area during the original search and in searches months after the incident and never were able to pick up anything relative to a body. This is not a normal outcome to search operations.

During my research on New Zealand, I found many cases that were exact matches for disappearances in North America. I made several requests for official reports and was completely ignored by officials. If a citizen of NZ could make the same request for reports and then forward them to me, it would be greatly appreciated. My e-mail address is on the last page of the book.

I have great compassion for Christian's family and their grief over losing a great son and not having closure. I sincerely doubt Christian's remains will ever be found.

RUSSIA

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
F /Karina Chikitova	07/27/14 • 3 • Russia

Karina Chikitova
Missing: 07/27/14—Yakutia, Russia
Age at Disappearance: 3 years old
• Child, Wilderness, Berries, Loss of Shoes, Distance

When I first heard this story, I went to Wikipedia to read about where it was located and understand some relevant facts about Yakutia:

> The **Sakha (Yakutia) Republic** (Russian: Республика Саха (Якутия), tr. *Respublika Sakha (Yakutiya)*; IPA: [rʲɪsˈpublʲɪkə sɐˈxa jɪˈkutʲɪjə];Yakut: Саха Өрөспүүбүлүкэтэ, *Sakha Öröspüübülükete*) is a federal subject of Russia (a republic). It has a population of 958,528 (2010 Census),[7] consisting mainly of ethnic Yakuts and Russians.
>
> Comprising half of the Far Eastern Federal District, it is the largest subnational governing body by area in the world at 3,083,523 square kilometers (1,190,555 sq mi)[6] and the eighth largest territory in the world, if the federal subjects of Russia were compared with other countries. It is larger than Argentina and just smaller than India which covers an area of 3,287,590 square kilometers (1,269,350 sq mi).[6] Its capital is the city of Yakutsk. The Sakha Republic is one of the ten autonomous Turkic Republics within the Russian Federation.[12] It is also well-known for its extreme and severe climate, with the coldest temperatures in the Northern Hemisphere being recorded in Verkhoyansk and Oymyakon with regular winter averages commonly being below −40 °C (−40 °F) in several population centres,

> including Yakutsk. The hypercontinental tendencies also result in very warm summers for much of the republic.

On July 27, 2014, Rodion Chikitova left his family's rural home in Olom of the Olyokminsky District and traveled into the wilderness, destined for a distant village. He didn't realize his wife wasn't watching their four-year-old daughter, Karina, who initially thought the girl had gone with her father. Two days after Rodion left, his wife realized Karina wasn't with him and notified local officials that her daughter had disappeared. The girl's small dog was also missing.

The official search for the young girl started on August 2 and was joined by more than one hundred local villagers and friends. Even though the village was remote, they were able to get advanced technology from the government to look for the girl. They even got the use of an unmanned drone with advanced optics and FLIR. This did not find the girl. An August 10, 2014, article in the *Siberian Times* had these details: "Buzzing above the forest, an unmanned aerial vehicle (or drone) surveilled the area in real time, while a helicopter crew also looked for signs of the little girl. These efforts were joined by several groups of specialists and locals, who searched the area on foot and by boat with the help of sniffer dogs." The area was described as a thick forest with many swamps.

On August 5, Karina's dog, Kyrachaan, wandered back into the village where the girl lived. With only eight residents in the small hamlet, the dog was seen quickly. Searchers immediately brought in additional dogs and asked Karina's dog to show them where the girl was located. Her dog slowly left the village. We should pause here: Based on my research, dogs do not normally leave small children if they have access to them. They will usually stay with the kids and offer them comfort. The question at this point was this: Where were Karina and her dog during the previous days?

An article at news.com.au on August 14, 2014, had this information on the search:

> A report on the channel said the searcher party kept to creeks and meadows, going into the forest only in the

> presence of Special Forces because there were so many bears in the area. The search came across Karina's footprints two days later and found her lying in tall grass about 6KM north of her village, shaken but alive. By then she had lost her shoes and was walking barefoot and had lost a considerable amount of weight. "She didn't say a thing. She just cried and reached out her arms," Artyom Borisov, a volunteer who first spotted Karina told Komsomolskaya Pravda newspaper.

There are several photos attached with this story that show the girl in the arms of searchers. Go online and look carefully at her clothing and hand. For being lost in the woods for eleven days, she is surprisingly well-kept and not dirty. She was not wearing shoes when she was found and said she had eaten berries and drunk river water.

In instances where a victim is found alive and asked about the circumstances behind his or her disappearance, the vast majority do not remember. An August 11, 2014, article on the aljouhouria.com site explained simply, "She cannot remember why she left home." Doctors who examined the girl said she was in surprisingly good condition, a comment made many times by doctors when victims are found.

Stories from the region differ on the amount of time the child was gone from the village before the mom realized she wasn't with the father. Stories also disagree on whether Karina's dog led searchers to her or whether the dog simply returned, indicating she was still in the area and instigating additional searches. This is common in remote regions.

I did view several photos of Karina immediately after she was found and could see insect bites, indicating she was in the elements. When she was found, she was almost in a hole in the ground surrounded by high grass. Reports indicated that nighttime temperatures in this area were only slightly above zero degrees Celsius. A Dailymail.co.uk article of August 11, 2014, described the area: "The Taiga is home to the largest populations of brown bear, moose, wolf, red fox and reindeer." With those predators in the area, how did a small, young, fragile girl survive eleven days without injury or frostbite? Remember, searchers were afraid to go into the woods without armed soldiers because of the bear! Six kilometers is equal to just over three miles.

I don't know if I have ever read a story of a three-year-old child surviving eleven days in such an inhospitable environment. She was found wearing just a T-shirt and leggings.

UNITED KINGDOM

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Tommy Jones	08/04/1900 at 8:00 p.m. • 5 • UK
M /John Johnson	06/21/55 • 3 • UK
M /Sandy Davidson	04/23/76 at 10:45 a.m. • 3 • UK
M /Stephen McKerron	09/17/88 • 5 • UK
M /Hyder Ali Manir	01/30/11 at 6:00 p.m. • 20 • UK

Tommy Jones
Missing: 08/04/1900 at 8:00 p.m.—Brecon Beacons, UK
Age at Disappearance: 5 years
• Previously Searched, Elevation Gain, National Park

Brecon Beacons is a national park in the southwestern corner of Wales. It is located approximately thirty miles northeast of Swansea and the Celtic Sea. It is a gorgeous and barren area of grasses as you go up in elevation.

On August 4, 1900, the United Kingdom was on a holiday weekend, and a miner from Rhondda took his five-year-old son, Tommy, on a trip to see his grandparents in Brecon Beacon. The two took the train and arrived at 6:00 p.m. for their walk to the property. The grandparents' farm was located at the base of one of the highest mountains in South Wales, Pen-y-Fan.

It was approximately 8:00 p.m. when the pair arrived at a small shack near where a group of soldiers were having rifle training. The dad bought Tommy a drink and snack. They had just a quarter mile to go when something surprising happened. Tommy's grandfather and the boy's thirteen-year-old cousin, William, arrived unannounced. It was a pleasant surprise to both parties. The grandfather told William to go up to his house and tell the grandmother they had guests coming. Tommy decided to go with William up to the house.

Approximately halfway to his grandparents' home, Tommy started to cry. William told his cousin to go back to his dad, and

William continued on to the residence. After about fifteen minutes, William returned to the shack and met with Tommy's dad and grandfather. He asked where Tommy was.

Almost immediately, the search for Tommy started. His relatives got the assistance of soldiers, and they searched long into the first night and following days.

Tommy's dad, his grandfather, the locals, and the soldiers searched creeks, mountainsides, and valleys for the boy. The mountains in this area are not covered with high foliage, but low grass covers the vast majority of the region. You can see for great distances in this area.

Tommy's father stayed on-site for weeks searching. He left at one point and returned. According to the website breconbeacons.org, this is what happened next: "Only after several weeks did Tommy's father yield to the pleas of friends to return home to Maerdy. But he was soon back again, and was one of several people who climbed to the top of the Beacons in their despairing searches."

Mrs. Hamer, a woman living in Castle Madoc was having recurring dreams about Tommy and had a vision of where his body was located. She initially didn't believe the dreams and brushed them off. On September 2, Mrs. Hamer borrowed a pony and, accompanied by her husband, traveled to a spot in the Beacons she had seen in her dream. In the same article quoted above, the reporter describes what happened next: "They had reached the top of the ridge immediately above Llyn Cwm Llwch [the soldiers' camp], the newspaper reported, and were making their way toward the peaks across some open ground when suddenly Mr. Hamer who was a few yards in front of the others, started back with an exclamation of horror for there in his path lay the remains of a body. It was identified and brought down the same day." It was Tommy. The same article stated the body was nearly 686 meters feet above sea level, a climb of four hundred meters from the shack and at least two miles over steep and dangerous mountains. This again is the exact quote from the article above: "Certainly it had not been considered worthwhile to make a systematic search of high ground. The father must have passed within a dozen yards of the body a few days before discovery, but by this time it would have looked much like a boulder in long grass." There was no mention of the odor the body would've given off after weeks in the wild.

There was an inquest into Tommy's death. The verdict was that he had died from exhaustion and exposure.

Tommy and his dad had walked anywhere from two to four hours from the train station. Different articles provide different time frames. In either situation, a five-year-old walking that distance is a long journey. It is then alleged that he got lost and walked in excess of 1,200 feet uphill, lay down, and died from exhaustion and exposure on a warm night? His body was found in an area that had been searched.

I have a graph that I put up at conferences that shows distances and heights it is alleged these kids traveled just before they died. The vast majority of attendees cannot believe what I present. I don't think searchers focused on the mountaintops in this event, because they never believed the boy would venture that high.

I think it is important to mention that some facts differed between the Brecon Beacon website and a BBC article from July 14, 2015.

John Johnson
Missing: 06/21/55—Salisbury, UK
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

- Canine, Distance

Salisbury, United Kingdom, is located in the southern portion of the country, five miles from New Forest National Park and twenty miles north of the English Channel.

On June 21, 1955, three-year-old John Johnson was vacationing in Salisbury at his uncle's home with his mom and sister. At some point during the day, John vanished from the residence. The home was in a rural area of north Salisbury adjacent to the Salisbury Plain. There was an initial search by family members, and then the police were called.

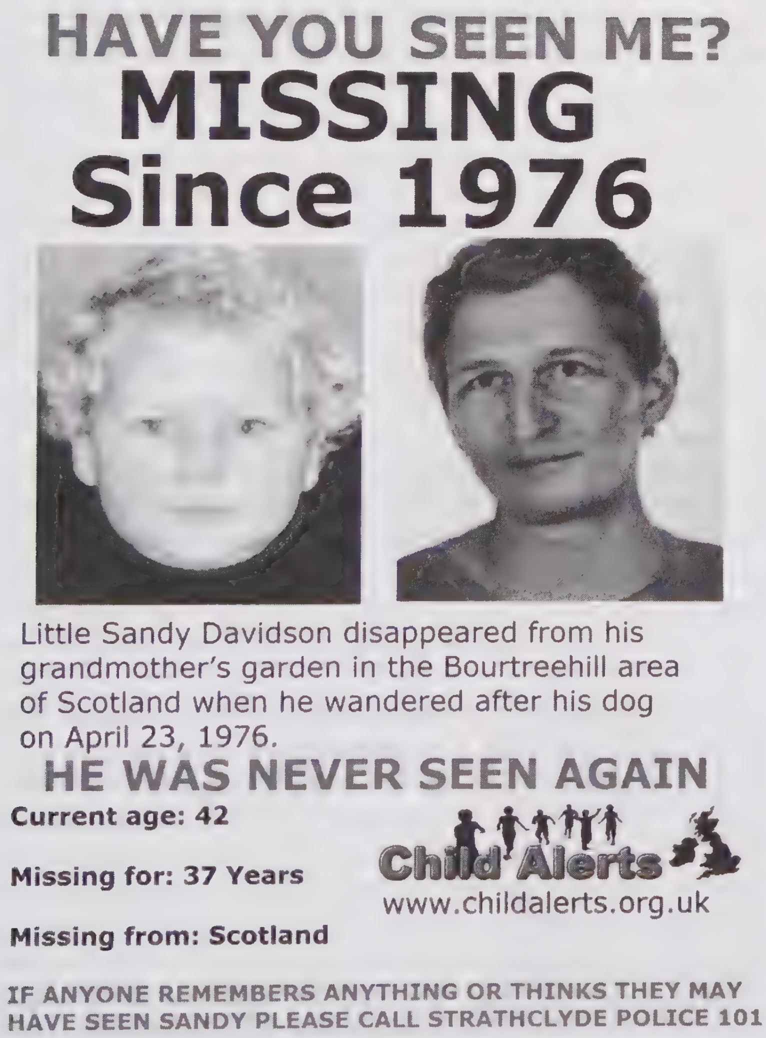
The search lasted three days with local law enforcement and others throwing an enormous amount of resources at finding John. The June 24, 1955, edition of the *Rome News Tribune* had these intriguing details: "'I talked to a doggy,' said the fair haired tot with a smile, unaware that one thousand soldiers, helicopters, squads of policeman and tracking dogs that had searched the area of brambles and scrub brush for him. A volunteer found him five miles from his uncle's home."

According to Koester's search grids, a one- to three-year-old will be found on flat ground in two miles or less 95 percent of the time. John was found five miles from the point where he went missing, an extreme distance for a three-year-old to travel.

A couple of the unusual aspects of this case include the fact that John disappeared from his uncle's home. Many of the people I write about disappear from a relative's home. A volunteer, not a professional, searcher found the child. A volunteer finding the victim happens many times where professionals fail. Canines did not find the boy. One thousand soldiers is a huge contingent of people looking for someone and not finding him. The last—and some will consider the most unusual—is the boy's statement that he spoke to a dog. Surprisingly, I have written a few stories where children make the exact same claim. It's unclear if they are making up an interesting story or if they encounter something unexplainable.

Johnny was delivered to his mother in good condition.

Sandy Davidson
Missing: 04/23/76 at 10:45 a.m.—Irvine, North Ayrshire
Age at Disappearance: 3 years
- Canines, Water Proximity



HAVE YOU SEEN ME?
MISSING
Since 1976

Little Sandy Davidson disappeared from his grandmother's garden in the Bourtreehill area of Scotland when he wandered after his dog on April 23, 1976.

HE WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN

Current age: 42

Missing for: 37 Years

Missing from: Scotland

Child Alerts
www.childalerts.org.uk

IF ANYONE REMEMBERS ANYTHING OR THINKS THEY MAY HAVE SEEN SANDY PLEASE CALL STRATHCLYDE POLICE 101

Sandy Davidson

In this incident, the parents were at work, and the grandparents lived nearby and were babysitting.

It was April 23, 1976, and a relatively warm day in Irvine. Three-year-old Sandy Davidson was in the bolted and fenced yard of his grandparents at 41 Saint Kilda Bank, Irvine. The property was described as an estate on which construction was occurring. Sandy was in the yard playing with his younger sister, Donna, and their Afghan hound, Kissie. Nobody knows how it happened, but the bolted gate somehow got opened, and the dog ran out, chased by Sandy. Sandy yelled at Donna to help get the dog, but she refused and went in the home to tell her grandma.

The kid's grandmother, Mrs. Mary Bunce, came out of the house and was told by Donna that her brother had run toward the river. The pair ran in that direction and didn't see anything. They searched the area and then called the police for assistance. Not long after calling for assistance, the grandmother called Sandy's mom and dad.

Police superintendent Frank James was assigned to command the search for Sandy. The police set up their headquarters on the grandmother's estate. On the first full day of the search, police assigned sixty-five uniformed officers to search and thirty detectives to interview neighbors and construction workers and look through abandoned homes in the area. The police were covering all their bases. They put divers into the Annick Waterway and Irvine River. It was believed that the multiday search of the river was thorough, and they found nothing.

Police canines were brought in the first two days and never picked up a great scent far from the home where he was last seen.

After the first few days, police started to discuss theories about what had happened. The boy may have fallen in the river and drowned, even though they had no evidence he was even near the water. Philip Davidson, Sandy's father, said his boy had somehow climbed into a vehicle a year ago and had been found miles away inside the car. It was believed he might have done this again. It was also discussed that he may have been kidnapped.

After weeks of searching and finding nothing, the police abandoned the search for the boy.

Forty years after his son's disappearance, sixty-six-year-old Phillip Davidson gave an interview to the *Herald Scotland* that appeared in their April 24, 2016, edition: "'It was as if a spaceship came down, took him up and took him away. I think about Sandy all the time.'" Later in the same article, Phillip said more: "'Not knowing where he is kills me,' Davidson said. 'We are all in limbo. He was my first born.'" I have repeatedly stated in past books that readers cannot understand the mental trauma of losing a child and not knowing what happened, where the child is, or how to get any type of closure to the incident.

I have to compliment the Scotland Police and their ongoing efforts to work this case. Detective Superintendent David Halliday made public statements asking anyone who lived in the Bourtreehill in Irvine during the time Sandy vanished to rack his or her brain and see if he or she can remember anything relevant. Sandy was a distinctive-looking kid with curly, blond hair.

Sandy's family had moved into their new home five miles from the grandparents six weeks before Sandy vanished, and they spent a lifetime trying to understand what happened to their son. The grandparents felt guilty and could never understand how the gate got open.

Twelve years after Sandy vanished, just south of North Ayrshire, history would repeat itself when another young boy vanished under unusual circumstances. Is this another coincidence?

Disappearances of small children without immediate answers are not normal. I know this may start to appear normal with the abundant number of odd cases I have put in front you, but these types of disappearances are highly abnormal.

Stephen McKerron
Missing: 09/17/88—South Ayrshire, UK
Age at Disappearance: 5 years
• Child, Water Proximity, Distance, Elevation, Clothing (Socks)

Stephen McKerron

In this incident, the location of the disappearance was adjacent to the Firth of Clyde on the west side of the United Kingdom in an area between the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland.

The specific location of this case was a holiday camp. Revolvy.com has the following description of the location: "Butlin's Ayr was a holiday camp located near Ayr in South Ayrshire, Scotland. When originally opened in 1946, it was named Butlins Ayr, but in 1987 was renamed Wonderwest World. It closed in 1998 and reopened in 1999 under the management of Haven Holidays who renamed it Craig Tara."

On September 17, 1988, Stephen McKerron traveled from his home in Donald Terrace, Hamilton, with his aunt and uncle, Ian and Lyn Sneddon, for a holiday at Butlin's Ayr. Stephen's parents said he was very excited about spending time at the resort with his aunt and uncle.

Various reports indicated that when Stephen arrived at the resort, Ian and Lyn each thought the other was watching the boy (Point of separation). The reports vary between thirty minutes and two hours from the time the boy arrived at the resort to when he vanished. Once it was determined that nobody could find Stephen, management was notified, and a search was started.

There were numerous statements from witnesses during the inquest of this incident that proclaimed they saw the boy walking down the road near the resort; others stated he was seen walking hand in hand with a man in the same general area. None of these sighting were ever confirmed.

The United Kingdom put every resource possible into finding the boy. They put scuba divers into ponds and other waterways. The Royal Navy put a helicopter into the sky that searched out to a two-mile radius. Hundreds of local residents searched fields, yards, abandoned shelters, and every imaginable location a small boy could be located.

Two weeks after Stephen vanished, searchers were frustrated and lacking new locations to search. On October 2, 1988, the wife of the former governor of Hong Kong, Lord Maclehose of Beach, took a walk on the neighboring hillside. Lady Maclehose said she was walking her dog when she came upon a small water ditch and found the body of a young boy. She made this find near Glenbay Farm in the Carrick Hills. She returned to her home and notified the police. A February 7, 1989, article in the *Glasgow Herald* had the following information about the find: "However it remains a mystery as to how the little boy clad in a short-sleeved short and trousers managed to travel 10 miles over rough terrain." The article later stated that the boy would have had to travel "through marshland, thick forests and brambles. It is hard enough for a grown man never mind a small child." The mystery didn't stop just with these details. In the same article quoted above were these details from his father: "Stephen's father Mr. Stuart McKerron, said yesterday that when his son disappeared from the Butlin's complex on September 17 he was wearing the training shoes, with the laces tied, and his socks were in his pocket. Mr. Mckerron said, 'My wee boy couldn't tie his laces.' Mr. Mckerron later stated that his wife felt that maybe the boy got his socks wet, took off his shoes, took off his socks, then forced his shoes back on, putting the socks in his pocket. Mr. Mckerron said he didn't believe his son would do that. Another major issue was that nobody could understand how Stephen could've slipped away with nobody in the camp seeing anything.

The coroner's verdict was that Stephen died of "probably hypothermia" with no foul play. It was never stated how long Stephen may have been deceased. Weather at the time of the disappearance and during the search was described by multiple sources as "bleak, cold and marshy."

This case mimics many I've documented in the past where small children are found with their shirts on backward, and their parents say they could not remove their clothing or dress themselves.

Investigators on this case said their guidelines told them there was a 92 percent probability that Stephen would be found inside of 2.2 miles. It's safe to say Stephen was found far outside the guidelines police were working under. How many times does this need to happen before search-and-rescue experts start to acknowledge that maybe the grids for SAR should be adjusted?

What factors in this case challenge common sense?

- The distance the boy traveled doesn't seem plausible.
- The boy's tied laces with his socks off is contradictory to the parents' beliefs.
- If Stephen walked the entire distance from the camp to the location where he was found, this meant he had to go

through a very dense swamp, forest, and woods that are explained as difficult for even an adult to traverse.
- How was the boy able to walk away from a camp without anyone seeing him?

There have been hundreds of incidents I have documented where parents, family, and friends state that the child they were walking with was right behind them or right next to them one second and gone the next. The people hear nothing and see nothing unusual. They cannot explain how the person vanished seemingly under their nose.

The United Kingdom is very much like the United States, Canada, and Australia in disappearances that mimic one another. In this incident, the camp is on the water. Stephen was found a phenomenal five hundred feet higher in elevation than where he was last seen, and this was after traveling ten miles on foot…for a four-year-old.

Hyder Ali Manir
Missing 01/30/11 at 6:00 p.m.—Ben Nevis, Scotland, UK
Age at Disappearance: 20 years
• Intellect, Weather, Canines, Lack of Shoes

This story involves two bright people attempting to climb the highest mountain in the United Kingdom, Ben Nevis. The mountain is small compared to Rocky Mountain standards but is a very imposing sight. The north side of the mountain is a giant cliff. The south side is the climbing access point to reach the summit at 4,411 feet. Supposedly, the ruins of an old observatory that operated from 1883 to 1904 sit at the top.

Hyder Ali Manir was a twenty-year-old engineering student living on Canterbury Road in Worcester and studying at the University of East London. He was known to give back to the community through volunteering his time. He loved the outdoors and enjoyed climbing and hiking and had climbed other high peaks in the past.

Hyder and his cousin, Sabrina Hussain, made plans to travel to Ben Nevis and climb the mountain on January 30. They had intended to get there a bit early, go to the visitors' center, and research their trip before climbing. They ran late and left straight for the mountain.

Sabrina told authorities that they started climbing at 9:15 a.m. in clear and dry conditions. Hyder was carrying his video camera, and his cell phone went dead and was not operational. As the afternoon approached, the weather deteriorated. A May 19, 2011, article in the *Daily Mail* tells the story: "The pair reached about four hundred meters up the mountain when Hyder told his cousin to stay where she was and he would complete the climb on his own (Point of separation). He handed her his backpack and told her to wait, but instead she climbed down the mountain alone." She headed for the visitors' center. This is the point of separation in this incident.

Hyder continued up the mountain as the weather got worse. He did film while he was at the summit in blowing wind and fog, stating on camera that he didn't know where he was.

At approximately 6:00 p.m., Sabrina hadn't seen Hyder and called his brother. The brother in turn called police.

The night of the disappearance, local search-and-rescue workers, police, and a physician braved blizzard conditions and eventually were able to make their way to the first hut on the mountain; unfortunately, Hyder was not there.

The search for the young engineering student was compromised from the beginning by fierce weather as is described in this February 7, 2011, article in *The Guardian*: "Two days of searches by mountain rescue teams, search dogs and a Royal Navy helicopter last week failed to find his body. Their first search was called off last Tuesday because of severe gales, blizzards and subzero temperatures. It resumed on Friday."

Searchers were able to reestablish the search days later. One week after Hyder vanished, in an area that had been searched previously and on the side of the mountain he should've been on, he was located on February 6 at 12:30 p.m. Hyder had evaded a massive search by SAR teams, helicopters, and canines for a week. The February 10, 2011, article in the *Worcester News* had these details: "He lost his walking shoes, but still managed to get to within 1Km (.6 mile) of a service road at the base of the mountain, despite steep, icy and treacherous terrain." The same article later said, "He must have fallen because he had head injuries. They haven't found his shoes, but he was found wearing only his socks." His shoes were never found. They also never found the cap he was wearing when last seen by Sabrina.

The coroner made a ruling that Hyder died from head injuries and hypothermia.

Past readers of my books are keying on several factors in this incident. One of the top concerns for me is where Hyder's shoes were and why they were never found. Where was his hat? Where was the possibility that he fell, hurt his head, and died? He was descending the proper side of the mountain. Yes, it is steep, but it is not a cliff. He made it to the base of the mountain and died there. I'd have to see the exact spot they found Hyder, but I doubt the location was steep enough to cause a fatal fall. If they were claiming he fell higher up and managed to make his way to the location where he died, that would be remarkable. People who have fatal head injuries are rarely able to walk/hike a competent route.

The history of Ben Nevis has many cases over hundreds of years where people have vanished. I find it remarkable that searchers didn't find Hyder until the fifth day of their search. This is in no way blaming them for a lack of effort; I admire the heroic effort that police, SAR, and the military made in finding Hyder.

There are too many factors present in Hyder's disappearance that are identical to hundreds of other cases I have documented. I pray that Sabrina has no guilt over leaving Hyder and saving herself. She made the right decision.

ZIMBABWE

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State
M /Zayd Dada	01/04/15 at 4:00 p.m. • 31 • Zimbabwe

Zayd Dada

Zayd Dada
Missing: 01/04/15 at 4:00 p.m.—Mount Nayangani, Nyanga National Park, Zimbabwe
Age at Disappearance: 31 years
- National Park Disappearance, Weather

In past books, I have documented unusual disappearances at Mount Shasta in northern California. This is a mountain that doesn't have bushes, trees, or other major cover on its sides. There is really no place to hide if you are climbing the fourteener (14,180 feet in elevation). Mount Shasta has had books and movies made about its strangeness and its history of unusual disappearances. This story involves a mountain with longtime notoriety.

Mount Nayangani is the highest mountain in Zimbabwe, at 8,504 feet. It is located inside of Nyanga National Park. A January 18, 2014, article on Newsday.co.zw had this information about the mountain: "Mount Nayangani is one mountain that is feared by most people that live in the Eastern Highlands where a number of people have disappeared without a trace.

Mount Nyangani is known, as other places of the world, like the Bermuda Triangle and the Devil's Triangle of Japan, that have formed part of 'pop' paranormal or ghost like studies for decades. However, mountains generally seem to play a greater role as sites for mysterious disappearances than any other sites." The article goes on to explain the 1981 disappearance on the mountain of two daughters of the former finance minister of Zimbabwe, Tichaendepi Masaya. There was a massive search for the two schoolgirls, who disappeared on a field trip. The searches went on for weeks by air and ground. They have never been found. There was also the disappearance of another school-age child, twelve-year-old Robert Ackhurst. There was another huge search, and he was never found.

Mount Shasta (California) has decades of articles written about its history, supposed people living under the mountain, and disappearances. In the same article quoted earlier was this information written about Nayangani: "There is a long held belief by the Manyika people living around that area that says a vindictive spiritual presence on the mountain is responsible for the disappearances." The same article had this information on its weather: "That mountain can change into all sorts of weather from bright and sunny to foggy, cloudy and dewy terrain in a day." People on the mountain are told not to make comments or remarks while they are hiking. This comment was attached to many articles about the mountain. There were also several statements about the mountain "swallowing" soldiers during the battle for liberty in the region.

This story is actually about a man, his wife, and another couple hiking the mountain and the disappearance. On January 4, 2015, Zayd Dada, a tourist, went with his wife and friends up the side of Mount Nayangani. According to National Parks Zimbabwe, the mountain has sixteen thousand visitors per year who hike at least a little. As the group reached the halfway point in the trip, three of the four didn't feel that they could continue, but Zayd Dada said he wanted to complete the journey and continued on (Point of separation). At 4:00 p.m., Zayd hadn't returned, and he was eventually reported as a missing person. The trip from the bottom to the top of the mountain takes an average person two to three hours.

Once Zayd was reported missing, the Zimbabwe Army and Air Force expended resources on finding the young man. The air force sent a helicopter that flew the region looking for the tourist. It found nothing. Ground troops were sent up various trails and found nothing. A January 11, 2014, article on Facebook by Najma Aziz, a representative of the Dada family, said this about conditions presented to searchers: "He said the search parties efforts had been hampered by rain and fog and the complexity of the terrain had made rescue efforts difficult." The post went on to say there were eighty searchers on the ground.

The formal search went on for two weeks. Nothing was ever found to even show Zayd was on the mountain. There was a fascinating YouTube interview hosted by Sekuru Mutanga, who spoke with Pastor Gatsi, a local elder, about the customs associated with climbing Mount Nayangani. The pastor stated that the mountain held special spiritual significance to local residents. He said that before one climbs, one must ask the gods for permission, as there are times to climb and times not to. This sounds very similar to traditions with climbing Mount Everest and asking for a blessing. He stated that in times when you are not to climb, people disappear.

I encourage readers to look at online photos of the mountain. The upper portions are not covered with foliage, and it would be extremely difficult to hide in these regions. If Zayd was halfway up the mountain, he was very close to the area where there was no cover. The lower half of the mountain does have trees and bushes, and this would be the only location where it would make sense for him to disappear; however, there are specific trails that are easily followed, and it would be difficult to get lost if following these.

I refer readers back to an interview I did with the head of northern California's search-and-rescue group, Griz Adams. We discussed how someone could literally disappear on the sides of the mountain when there was no place to hide. Griz told me he dropped climbers on the top of the mountain, and they came down, covering all sides. In regard to the missing climber we were discussing, he said, "He either went in or went up, because he's not on." There wasn't only one hiker who vanished on Mount Shasta, just as there wasn't only one climber who went missing on Mount Nayangani. The main difference between Shasta and Nayangani is that Shasta is an extraordinarily strenuous climb that takes special skill and instruction, while everyday people wearing normal clothing routinely climb Mount Nayangani. There is a big difference between the two.

Zayd has never been found, despite thousands of people climbing the mountain.

MISSING-PERSON LIST

Missing 411: Off The Grid

Sex /Name	Date Missing • Age • State/Country
M /J. R. Piper	07/30/1900–7:00 p.m. • 35 • WY
M /Tommy Jones	08/04/1900–8:00 p.m. • 5 • UK
F /Katie Hatch	07/15/1905–1:00 p.m. • 7 • AZ
M /Donald Peckham	04/16/1908 • 5 • NV
M /Nicholas Frousheger	07/10/1916 • 4 • Australia
M /Bruce Zerbey	06/24/1917 • 2.5 • PA
M /Bobbie Eckerman	05/21/22–2:00 p.m. • 4 • AZ
F /Esther Beck	02/01/23–4:30 p.m. • 26 • IN
M /Harold Cornell	05/21/23–10:00 a.m. • 4 • PA
M /Evan Millard	05/21/23–10:00 a.m. • 4 • PA
F /Jennie Behm	07/28/25–10:30 a.m. • 2 • PA
M /Edward Boreham	10/11/26–9:00 a.m. • 2 • Canada
M /Emery James	10/06/30–noon • 65 • OR
M /Ebert Holleron	10/22/32–4:00 p.m. • 8 • OH
M /Edward Jeffries	03/30/33 • 8 • Australia
M /William Faber	07/20/34–5:00 p.m. • 74 • MT
F /Florence Spence	08/05/34–3:00 p.m. • 3 • Canada
M /Frank Goy	08/07/34 • 7 • Canada
F /Joy Reigle	03/18/35 • 2 • KS
M /Freddie Mollenbeck	05/22/37–p.m. • 2 • Sask, Canada
F /Lena Shkraba	05/23/37–3:00 p.m. • 9 • Canada
F /Hazel Machican	05/23/37–3:00 p.m. • 7 • Canada
M /Glenn Pierce	10/18/40–noon • 4 • OK
M /Billy Sloan	04/10/43–6:00 p.m. • 2.5 • MD
M /Elmer Nulk	08/15/46–p.m. • 19 mos. • MT
M /Grant Cox	03/02/47–3:30 p.m. • 21 • CA

M /Dr. Robert North	06/07/47 • 35 • TX
F /Diane Cox	07/23/50–5:00 p.m. • 2 • MT
M /Gary McCarthy	08/20/50–p.m. • 8 • AZ
M /William Neal Eoff	1951• 41 • OR
M /Alan Went	11/04/52 • 6 • WA, Australia
M /John Johnson	06/21/55 • 3 • UK
M /Peter Giacommetti	06/13/56–3:00 p.m. • 52 • Australia
M /Bobby Martinez	08/18/56–2:00 p.m. • 11 • NM
M /Harry Ross	08/30/56–4:00 p.m. • 82 • AK
M /Lorne Bailey	08/22/61 • 16 • WA
M /Dr. Douglas Schultz	11/04/61 • 34 • NY
M /Ernest Whitcomb	11/27/61 • 79 • NH
M /Allen Visher	07/18/62 • 12 • CA
M /David Wilson	07/21/63 • 21 • MT
M /Kenneth Gelston	07/24/64 • 22 • MT
M /Jack Foster	02/20/65–6:00 p.m. • 24 • KS
M /Carl Disch	05/08/65–9:15.a.m. • 26 • Antarctica
F /Barbara Magee	06/22/65 • 38 • CA
M /Mark Beaton	01/05/68–4:20 p.m. • 9 • Australia
M /James Pike	09/01/69 • 56 • Israel
M /Kevin Conner	08/26/71–9:30 p.m. • 13 • WA
M /Mark Peal	08/26/71–9:30 p.m. • 10 • WA
M /Dikran Knadjian	07/24/72 • 20 • CA
M /Costa Mezentseh	08/27/72 • 5 • Australia
M /Damian McKenzie	09/04/74 • 10 • Australia
M /David Taylor	11/18/74 • 23 • WA
M /Eddie Nichols	12/03/74–3:00 p.m. • 21 • KY
M /Charles Ulrich	01/29/75–7:00 a.m. • 63 • OH
M /Justin O'Malley	06/15/75–2:30 p.m. • 3 • Australia
M /Sandy Davidson	04/23/76–10:45 a.m. • 3 • UK
F /Anne Abraham	08/05/76–3:00 p.m. • 22 • Canada
F /Kathy Simon	05/29/77–noon • 15 • NV
F /Patton Seifert	02/23/79 • 29 • MT
M /Peter Laan	11/26/82 • 20 • CA
M /Rudi Moder	02/19/83 • 27 • CO
M /Adam Russell	10/21/86–4:30 p.m. • 2 • NC

M /Michael Dixon	04/28/87–2:45 a.m. • 11 • IL
M /James Foley	07/10/88–8:00 p.m. • 21 • NH
M /Stephen McKerron	09/17/88 • 5 • UK
M /David Stone	10/31/88 • 29 • NM
M /James Kampe	10/27/90–1:00 p.m. • 38 • WA
M /William Shaw	07/20/92–1:30 p.m. • 72 • AK
M /Harry March	10/07/97 • 76 • WA
M /Dr. William Tietjen	06/20/99–5:30 p.m. • 27 • WA
M /Chris Hartonas	11/05/99 • 40 • WA
M /Raymond Vakili	11/05/99 • 48 • WA
M /Ray Cassidy	09/02/01 • 73 • NZ
M /James Chatman	06/20/02–4:40 p.m. • 46 • NM
F /Crystal Tuggle	06/20/02–4:30 p.m. • 20 • NM
M /Richard Hills	02/24/04 • 35 • AK
M /David Koch	05/25/05–8:00 p.m. • 36 • Canada
M /Andrew Sexton	02/25/06 • 21 • Canada
M /Reinhard Kirchner	04/01/07 • 61 • AZ
M /Edward Reynolds	02/23/09 • 39 • NZ
F /Julia Madsen	06/25/09–7:00 p.m. • 72 • NJ
M /William Ewasko	06/25/10 • 65 • CA
M /Moses Fitzpatrick	08/03/10–2:30 p.m. • 20 • OK
M /Nana Baffour- Awuah	01/01/11–1:45 a.m. • 24 • IA
M /Hyder Ali Manir	01/30/11–6:00 p.m. • 20 • UK
M /Joseph Bushling	05/08/11 • 26 • UT
M /Michael Camilletti	05/27/11 • 56 • W.VA
M /Edwin Rogers	12/30/11 • 62 • TX
M /Mark Rhineburger	02/15/12–7:00 a.m. • 39 • TX
M /Dennis Rogers	03/08/12–5:45 p.m. • 54 • TX
M /Shaun Rentz	07/28/12–5:30 p.m. • 27 • AZ
M /Dustin Self	03/16/13 • 19 • OR
F /Dr. Teleka Patrick	12/05/13–9:00 p.m. • 30 • IN
M /Christian Prehn	02/25/14 • 19 • NZ
M /Dr. James McGrogan	03/14/14–5:39 p.m. • 39 • CO
F /Patricia Tolhurst	04/22/14 • 46 • CA
F /Sandra Gelber	05/04/14–3:30 p.m. • 61 • AK
F /Sharon Buis	05/23/14 • 48 • AK

M /Marty Leger	05/29/14–4:00 p.m. • 30 • Canada
M /Vernon Matthews	06/06/14–5:00 p.m. • 23 • CA
M /Michael Herdman	06/13/14 • 36 • CA
F /Karen Sykes	06/18/14–10:30 p.m. • 70 • WA
F /Sylvia Apps	07/13/14–4:00 p.m. • 69 • Canada
F /Karina Chikitova	07/27/14 • 3 • Russia
F /Audrey Kaplan	07/30/14–11:30 a.m. • 75 • NM
M /William Tyrell	09/12/14–10:30 a.m. • 3 • Australia
F /Gaida Coote	12/03/14 • 84 • Australia
M /James Griffin	12/22/14–4:00 p.m. • 60 • WA
M /Zayd Dada	01/04/15–4:00 p.m. • 31 • Zimbabwe
M /Dr. John Marshall	01/25/15–5:33 a.m. • 49 • WA
F /Jacquelyn Grider	06/01/15–10:30 a.m. • 69 • ID
M /Sukhjeet Saggu	06/05/15–4:00 p.m. • 20 • Canada
F /Janet Castrejon	06/19/15–5:00 p.m. • 44 • AZ
F /Thelma Krull	07/11/15–7:23 a.m. • 57 • Canada
F /Zillabell Friesen	07/21/15 • 81 • CA
M /Lawrence Kosden	09/14/15 • 69 • AZ
M /Fred Drumm	11/24/15–2:00 p.m. • 68 • NY
M /Dr. Christopher Robert	12/05/15 • 50 • MN
M /Dylan Parker	01/12/16-p.m. • 18 • ID
F /Elizabeth O'Pray	03/07/16 • 77 • Australia
M /Ambrose Monye	04/21/16 • 28 • IL
M /Anthony Erisman	05/06/16 • 57 • KY
M /Jack Thomas	06/17/16 • 66 • ID
M /Sanford Rice	06/23/16 • 75 • OR
F /Deanna Wertz	07/19/16 • 46 • Canada
M /Riley Zickel	07/28/16 • 21 • OR
F /Rosalynn Saxenmeier	07/28/16–2:00 p.m. • 71 • CA
M /Timothy Hannston	08/04/16 • 75 • CA
M /Tiemuzhen Chalaer	08/07/16 • 24 • Australia
M /Gordon Sagoo	08/14/16–2:00 p.m. • 50 • Canada
F /Ashley Laird	08/26/16–9:15 a.m. • 37 • OR
M /Bjorn Norderhaug	09/17/16–1:50 a.m. • 21 • IA
F /Debbie Blair	09/29/16–noon • 65 • Canada
M /Breck Phelps	10/02/16 • 68 • CA
M /Shawn Higgins	10/14/16–p.m. • 41 • OR

F /Patti Pendleton	11/28/16 • 59 • RI
M /Kim Mackell	12/18/16–10:00 p.m. • 64 • Australia

Totals
104—Male
33—Female
137 Total

Missing by Country

United States	97
Canada	16
Australia	13
United Kingdom	5
New Zealand	3
Antarctica	1
Russia	1
Zimbabwe	1

**The top four countries with disappearances have stayed consistent through each book.

Other Countries with Disappearances from Other Books
Austria
Azerbaijan
Ecuador
France
Iceland
Indonesia
Switzerland

Total Number of Countries with Matching Profile Disappearances:
15

Anomalies on this list:
8/05/34–8/07/34
One small boy and a small girl disappeared in the same region of Canada within two days of each other.

12/30/11–3/08/12
Three men disappeared in a relatively small geographical area of Texas.

5/04/14–12/03/14
Two women, both medical professionals, vanished from the same area of Alaska.

09/12/14–12/3/14
These back-to-back disappearances occurred in Australia just 160 air miles apart.

07/28/16–08/14/16
These back-to-back disappearances in California occurred seven days apart, and just 120 miles separated the disappearances.

06/23/16—Sanford Rice
07/28/16— Riley Zickel
Thirty-five days separated the disappearances, and both men vanished in the same location, Mount Jefferson Wilderness, Oregon.
10/14/16—Shawn Higgins was the third wilderness disappearance in Oregon in 2016 and the third person who wasn't found.

CONCLUSIONS

This book is the result of years of work, analysis, interviews, and on-scene investigations. The last time I placed a series of data tables in a book was in 2014, when I completed *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail.* These tables have now been updated. In *Missing 411: Hunters*, the vast majority of these victims disappeared from September to November when hunting season takes place. Including those data points in this analysis would skew the results; thus I excluded them. I also excluded the data accumulated in *Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence.* In *Sobering*, the disappearances were geographically centered in regional areas. Again, including those results here wouldn't be beneficial for overall analysis.

It's important that readers understand that small children hiking many miles or climbing thousands of feet uphill is very unusual. I have proven that these unusual occurrences happen more than most understand or are willing to acknowledge.

SAR commanders establish grid patterns based on manuals developed by supposed experts. These experts state in their work that these details and distances apply to 95 percent of all incidents. My question is this: Aren't they searching for 100 percent effectiveness? It seems that some in SAR wish to ignore the extreme distances and elevations and hope they find the people based on the averages of the majority of cases. Imagine if you were a SAR worker and had to explain to the family of a missing toddler that we are searching 95 percent of the area where your child might be located; is that rational? Just think of the response you'd get from parents!

In 2012 I presented my early findings at the annual conference in Lake Tahoe for the National Association of Search and Rescue (NASAR) professionals. I spoke to a packed house, and there was a line out the door of SAR members who wished to talk after the presentation. Many of their members had stories they wanted to explain mimic what I have documented in the books at the time. I have not been invited back to NASAR since 2012, and it appears they wish to ignore the facts I presented. In reality, there are many SAR members who communicate with me and understand that something very unusual is happening in some of their cases. They know, because they've experienced it. In our movie, *Missing 411*, two female SAR team members from Colorado talk about a young child who walks out of the woods in the fog completely naked. They were shocked what they were seeing. Where did the victim come from? What happened to their clothing, and how did the child suddenly appear?

Absorb the data you are about to read. All the tables come from longtime study of facts.

Table 1
Victim Age and Missing by Sex

Age	Male	Female	Age	Male	Female
4 mos	1	0	48	6	2
18 mos	5	3	49	7	2
2	75	37	50	4	2
3	57	39	51	4	1
4	48	10	52	2	1
5	17	15	53	2	5
6	18	6	54	1	1
7	10	6	55	8	0
8	18	7	56	4	2
9	17	3	57	4	2
10	17	4	58	2	1
11	9	2	59	3	1
12	8	0	60	4	0
13	5	1	61	4	1
14	7	1	62	5	0
15	7	3	63	4	1
16	5	6	64	7	1
17	7	0	65	6	3
18	6	3	66	6	1
19	8	1	67	3	0
20	12	3	68	2	2
21	18	4	69	5	4
22	15	4	70	3	3
23	8	0	71	2	3
24	5	2	72	3	1
25	4	5	73	3	0
26	6	3	74	1	2
27	9	1	75	3	5
28	8	4	76	2	2
29	4	3	77	2	3
30	10	0	78	2	0
31	5	1	79	3	1
32	4	1	80	4	2

33	2	2	81	0	1
34	4	1	82	1	1
35	10	1	83	0	1
36	7	1	84	1	1
37	5	3	85	1	0
38	4	3	86	1	0
39	4	0	87	0	0
40	3	1	88	0	0
41	4	1	89	0	0
42	3	1	90	0	0
43	2	1	91	0	0
44	4	1	92	0	0
45	3	1	93	0	0
46	6	3	94	0	0
47	1	1	95	0	1

Victim Ages

Ages with the Highest Numbers:

Males	**Females**
Age—Amount	Age—Amount
2—75	3—39
3—57	2—37
4—48	5—15
21—18	4—10
6—18	8—7

Disappearances by Month

January	46
February	42
March	46
April	63
May	85
June	108
July	138
August	108

September	88
October	101
November	56
December	33
Unknown	4
Total	918

If I had included the numbers from *Missing 411: Hunters* in this analysis, there would've been a significant rise in disappearances in October and November, as those are the months most hunters are in the woods.

Table 2

Missing People by Time of Disappearance

In past data retrieval, I found that 4:00 p.m. was the optimum time for a disappearance; this still holds true. The times with the most disappearances appear to be between 2:00 p.m. and 5:30 p.m. A large number of missing people are reported at noon. These new numbers support what was presented in *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail* in 2014.

Midnight	0	Noon	35
12:30 a.m.	0	12:30 p.m.	3
1:00	0	1:00	21
1:30	3	1:30	10
2:00	1	2:00	36
2:30	1	2:30	13
3:00	0	3:00	31
3:30	0	3:30	14
4:00	2	4:00	40
4:30	0	4:30	24
5:00	0	5:00	35
5:30	2	5:30	14
6:00	1	6:00	25
6:30	0	6:30	3
7:00	3	7:00	14
7:30	3	7:30	5
8:00	4	8:00	5
8:30	2	8:30	4
9:00	7	9:00	1
9:30	3	9:30	2
10:00	14	10:00	3
10:30	12	10:30	1
11:00	9	11:00	1
11:30	7	11:30	0

**When I first compiled this table, 4:00 p.m.–5:00 p.m. was the most common time for someone to disappear. Facts about time of disappearance haven't changed much as I have accumulated more cases.

Most Disappearances by Year

2016—19
1958—16
2014—15
2013—15
1949—14
1951—13
1957—13

Table 3
Distance Traveled by Victim

This table represents phenomenal distances traveled by victims who were found.

Year	Initials	Age	Location	Book	Distance
1987	M.D.	11	IL	Inside	100 Miles/5 hours/remembers nothing
1956	J.H.	7	AZ	Devil	50 miles/2 days
1931	I.S.	4	Australia	Devil	45 miles/5 days
1938	T.G.	4	NM	Devil	40 miles/4 days
1950	G.M.	8	AZ	Inside	35 miles/27 hours/100 degrees
1939	S.D.	5	Australia	Devil	34 Miles/less than 36 hours
1916	N.F.	4	Australia	Inside	30 miles/24 hours barefoot
1917	M.J.	4	WI	Devil	30 miles/3 days
1953	J.M.	11	MT	Devil	30 miles/38 hours
1968	M.B.	9	Australia	Inside	20 miles/17 hours/rough terrain
1937	L.M.	10	Saskatoon	Devil	20 miles/3 days
1937	H.M.	7	Saskatoon	Inside	20 miles/4 days
1954	J.A.	5	WA	Devil	20 miles/20 hours through mountains
1963	B.F.	7	UT	NA	20 miles/30 hours/down cliff
1973	C.D.	2	FL	NA	20 miles
1971	P.S.	4	NM	Devil	20 miles/2 days
1986	C.S.	6	WA	NA	18 miles
1952	J.M.	67	ID	Devil	15 miles/rugged wilderness
1891	D.H.	4	NE	NA	15 miles/4 days
1932	B.F.	4	AZ	Devil	15 miles/3 days
1936	J.F.	2	Australia	Devil	15 miles/3 days
1936	M.M.	9	MT	NA	15 miles
1945	M.M.	2	AZ	West	15 miles/found in cave
1967	D.G.	5	AZ	West	15 miles/uphill 2500' in Boulders
1958	K.S.	4	MI	East	15 miles/through swamp
1985	T.C.	3	CA	Devil	15 miles/30 hours
2013	J.D.	21	UT	Devil	15 miles/24 hours/brain injury
1949	R.C.	9	WV	Devil	14 miles/over mountains
2006	K.K.	38	MN	East	14 miles/24 hours through swamps

1976	C.M.	19	OR	West	14 miles/through deep snow
1996	T.T.	10	FL	NA	14 miles/through water
1953	A.T.	5	CA	NA	12–18 miles
1952	A.W.	6	Australia	Inside	13 miles/4 days
1934	F.G.	7	Manitoba	Inside	13 miles/4 days
1930	A.L.	6	CA	Devil	13 miles/3 days
1940	G.P.	4	OK	Inside	12 miles/12 hours
1923	C.G.	4	FL	Devil	12 miles/24 hours
1942	R.M.	2	AZ	West	12 Miles/Uphill 428' in Boulders
1949	J.H.	16	WV	Devil	12 Miles/Over mtns w/snow
1952	K.P.	2	OR	Devil	12 miles/19 hours
1959	J.B.	6	CO	Devil	12 Miles/17 hours with heart Issues
1988	E.T.	2	Australia	Devil	12 miles/uphill 1200'
2006	E.T.	8	CO	West	11 miles/disabled
1937	V.G.	7	Australia	Devil	11 miles/1–2 days
2013	J.D.	21	UT	Devil	10–15 miles/24 hours
1948	J.F.	6	WY	West	10 miles
1991	C.F.	17	OR	West	10 miles/through snow
1875	F.S.	4	Australia	Devil	9 miles/80 hours through mountains
1923	H.C.	4	PA	Inside	10 miles/2 days
1904	J.C.	2 1/2	Australia	Devil	9 miles/3 days
1959	R.H.	6	OR	West	9 miles/29 hours
1976	H.M.	12	PA	East	9 miles
1964	R.S.	4	Ontario	West	8 1/2 miles
1907	L.M.	19 Mos	ID	Devil	8 miles/2 days
1930	M.Y.	3	AR	Devil	8 miles/24 hours
1941	J.H.	6	WA	Devil	8 miles/9 hours
1948	B.B.	2	TX	NA	8 miles/24 hours
1916	K.C.	2 1/2	MT	NA	8 miles
1953	P.M.	3	MT	West	8 miles/up cliff/saw small cows
1856	G.C.	6	PA	Devil	7 miles
1856	J.C.	5	PA	Devil	7 miles
1930	L.S.	3	NV	NA	7 miles/1400' uphill
1937	F.J.	4	AR	East	7 miles
1944	D.C.	4	PA	Devil	7 Miles/23 Hours through mountains

1956	S.B.	2 1/2	CO	Devil	7 miles/through rugged mountains
1959	P.G.	3	NY	Devil	7 miles/48 hours through swamp
1964	K.E.	2	CA	NA	7 miles/2 days up cliff
1946	K.A.	8	AR	East	7 miles
1976	B.M.	14	NY	NA	7 miles
1926	M.R.	17	UT	NA	6 miles
1936	S.B.	3	CO	Devil	6 miles/in dust storm
1948	L.F.	30 Mos	PA	NA	6 miles
1953	A.W.	3	CA	NA	6 miles
1988	M.H.	9	NM	Devil	6 miles
1954	J.D.	4	TX	NA	6 miles
1955	J.D.	2	OR	West	6 miles/24 hours over two mountains
1963	D.G.	4	CA	West	6 Miles/Uphill 3000' in Boulders
1988	M.H.	9	NM	Devil	6 miles
1924	M.T.	20 Mos	CO	Devil	5 miles/found on Barren Peak
1935	J.R.	2	KS	Inside	5 miles/4 hours in dust storm
1955	J.J.	3	UK	Inside	5 miles/3 days
1939	J.L.	3	OK	Devil	5 miles/2 days in mountains
1943	D.D.	4	VA	Devil	5 miles/uphill 1200'
1945	R.C.	30 Mos	CA	Devil	5 miles/18 hours
1952	S.P.	3	NY	Devil	5 miles/4 1/2 hours
1953	R.R.	2	WY	NA	5 miles
1955	J.J.	3	UK	NA	5 miles/3 days
1957	J.H.	7	CA	West	5 miles/uphill 3500'
1957	R.C.	5	WA	West	5 miles
1959	P.G.	3	NY	NA	5 miles/through swamp
1959	C.H.	3	MI	East	5 miles
1962	L.S.	3	IL	East	5 miles
1991	B.S.	29	ID	West	5 miles/traveled uphill
1999	J.S.	3	ID	Devil	5 miles/found on top of Hill
2005	B.H.	11	UT	West	Devil
2006	E.T.	8	CO	West	5 miles/found in cave
1938	J.H.	5	AZ	West	4 1/2 miles/found 1000' uphill

**I want everyone to keep this table near them when they discuss *Missing 411* with friends. Anyone who has had children will immediately understand how compelling this data is in proving something unusual is happening.

Book Category

West = *Missing 411: Western United States*
East = *Missing 411: Eastern United States*

Devil = *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail*
NA = *Missing 411: North America and Beyond*
Inside = This Book

The table above represents factual data on victims who disappeared and were tracked the distance displayed. I know people new to this topic may find this information shocking, and it is. All the data is supported from SAR and law-enforcement reports and news archives. Study the list carefully and ponder whether your child could've traveled those distances at that age.

Aircraft Crashes Associated with Missing-Person Cases

Each of these crashes occurred when the aircraft was directly involved in the SAR.

State • Initials of Victim	Year of Crash • Type of Aircraft • Book
FL • A.S.	1948 • Helicopter • Devil
AZ • G.M.	1950 • Airplane • This Book
CO • K.R.	1988 • Airplane • Devil
WA • J.D.	1997 • Helicopter • Devil
CO • J.A.	1999 • Helicopter • West
NM • M.Y.	2011 • Helicopter • Devil

**Are these crashes related to environmental issues that may also have caused a compass to malfunction?

Table 4
Elevation Gain

			Elevation Gain By Victims		
Year	**Initials**	**Age**	**State**	**Book**	**Elevation Gain**
1957	J.H.	7	CA	West	3,500' Up Mountainside
1891	O.P.	4	VA	NA	3,372'
1930	A.L.	6	CA	Devil	3,000'
1957	D.S.	2	CA	West	3,000'
1963	D.G.	4	CA	West	3,000'
1991	C.F.	17	OR	West	3,000'
1967	D.G.	5	AZ	West	2,580'
1938	A.B.	4	CO	West	2,500'
1958	B.B.	10	CO	Devil	2,500'
1941	C.M.	4	CA	NA	2,000'
1983	G.C.	10	CA	West	2,000'
1910	E.H.	2	Canada	West	1,800'
1908	D.P.	5	NV	Inside	1,716'
1930	L.S.	3	NV	NA	1,400'
1954	G.B.	3	ME	East	1,400'
1992	K.M.	12	CA	West	1,400'
2003	P.M.	10	NH	East	1,400'
1998	T.R.	3	AZ	NA	1,350'
1956	J.H.	7	AZ	Devil	1,300'
1943	D.D.	4	VA	Devil	1,200'
1971	D.H.	9	CA	NA	1,200' w/ Disability
1988	E.T.	2	Australia	Devil	1,200'
1911	A.A.	4	PA	Devil	1,000'
1938	J.H.	5	AZ	West	1,000'
1947	A.O.	4	MT	Devil	1,000'
1958	M.B.	5	MT	West	1,000'
1951	R.S.	9	CA	NA	1,000'
1959	D.R.	5	NY	NA	900'
1957	M.M.	2 1/2	NC	NA	850'
1942	P.C.	2 1/2	CA	Devil	650'

I want readers to carefully study the above data. Think about your children when they were young. Could your child have climbed these heights when left alone?

Missing Physicians

Dr. Robert North (Osteopath) 6/7/47, TX, Never Found
Dr. Douglas Schultz (Psychiatry) 11/4/61, NY, Never Found
Dr. Teleka Patrick (Psychiatry) 12/05/13, Porter, IN, Drowning
Dr. Katherine Wong (Pediatrician) 02/19/99, Bear Valley, CA, attacked/killed, no confirmation— *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail.*
Dr. William Tietjen (Internal Medicine) 06/20/99, Muir Snowfield, Mount Rainier, WA, Fall
Dr. Michael Von Gortler (ER) 06/22/11, Mount Missouri, CO, Fall, *Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail*
Dr. E. Blakeslee (General) 09/23/13, Craters of the Moon, ID, Exposure
Dr. James McGrogan (ER), 04/14/14, Eagle County, CO, Fall
Dr. Chris Robert (Anesthesiologist), 12/5/15, Saint Paul, MN, Fall
Dr. John Marshall (Surgeon), 1/25/15, Spokane, WA, Fall, Drowning

If this is the first time you have been exposed to this list, it may not mean much. Once you read the stories behind the disappearances, you'll see that none of these cases make sense. The circumstances of the deaths of these highly educated individuals aren't normal, and in some specific cases, the facts lead to wild theories. Missing physicians are just one part of missing medical professionals. Look at the Alaska chapter in this book and the disappearances of two physical therapists in a small community; in a very small sliver of time, they both vanished.

Key Statements From Involved Parties

I have attached statements made by searchers, law-enforcement officials, family members, and reporters that comment on the related disappearance. These statements were taken directly from each story inside this book. I want readers to remember these quotes and the unusual natures of the disappearances. If people ever challenge you, claiming these cases aren't that unusual, pull these out.

Richard Hills, Alaska

"Search dogs repeatedly lost his scent in the same place, as if Richard had dissolved into air."

Reinhard Kirchner, Arizona

"He told me there were many rumors floating around the reservation and the immediate area of the community. I asked him what rumors were being circulated? He told me there were rumors aliens had taken Mr. Kirchner. There was another piece of information that something shiny had been seen in the sky at about the same time of his disappearance."

Jacqueline Grider, Idaho

"Hell, she could have been abducted by aliens, but I mean, that's just as plausible as anything else right now."

Dylan Parker, Idaho

"'I don't deny my son died of hypothermia,' Rupp said. 'What I don't understand is how he got up there? There were no footprints that day. No tire tracks. There was nothing. How did he get up there? Dylan was also found without pants or boots.'"

"I know it's been argued away that a lot of the scratches on his body were because he was staggering around in the brush and trees, yet the bottom of his socks were clean and no injuries to his feet. Yes, he froze to death. Yes he was inebriated, under the influence; I won't dispute any of that. But I don't believe the boy wandered up all on his own and laid down and died."

Carl Disch, Antarctica

"Some of the searchers claimed they saw mysterious lights and heard engine noises in the distance."

Costa Mezentseh, Australia

"This is the only location in Australia where three young boys vanished in such close proximity in date and geography."

Damian McKenzie, Australia

"One minute he was with them, the next he was gone."

Justin Peter O'Malley

"His mother said he was dressed in a red jumper and long pants but he had lost his shoes and socks. He told me he met a big Kangaroo and the kangaroo took them. That's all I can get out of him."

David Koch, British Columbia

"A Hartland man who died while hiking in a Vancouver Canada suburb was alive for several days while rescuers looked for him, according to a coroners report. David Koch, 36, the son of Merrill resident Ardell Koch and the late J. Stewart Koch; was found dead by a searcher June 7, in a creek bed on Grouse Mountain 10 days after employees discovered Koch's rental car in the parking lot at the bottom of the mountain." Later in the same article was this, "Koch had been the subject of an intense search using helicopters, search dogs, infrared devices and trained personnel. According to the coroners report, he died of hypothermia around May 31, six days after he was last seen."

Sylvia Apps, British Columbia

"Paul Berry, president of Comox Valley Ground search and rescue said it was the first time they had failed to find someone despite finding all of their belongings."

Sukhjeet Saggu, British Columbia

Doug Fraser was interviewed for the June 7, 2015 edition of the CBC.CA: "'It was very, very strange and difficult to explain why he ended up where he did,' said Fraser, adding that the boulder field is quite a bit of elevation above the lake, and a fair distance from the trail."

Florence Spence, Manitoba

"M. Blair, diamond-drill setter who found the child Friday on a hunch following a dream that night before, discovered her lying almost naked and semiconscious between two rocks. As soon as he was able to arouse the child, she moaned, 'water.' Blair immediately gave her a small drink and sprinkled her face with ice-cold water from a nearby pool." Blair picked up Florence and carried her for forty minutes until he could get her to a mining company physician. Later in the same article was this: "Experienced Bushmen of the district shake their heads in wonder. They cannot understand how the little girl survived. They would not have believed it they said, had they not seen the proof."

Andrew Sexton, Newfoundland

"He says that he is sticking to his original alien abduction theory because he cannot come up with another scenario."

Ray Cassidy, New Zealand

"Ray Cassidy was one of those 'seen one minute and gone the next,' Saunders said. 'He just completely vanished off the face of the earth. I've been involved with SAR for fifty years and every now and again one of these cases pops up where you're completely baffled because there's no logical explanation for it.'" Later in the same article, Arch Fiddler makes this statement: "It was just as though someone had come down from up above and zapped him up into a flying saucer, Fiddler says."

Tommy Jones, United Kingdom

"A woman living in Castle Madoc was having recurring dreams about Tommy and had a vision of where his body was located. She initially didn't believe the dreams and brushed them off. On September 2, Mrs. Hamer borrowed a pony and, accompanied by her husband, traveled to a spot she saw in her dream in the Beacons."

John Johnson, United Kingdom

"'I talked to a doggy,' said the fair haired tot with a smile, unaware that one thousand soldiers, helicopters, squads of policeman and tracking dogs that had searched the area of brambles and scrub brush for him. A volunteer found him five miles from his uncle's home."

Sandy Davidson, United Kingdom

"It was as if a spaceship came down, took him up and took him away. I think about Sandy all the time."

Stephen McKerron, United Kingdom

"However it remains a mystery as to how the little boy clad in a short-sleeved short and trousers managed to travel 10 miles over rough terrain."

Zayd Dada, Zimbabwe

In regard to the missing climber we were discussing, he stated, "He either went in or went up, because he's not on."

Nana Kwasi Baffour- Awuah, Decorah, Iowa

"Family member said they want to know why Baffour Awuah appears to be running before the 911 call abruptly disconnects, why his cell phone was found broken near a building where he made the call and why his jacket was seen hanging from a flagpole across campus. They also say that a 14-minute gap between when he got in the taxi for a ride home and when he made the 911 call makes it implausible he was already suffering from hypothermia."

Dr. Christopher Robert, Minneapolis, MN

"Police have yet to determine from where Robert fell, department spokesman John Elser said. 'This is absolutely a very different incident and certainly not one we respond to with regularity. There are a million questions and not a lot of answers.'"

Donald Peckham, Nevada

"The sad story of a 5 year old boy who tramped 12 miles through the hills in search of a pet rabbit and then fell dead from thirst and hunger is unfolded through the discovery today of the lifeless body on the summit of Mt. Davidson." The article also contained this: “The searchers did not believe that the child had climbed Mt. Davidson, that bleak peak that towers more than 2000 feet above Virginia City, but not wishing to overlook even this lonesome spot, men climbed the hill and about 7:30 o’clock came upon the body of the little wanderer, cold in death, but appearing to be only asleep.”

James Foley, New Hampshire

“But fish and game Major Henry Mock said a renewed search Tuesday in a new area did not pay off and that the body was found in the original search area. He estimated that he personally walked by the spot where the body was found at least four times.”

Julia Madsen, New Jersey

“It’s like she was abducted by aliens.”

“I don’t know how someone can disappear off the face of the Earth without somebody seeing something. There are no answers for us.”

David Stone, New Mexico

“Dawdy thinks the original search may have been one of the strangest in his experience. ‘This was not your typical lost hunter or hiker,’ he says. ‘We never saw where he got his water. We never found tracks near a windmill (water source). We never found discarded food wrappers. We never found signs of defecation.’”

“‘It was the most bizarre case I ever worked on,’ former Hidalgo County Sheriff’s Deputy Bill Cavaliere says. ‘It was just about the strangest thing that ever happened around here.’”

James Chatman and Crystal Tuggle, New Mexico

“‘We’re all perplexed,’ park spokeswoman Leslie Delong told me earlier this week. She was among the park employees who searched on foot for days after the two disappeared. More than 250 people searched the park, first in a two-mile radius, then 5, then 10, then 15, then 35. Three teams of dogs combed the area and spelunkers searched caves. Helicopters and airplanes flew repeated grids over the park and concentrated on the area where Chatman and Tuggle were ultimately found. I reminded Delong that shortly after the disappearance in 2002 she had told a reporter, ‘If they were on the surface of the lava field, they would have been found.' Obviously, that was not the case, and Delong said that was part of the puzzle."

Fred Drumm, New York

"'He wasn't there when I got back. We still have no clue what happened. He just seemed to evaporate,' she said."

Adam Russell, North Carolina

"According to Lt. David Cree who was part of the search team, 'It was very surprising that a child that young could go that far without food and in weather that cold,' said Cree. 'Given his age, the terrain and the weather, he should have sought lower ground, but instead we found him in an area most adults would have found difficult.'"

Ebert Holleran, Ohio

"Meanwhile police, admitting that 'as far as we know, the boy might have disappeared into thin air,' almost abandoned hope of finding him alive."

"Today, Ebert Holleron's disappearance is viewed by police as one of the major mysteries of its kind and his search has grown to nationwide proportions." This headline appears as well: "Fright cause death of youth in park."

Charles Ullrich, Ohio

"Another tragedy also hit the Ulrich home recently. A German Shepherd guard dog which Mrs. Ulrich bought for companionship and protection shortly after her husband disappeared, broke its neck when it got tangled in an electrical cord. She found the dog dead when she returned home from her job at Union Hospital."

Glenn Pierce, Oklahoma

"Lost Boy Wanders 12 Miles From Home."

Moses Fitzpatrick, Oklahoma

"State medical examiner's investigators were not able to determine the cause of death of a Falls Creek camper whose body was found after he was missing for four days."

William Eoff, Oregon

"Still puzzling police officers is how Eoff died and why his body was found where it was. The body was clothed except for shoes and underwear, was found two miles from the nearest road. It was decided that death had been caused by 'extreme exhaustion.' The sheriff did go back into the field and searched for Eoff's shoes. Other articles stated that Eoff was found seven miles from the nearest road.

Dustin Self, Oregon

"Williams said that Self probably died of hypothermia. 'As far as we could tell he had no clothes on,' Williams said." Later in the same article, Victor Self made these statements: "'I can't figure out what happened,' he said. 'There's no logical reason why he would have gone up that mountain. There's no logical reason why he didn't use his vehicle for shelter or find shelter down lower. He knew the first rule of survival is shelter.'"

Ashley Laird, Oregon

"Laird became lost at some point on her run Friday, Arnold says, but she is unable to remember many details of the weekend. It's possible that she fell and hit her head and lost consciousness, suggested by a bump on her head. Given the scrapes and scratches on her body, she may have ended up off trail." The following statement was from Dan in the same newspaper article: "To have her suddenly reappear and be basically fine was, I am kind of at a loss for words. It just felt like all of this pain and tragedy suddenly just got lifted off of me all at once and there she was." Another statement later in the same article had this: "'They asked her what day it was. She said Saturday. Somehow she had lost an entire day,' Arnold says." This is the last statement in the same article I will quote: "Her father says she may never remember what happened. The particulars of Ashley's weekend remain a mystery."

Shawn Higgins, Oregon

"'It's very unlike him. He's definitely an outdoorsman and it's just really unbelievable. Out of all the people, that's what people keep saying,' said Stephanie with a sigh. 'I have a really hard time believing that he would get lost. I mean, that is the one thing that really bothers me. That, and the fact that we have found nothing, literally nothing. He's just gone.'"

Jennie Behm, Pennsylvania

"It had been crossed and recrossed by searchers during the six day hunt which ended when Theodore Diener saw Jennie's mud stained clothing fluttering in the breeze yesterday morning."

"City and county authorities still expressed themselves as mystified this afternoon over the death of 23 month old Jennie Behm, who was found with a broken neck in a cornfield in Dryville Sunday."

Patti Pendleton, Rhode Island

"'Pendleton was found in a location that was extremely difficult to access,' police said. 'She was located in the area referred to as Cat Swamp, west of Deep Pond which is close to the Connecticut border. First responders needed chainsaws and brush clearing equipment to access the area where her body was discovered.'"

Dr. Robert N. North, Big Bend National Park

"Dr. Ross Maxwell, superintendent of the park, said Wednesday the bones are those of a beast."

"Mrs. North, who lives in Imperial, accused park officials of not searching thoroughly at the time of her husband's disappearance."

Chris Hartonas and Raymond Vakili, Mount Rainier National Park

"This was the fourth serious incident on the Muir Snowfield in 1999. It's difficult to speculate what exactly happened to the men. It's perplexing when two experienced, cautious and mature climbers just disappear. They were well equipped and Hartonas was very familiar with the area. Both men have a history of good decision making in the mountains and neither had a reputation for 'pushing it.'"

Dr. John Marshall, Washington

Detective Cestnik says to Suzan Marshall, "There is more that doesn't make sense in this case than does."

On April 14, 2016, Detective Cestnik wrote this in his report: "I have not found any evidence at this time indicating where or why John Marshall entered the Spokane River."

J. R. Piper, Yellowstone National Park

"It seems as if the earth opened and swallowed him."

"His disappearance is as complete and mystifying as if he had suddenly dropped from earth."

Place of Birth/Residence

While reading this book, you may have caught that I included many notes about the proximity of victims' births and upbringings to the Great Lakes. I started paying attention to this a year ago. It is one of the categories that is evolving. It is sometimes difficult to determine where victims were born and/or raised, especially if they are elderly. There are a few amazing coincidences on this point that I have included in the book. It will take more time to weed through the data to see if this is an important piece of the puzzle.

The question is, do a higher percentage of people who were born in close proximity to the Great Lakes disappear under our profile points? I am under a firm belief that there is something about the Great Lakes that is highly unusual. Study our geographical cluster map and look at the number of missing groupings that exist around each lake.

Boulders and Granite

Readers of my books know that I have written extensively about the association of people going missing around boulders and granite and many of the missing being found in boulder fields and areas of granite.

Several months ago I was searching for information about granite and came upon a story in the Texas Department of Tourism website and an associated link, www.api.ning.com.

The story I found started with this quote:

"Enchanted Rock has long been considered sacred by the indigenous of the area. The local Comanche and Tonkwa Indians revered the rock as a Holy Place and entry into other worlds. They believed it to be protected by powerful benevolent spirits of the ancestors."

The biggest field of granite in the world is Yosemite National Park in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California. The largest geographical cluster of missing people in the world is Yosemite National Park. The only national park that will not release any reports of missing people is Yosemite National Park. The region around Yosemite has a much higher incidence of missing people than many other area of North America, and the majority of these people are never found.

Enchanted Rock State Park is located 24 miles south of Llano, Texas and sits on the border of Llano and Gillespie counties. The solid mass of pink granite rises 425 feet. It was designated a Texas Historic Landmark in 1936 and a national landmark in 1970. The site was in private ownership until 1978 and in 1979 Texas purchased the location and designated it a state park in 1984.

During my research on Enchanted Rock, I found that some websites list the dome as a natural vortex with unique types of power. The rock does have a cave that is 600 feet long with twenty openings. The rock is considered the second largest granite dome in the United States behind Stone Mountain outside of Atlanta, Georgia.

There is some archaeological evidence pointing to the fact that humans first inhabited the area as far back as 12,000 years ago, thousands of years to develop a lengthy history of stories.

In the same article I quoted above is this quote, "The indigenous believed the rock made them invisible and gave them access to spiritual and mystical worlds." There was also a mention of people seeing flickering lights near the top of the dome.

One of the most compelling stories about Enchanted Rock is documented in the same article I quoted and involved a Spanish Priest. He was supposedly being chased by Tonkawa Indians and escaped by climbing to the top of the dome and vanishing. The article states this, "the priest eventually made his way back to the mission and told the others that he had become part of the Enchanted Rock itself. "When I reached the top I wedged myself into a crevice and was soon swallowed by the rock, I fell into a cavern that had a vast tunnel system, full of the many spirits who enchant the place.

I wondered around in the dark mist inside the rock for two days before it spit me back out," he said.

This story could be interpreted many different ways with some considering it fact and others an interesting local legend. I think it is interesting the story involves a man of the cloth as many readers have stated they see an association between religion and disappearances I've chronicled.

The Texas Tourism Press has this quote about Enchanted Rock under a title, "A Place of Peace." The paragraph stated, "The German settlers said Enchanted Rock was a place of power and peace and its magic blessed the treaty. The strong German influence is still readily apparent in Fredericksburg." I think this is a fascinating coincidence because I have written that there appear to be more missing people of German heritage than other nationalities.

Take this story as another data point. I never believe everything I read, but I do place the information in the back of my mind, and the coincidence isn't forgotten.

You can contact me anytime at missing411@yahoo.com

MISSING 411 OVERVIEW

Missing 411 (The Movie)
This 4K ninety-one-minute documentary chronicles the disappearances of five children from the wilds of North America. Les Stroud is one of the stars of the show and plays an integral role of explaining the possibilities of a young child traversing miles in the outdoors.
Released: May 2017
Executive Producer: David Paulides
Directors: Ben Paulides, Mike Degrazier
Available in Blu-ray and DVD

Missing 411: Western United States
The eastern and western books were originally one book. I split and published them as two books, which I released one month apart.
Published: February 2, 2012
367 pages
Covers the western United States and Canada

Missing 411: Eastern United States
Published: March 5, 2012
358 pages
Covers the eastern United States

Missing 411: North America and Beyond
Published: February 28, 2013
488 pages
New stories of missing people from the United States, Canada, Australia, England, France, Iceland, and Indonesia

Missing 411: The Devil's in the Detail
Published: April 18, 2014
446 pages

New stories from the United States, Canada, Australia, Borneo, Ecuador, United Kingdom, New Zealand, Switzerland, and Austria. There is an extensive analysis in the back of the book of cases from the first four books, including statistics.

Missing 411: A Sobering Coincidence
Published: July 22, 2015
398 pages
This book exposes an entirely new set of unusual disappearances with young men found in bodies of water. Cases are documented from the United States, Canada, France, Spain, and the United Kingdom.

Missing 411: Hunters
Published: June 21, 2016
362 pages
These are stories of armed hunters who disappeared under very unusual circumstances. Cases are documented from the United States, Canada, Australia, and Azerbaijan.

All items are available online from our website. We ***do not*** sell on Amazon or any other online service. All books are $24.95 plus shipping and handling directly from our website store. We do ship internationally.

www.canammissing.com

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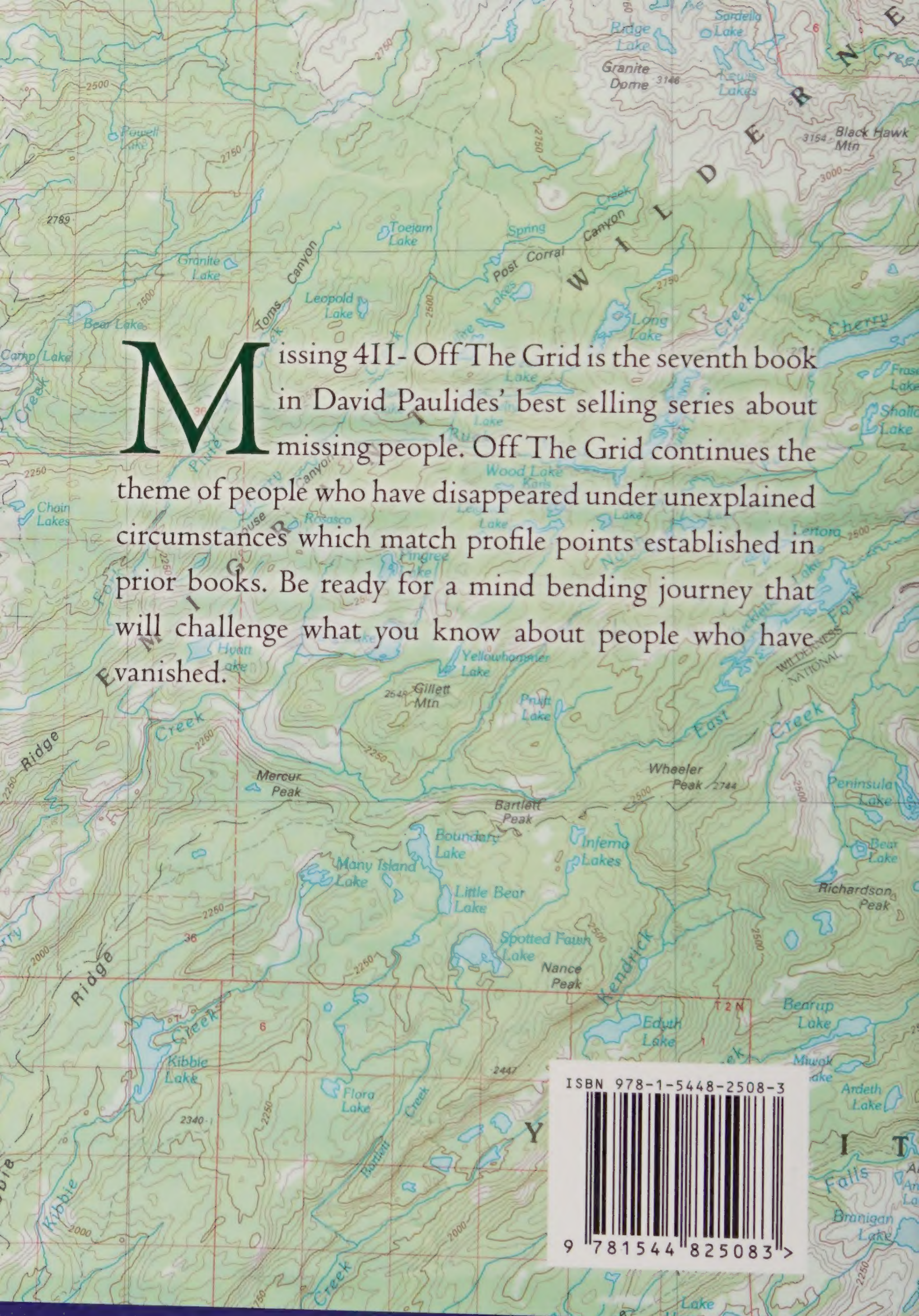
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